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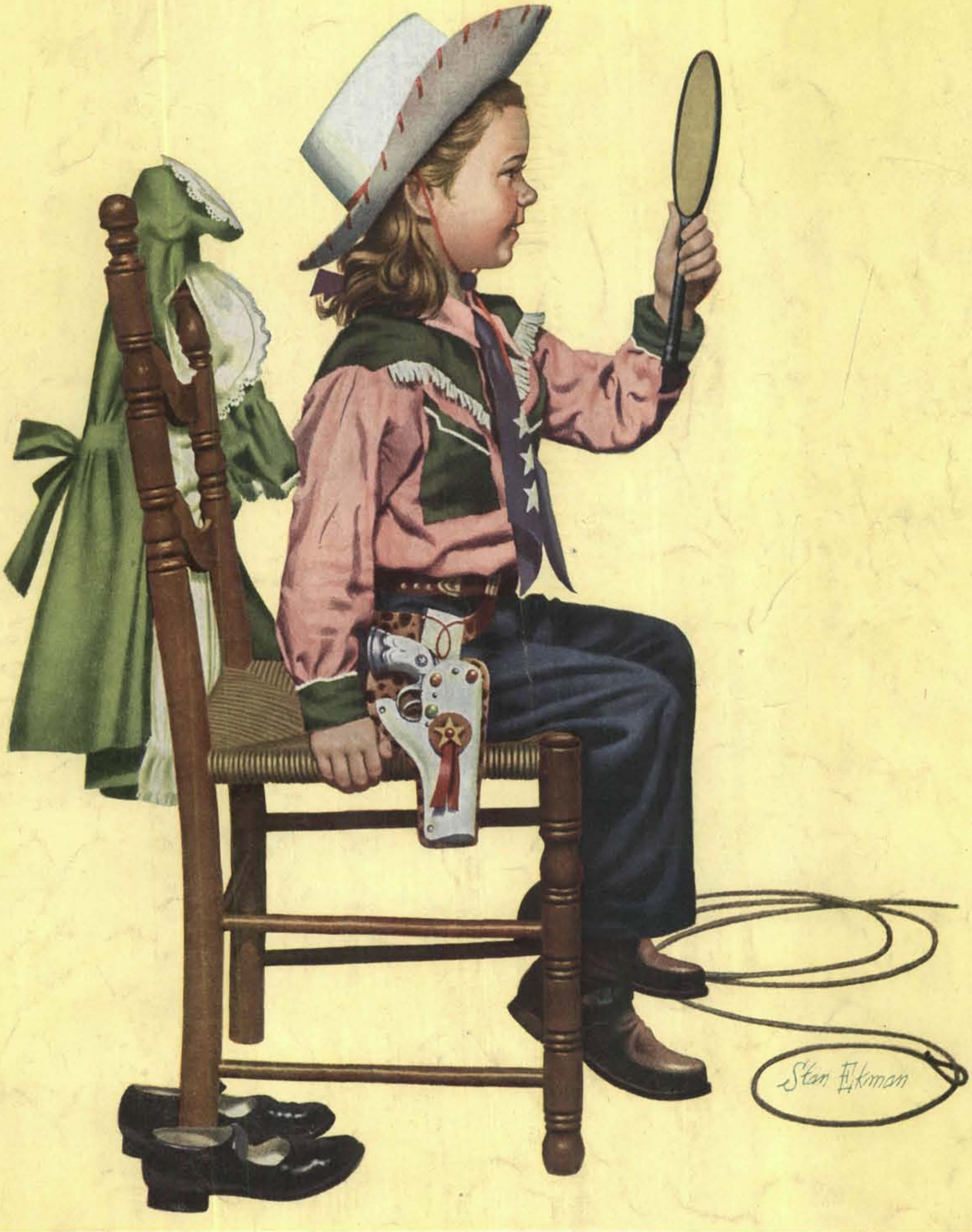

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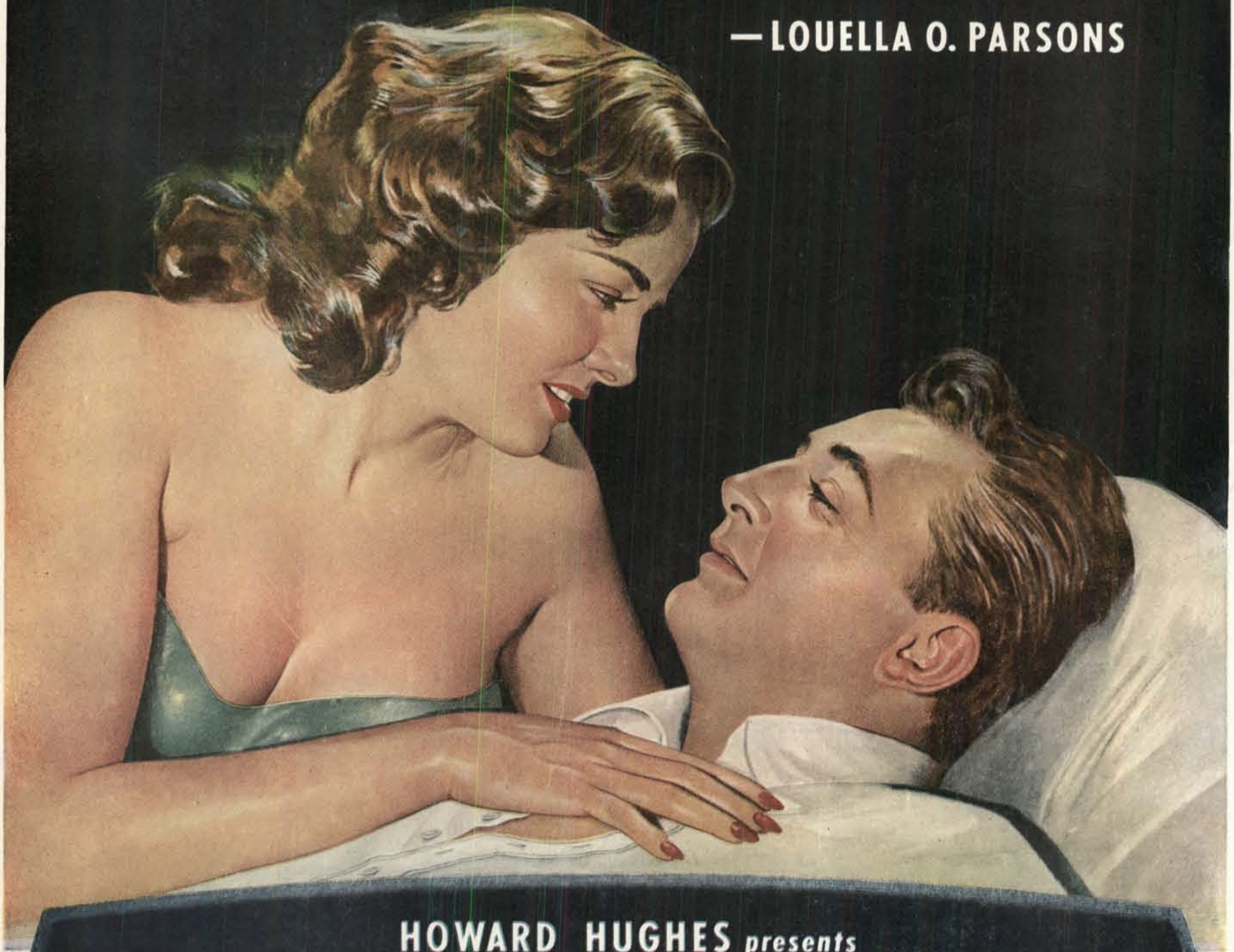

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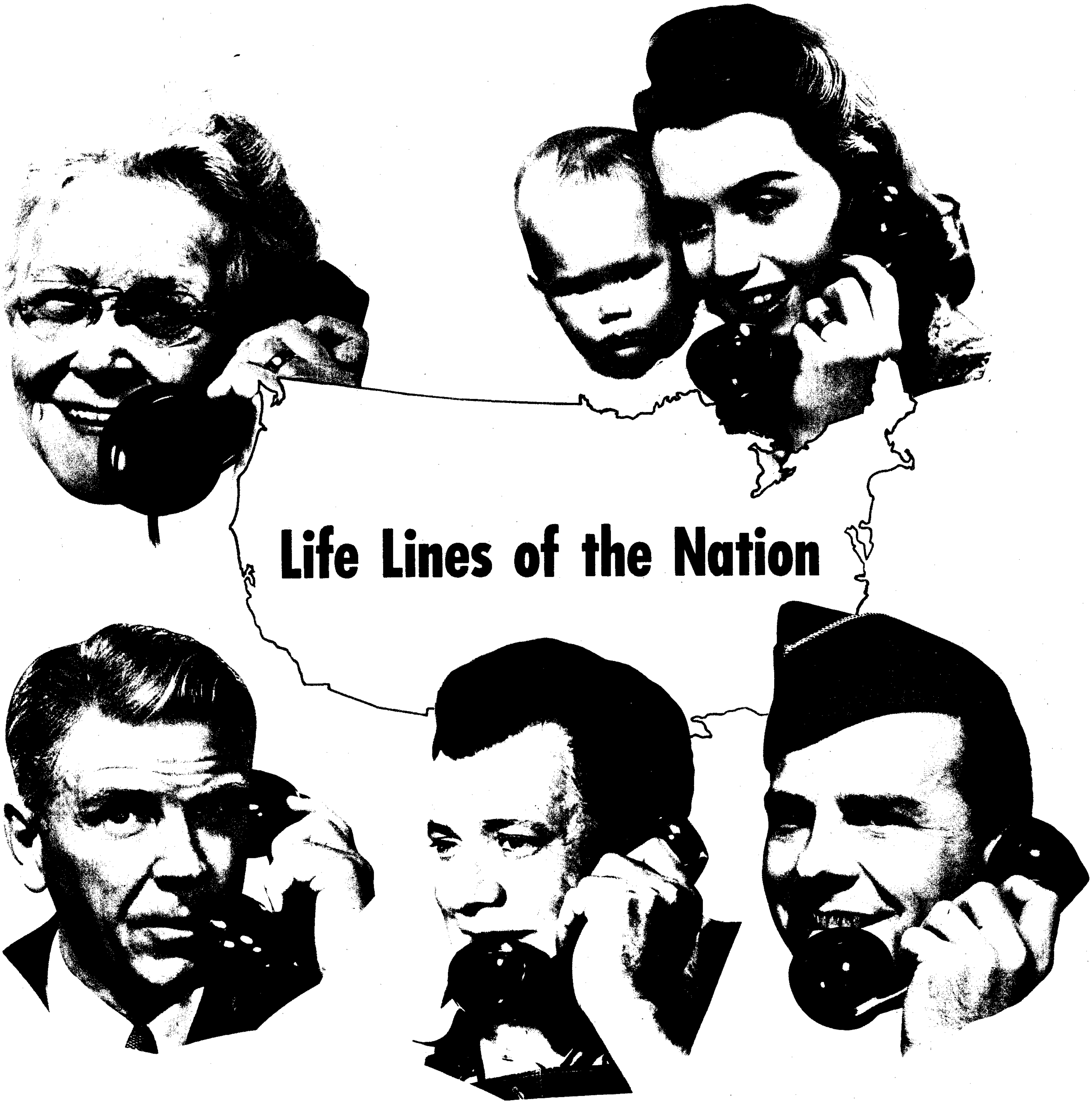

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July 14, 1951

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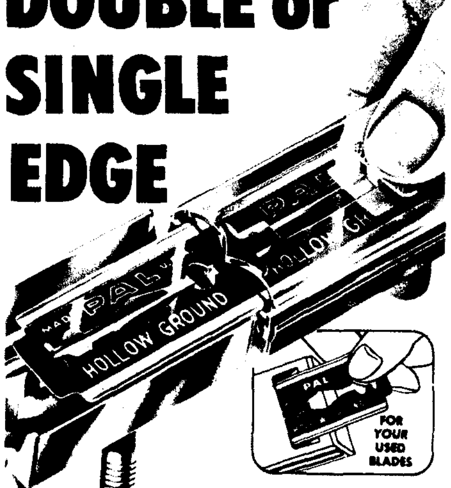

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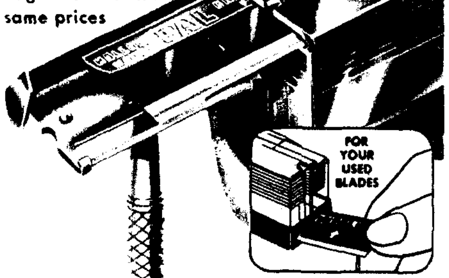

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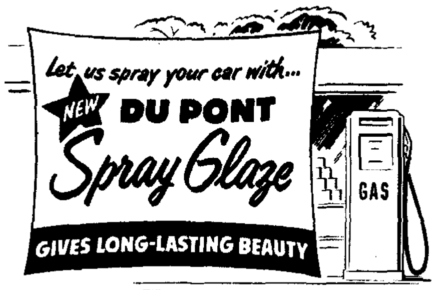

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. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

The Cover

Artist Stanley Ekman's daughter, Jean, posed for this painting in an outfit she received on her eighth birthday. Her father states that a carrousel nag is the only horse Jean has ridden to date, but the cow-girl trappings were thrill enough for her. Ekman, whose illustrations are familiar to Collier's readers, lives in Glenview, Illinois.

Week's Mail

Unlicensed "Curers"

EDITOR: I read your article, Cancer Quacks (May 26th), with great interest and natural amazement. You certainly deserve much credit for uncovering such a savage fraud. It seems almost unbelievable in the modern age we live in, with seemingly intelligent and learned citizens, that anyone, even though naturally frustrated, would pay his hard-earned money to men, some without a medical degree, without looking carefully into the facts.

JERRY HIBBS SHAWHAN, Burbank, Cal.

. . . It was with deep regret that I read your article, Cancer Quacks. It is hard enough for some of these humanitarians who are sincerely trying to help cancer sufferers to do good work because of the publicity given the "accepted" medical treatment without the widely read magazines such as yours speaking up in opposition to them.

ROLAND BIRDSALL, New York, N. Y.

Sheba Identified

EDITOR: In reply to A. T. Rogers (Week's Mail, May 26th), the Queen of Sheba's name was Candace. She was the daughter of Bishri, the King of Sheba Land.

The so-called Queen of Sheba went on a visit to Solomon, stayed a year, returned to her homeland, had a son sired by Solomon. Genealogy tells us Emperor Haile Selassie is a direct descendant of these two famous persons.

MARY ARNOLD LEE, Gainesville, Fla.

Muscle Man

EDITOR: Congratulations and thanks for publishing Mr. Meany's article on Ted Kluszewski (Baseball Hercules, May 26th).

It was a very good story and one of the few written about a lower bracket team.

DON SCOTT, Champaign, Ill.

. . . Your impressive, tender, touching symphony dealing with muscles was duly regarded by this reporter. Up to a certain point, it was wonderful, dreamy.

The point came to a somewhat blurry focus, however, when you said, "Kluszewski, who had been classified 4F because of a childhood pelvic operation . . ." did something or other; I can't quote the rest of the sentence because I quit reading at this point.

Now me, I've never weighed over 160 in my life. For two seasons of college football the coach only seemed to remember "Hey you!" I certainly don't have any "rippling" muscles, no muscles that "breathe" to speak of.

Yet I served seven years (including 30 months actual combat duty) with the U.S. Air Force, and now cannot latch onto a better job because, at the age of 40, I am subject to immediate recall with the Reserves.

Please understand that I am not trying to take anything away from this physical giant, Kluszewski. More power to him. But I am a little bitter about my mother's lack of foresight. Just *think*, one "childhood pelvic operation" and I might have been another muscle man, a tower of strength, a hero of the gridiron, a home-run kid of the diamond. ROBERT F. HART, Louisville, Ky.

Kluszewski's childhood operation was scarcely in the punctured-eardrum class of military deferments, nor was the 4F classification his fault or his responsibility. This must have been apparent to the thousands of men who shared reader Hart's experience of "actual combat duty," and who also read the article on Kluszewski without feeling compelled to write a letter complaining about his exemption from military service.

450,000 Just Right, He Says

EDITOR: In your editorial, Defense Dept. Double Talk (May 26th), you state that the taxpayers' money is being carelessly used to purchase new courts-martial manuals. You stated that 450,000 copies amount to one manual for each 10 men. This is in error.

This manual for Courts Martial-United States is used by all the Armed Services together with wide distribution in regard to attorneys, Pentagon officials, etc.

Every Army company of men should have at least one: every library in the Armed Forces, many instructors in the Armed Forces need one.

There are quite a great number of us who purchase our own copies from the Army, Navy or Air Force.

That isn't as many per man as you thought, is it? L. MEISER, Lt. Fin. Corps, U.S. Army, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

Our Anonymous Inspiration

EDITOR: My column, Out of the Woods, which goes to 33 timber-town newspapers in western Washington and Oregon, embodies the origin of the tall tale that you elaborated and adorned so wonderfully well in your estimable family journal (Pavel Bunyanovitch, May 26th).

You of course were not taken in by the press-wire short. You really worked up the case I tried to state. The job is so good that while I do kind of miss the mention of my poor name I don't truly mind it.

JIM STEVENS, Seattle, Wash.

Chicago, Illustrated

EDITOR: May I express my very great appreciation of your recent article on Chicago

(*Continued on page 56*)

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

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SEE FOR YOURSELF! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp quickly, easily! Just a few drops a day relieve dryness . . . unsightly loose dandruff . . . by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Gives your hair that neat, natural, handsome look. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's economical . . . a little goes a long way.

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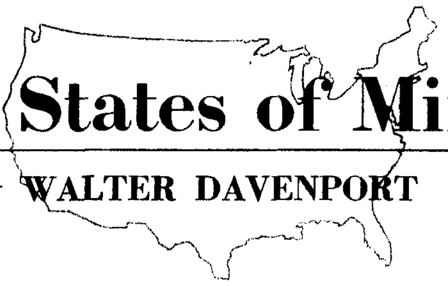


48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

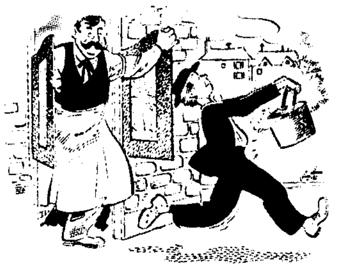
Let the world turn itself inside out. Let fearful governments groan, wobble, fall on their unsaved faces. Let the big brass from pole to pole pass the buck from man to man until all the bigness is gone and the shine worn off. The American state of mind remains unchanged. From coast to coast, as ever, it laughs at the clumsy caperings of political hacks, sobs to see a forlorn child in distress and gives its last dime to a guy who probably doesn't deserve it. Here we proceed, as we look around the country, to show what we mean.

★ ★ ★

We've met a Midwest politico who tells us something which, he says, is true—believe it or not. A group of Democrats, convinced that Mr. Truman will run for re-election next year, recently held a conference to consider how to restore him to popularity. The meeting broke up with a laugh, which is remarkable in itself considering how little laughing material Democrats have. It was suggested that some way be found to induce England to deplore Mr. Truman's desire for another term. That, argued the sponsor of this brilliant idea, would make his re-election sure.

★ ★ ★

As this was going on, there were two signs that we've come to the end of an era, or something. The Pennsylvania legislature was favorably considering a bill to pay no more bounties for Indian scalps. And the Nebraska State Liquor Commission declared rushing the growler to be illegal. For the benefit of the young, perhaps we had better explain the term. If, for example, you were having company of an evening and wished to entertain them with rugged hospitality, you took a large tin pail—Dad's dinner bucket, for example—and hustled down to the corner saloon. There the man filled it with brew. You trotted back home before the beer could go flat, and malty wassail ensued. There were tricks to growler rushing, sometimes known also as bearing the bucket, rushing the can and sailing the schooner. If, for example, you rubbed the inside of the growler lightly with butter you'd get more beer and less foam. Well do we remember . . . But never mind. It's illegal in Nebraska and forgive us if we pause briefly to pay reverence to a vanishing American custom.

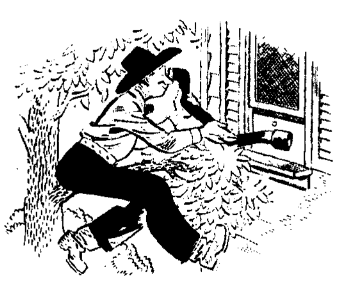


★ ★ ★

If you have any old stumps (tree stumps, we mean) around the house and can find anybody wacky enough to buy them, you may go right ahead and sell them without consulting the government. This is about the only thing you can do, too, without having the government horn in. Moreover, the Honorable Mike DiSalle, the government's price stabilizer, says you can sell them for what you can get, because stumps haven't yet been frozen. Probably an oversight. This valuable bit of information comes out of a long and solemn conference on stumpage between Mr. DiSalle and his Richmond, Virginia, office. And now, while we look around for a few stumps and pray hard for a purchaser, please make a note that the National Farm Chemurgic Council says it is about to produce dresses made of corn. Prices being what they are, fellow dress purchasers, this can be pretty good news. The council says that if made right, corn clothing won't shuck.

★ ★ ★

We learn through Mrs. Earl Edwards, of Houston, Texas, that the city council of that city has just passed a law prohibiting smoking in bed. Says she hasn't had a good night's rest since, having heard that the city has employed Peeping Toms equipped with periscopes. We've been making inquiries and are told that no night passes that the police do not receive many anonymous calls urging them to break into so-and-so's home, rush upstairs and find so-and-so smoking in bed. Thus far, no raids.



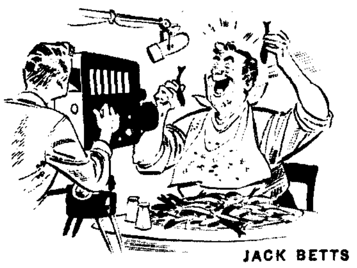
★ ★ ★

Safely stashed away in a Maine jail is a smalltime gambler who, with 13 sinful down-Easters, was up for contempt of court for refusing to answer the grand jury's questions. He consulted his lawyer, a local attorney who wasted no time on legal skulduggery. Said the gambler: "If I lie, they'll hit me for perjury." Said his lawyer: "More'n likely." Said the gambler: "If I tell the truth, I'm on my way to prison." Lawyer: "Wouldn't be surprised." Gambler: "If I keep my trap shut, I get six months for contempt." Lawyer: "Looks that way to me." Thus sagely advised, the gambler took six months.

★ ★ ★

And you'll be glad to know that the Second Annual Blue Royal Smelt Eating Contest at Rib Lake, Wisconsin, went off without casualties. Maybe it was

(Continued on page 56)



JACK BETTS

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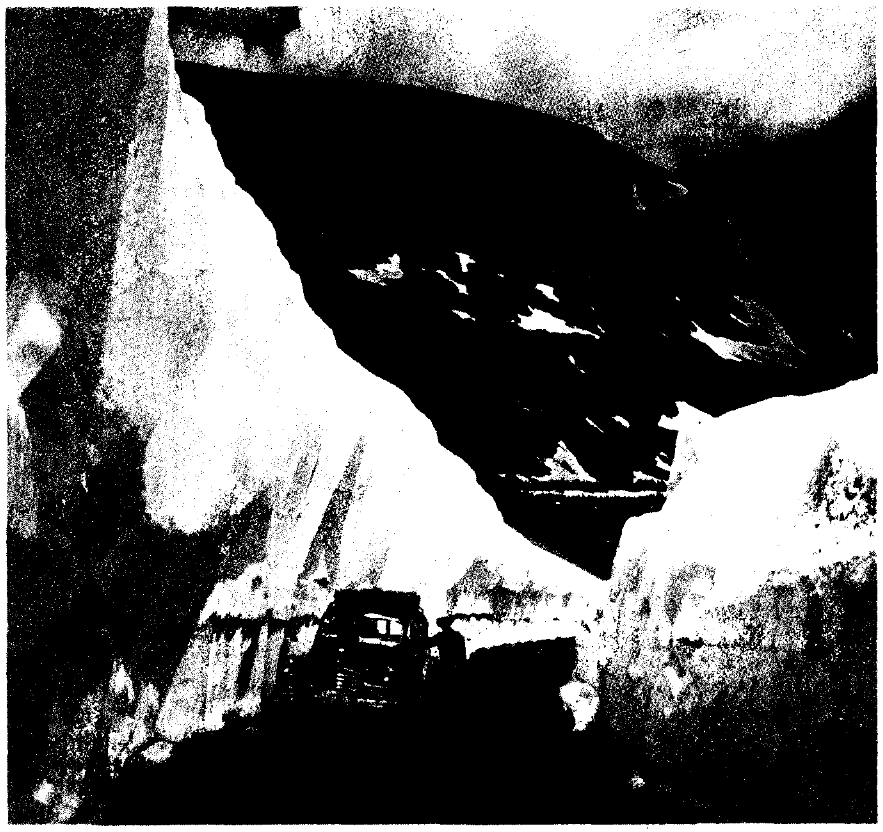
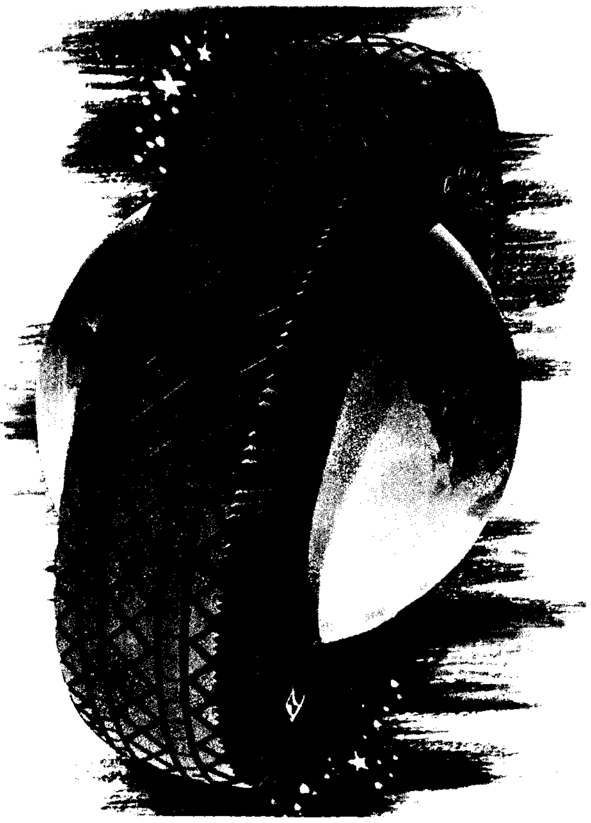


Whether motoring through Montana's Glacier National Park (above), the White Mountains (right), or to the Mt. Rushmore Memorial in South Dakota (below), *more cars roll on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.* And it's to your advantage to know why.

You see, car makers put more Goodyear Super-Cushions on the new cars than any other tire. They know that year after year they can depend upon Goodyear for the design, materials, and manufacturing skill that make a *difference* in tire performance.

And the motorists of America, who drive *billions* of miles each year, find that for a soft, comfortable ride . . . for long mileage . . . and safety . . . the Goodyear Super-Cushion is in a class by itself. Doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction is the tire for you to buy?



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Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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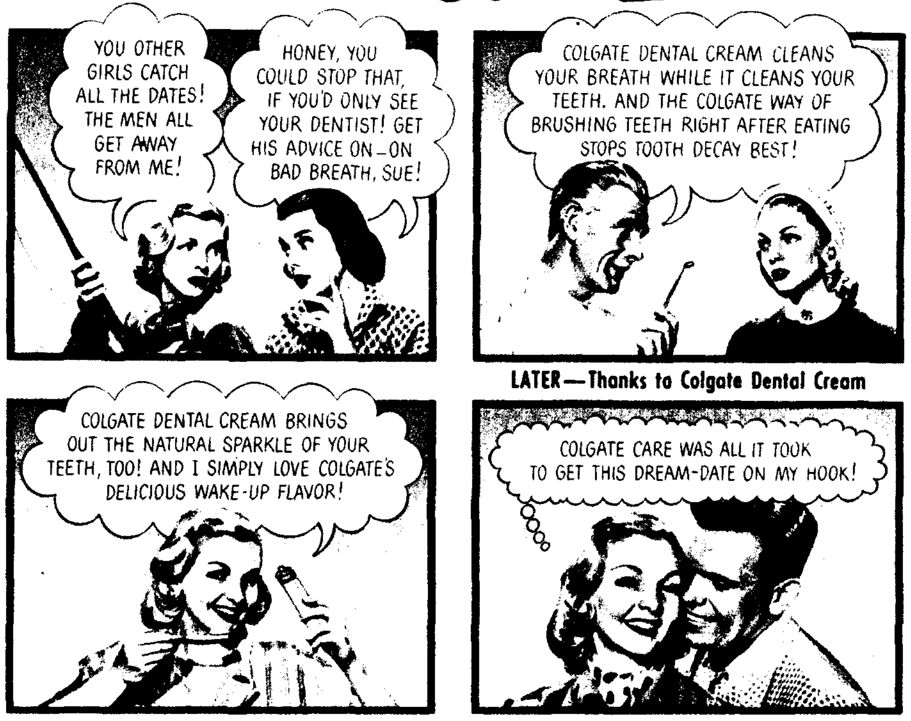
BAIT


YOU OTHER GIRLS CATCH ALL THE DATES! THE MEN ALL GET AWAY FROM ME!
HONEY, YOU COULD STOP THAT, IF YOU'D ONLY SEE YOUR DENTIST! GET HIS ADVICE ON—ON BAD BREATH, SUE!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BRINGS OUT THE NATURAL SPARKLE OF YOUR TEETH, TOO! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
COLGATE CARE WAS ALL IT TOOK TO GET THIS DREAM-DATE ON MY HOOK!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

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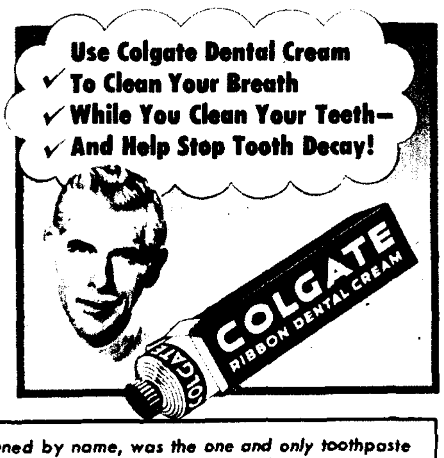
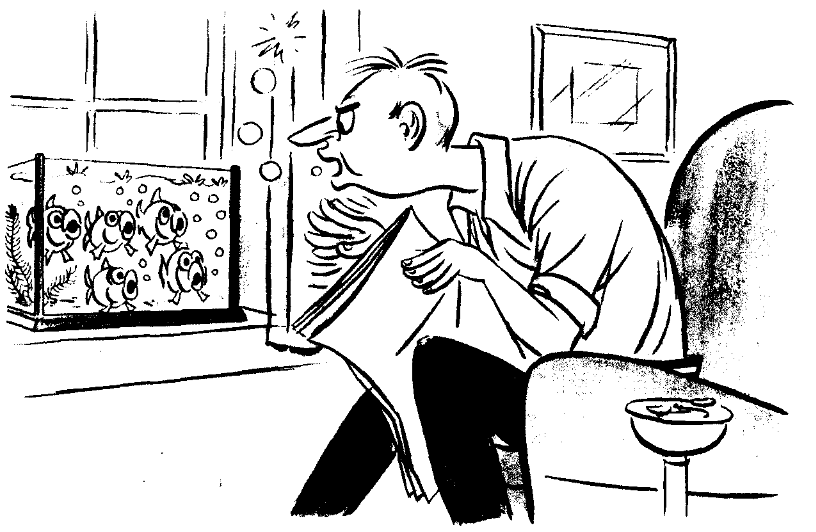

Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** *Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.*



They line up at the side of the tank and drive me nuts

I HATE GLOPPERS

By RALF KIRCHER

WHO here knows anything about goldfish? And before you all start shouting, please remember I am not interested in your fascinating experiences with any other kind of fish. Unless there is someone here who can speak intelligently about goldfish, allow me, pray, to lift this lament against a sympathetic hush.

Just a week ago I was not in this fix because a week ago I was still off the goldfish standard and had no idea that the situation would ever change. A week ago I had still preserved this ironclad rule: Now hear this—under no circumstances, goldfish!

Many people can testify to the wild-eyed fervor with which I have sought to keep goldfish out of my affairs. Each of three women is not my wife because each *murmured* "Yes!" when I popped the all-important question, "Do you like goldfish?" The girl I finally married, sensing the intensity of my feeling in this matter, did what the other three would have done had they thought things through. She lied. She said she didn't care for goldfish and within 10 seconds was exclaiming over the out-sized rhinestone I slipped on her finger.

The rest is history.

History, if you please, of one man's desperate fight to keep an aquarium out of his sight. In all other ways, where pets are concerned, I have leaned over backward to be indulgent. Indeed, I have leaned over backward so far and so often that I always stand like this—stomach forward, shoulders back and my arms dangling down behind me. Does Junior want a mongoose? He may have one. Does sister fancy a brace of wolf hounds? She may get them. Does my wife wish the companionship of a parrot for those evenings when I'm off reigning as Assistant Mighty Mogul of the Modern Wheelwrights of the World? She may buy one. And all this, mind you, so that I wouldn't have to buy a school of goldfish to go glop! glop! glop! at me all the time.

That is the way goldfish go. Most people believe goldfish do not make a sound, and that they make their mouths open and shut in that ridiculous way in an effort to be comical. The truth is, if you hold your ear close to the bowl and listen carefully you can hear them. They go glop! glop! glop!, and once your ear is tuned to this repulsive sound you can hear it above thunderstorms and other loud noises.

But it has been a wearing game. As such matters will, it became a subtle contest, with the subject of goldfish popping in and out of the conversation from unexpected quarters.

May I go out and play?

No, it is raining.

Well, I wouldn't want to go out if we had some goldfish in here! . . .

Don't you think the house needs painting?

We can't afford it this season.

Well, surely we could afford some goldfish! . . .

Can I buy a new catcher's mitt?

You have a catcher's mitt.

Well, the other kids have new catcher's mitts—and goldfish! . . .

Year in and year out! Need you wonder about this graying hair, this furrowed brow, these palsied hands?

And then it happened in a suitably devious and underhanded way. One of the family especially deserved a reward. Smiling, and leaning even farther backward than customarily, I promised any gift within the boundaries of financial reason, such boundaries being located a little short of five dollars. For the first time since 1933, goldfish slipped my mind, and the family pounced.

There are five of them. Five goldfish, I mean. At a buck a head (including accessories), there is truly gold in them thar fish. They swim about in a little glass tank on the window seat next to my easy chair. When I sit down they all line up at the side of the aquarium and glop! at me. Within a few minutes I glare at them and go glop! right back. We all regard them in different ways. I, with loathing and a growing fear. The family, with affection. The cat, with extremely interesting ideas. The cat, I believe, would eat these fish if given half a chance. Someday, when the cat and I are alone . . .

Meanwhile it is my hope glop! that these fish do not unhinge my glop! mind.

THE END

DRAWING BY ED NOFZIGER

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Claudia FLORIST

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Goes a Long Way to Make Friends

THE GENERAL TIRE

Costumes from Saks-Fifth Avenue

Collier's, July 14, 1951

Point Venus

By SUSANNE McCONNAUGHEY

A tempestuous story of love and a people's struggle for freedom, set on the sun-washed beaches of a far-off island

I

IT WAS a dazzling afternoon; the shining, wind-tossed leaves of the coconut palms framed a sky that was immense and clean and blue. On a day like this, Marianna decided, even the veranda was too confining. She filled a woven basket with the things she needed—sewing materials, paste, the white tapa cloth banners, scraps of calico, the last of the unfinished hats—and carried it to a tree-shaded spot near the river, outside the picket fence that enclosed the mission buildings.

Sitting comfortably cross-legged on the grass, her back against the trunk of a tree, she glanced about her, savoring the familiar scene. Nearby was the river, black and clear, which slid down the narrow length of Point Venus and curled into the sea not far beyond where she sat. Westward was the green stretch of Tahiti's coast line, and inland the dark, valley-cleft mountains thrust against the sky.

In the lavish tropicality of its setting, the mission house, plastered with white coral-lime, looked oddly neat and English, Marianna thought. There were no flowers planted around the house and outbuildings—trading store, offices and cookhouse—but the green grass, which spread like a carpet around them, was scattered with clumps of broad, sun-washed banana leaves.

The mission was virtually deserted this afternoon. Her father was teaching the adult Bible class in the little church down the lane, and there were fewer Tahitians about than usual. The stillness seemed to take on an identity of its own, compounded of the whisper of the coconut fronds and the far rumble of surf, running like a white blaze along the reef beyond the end of the point.

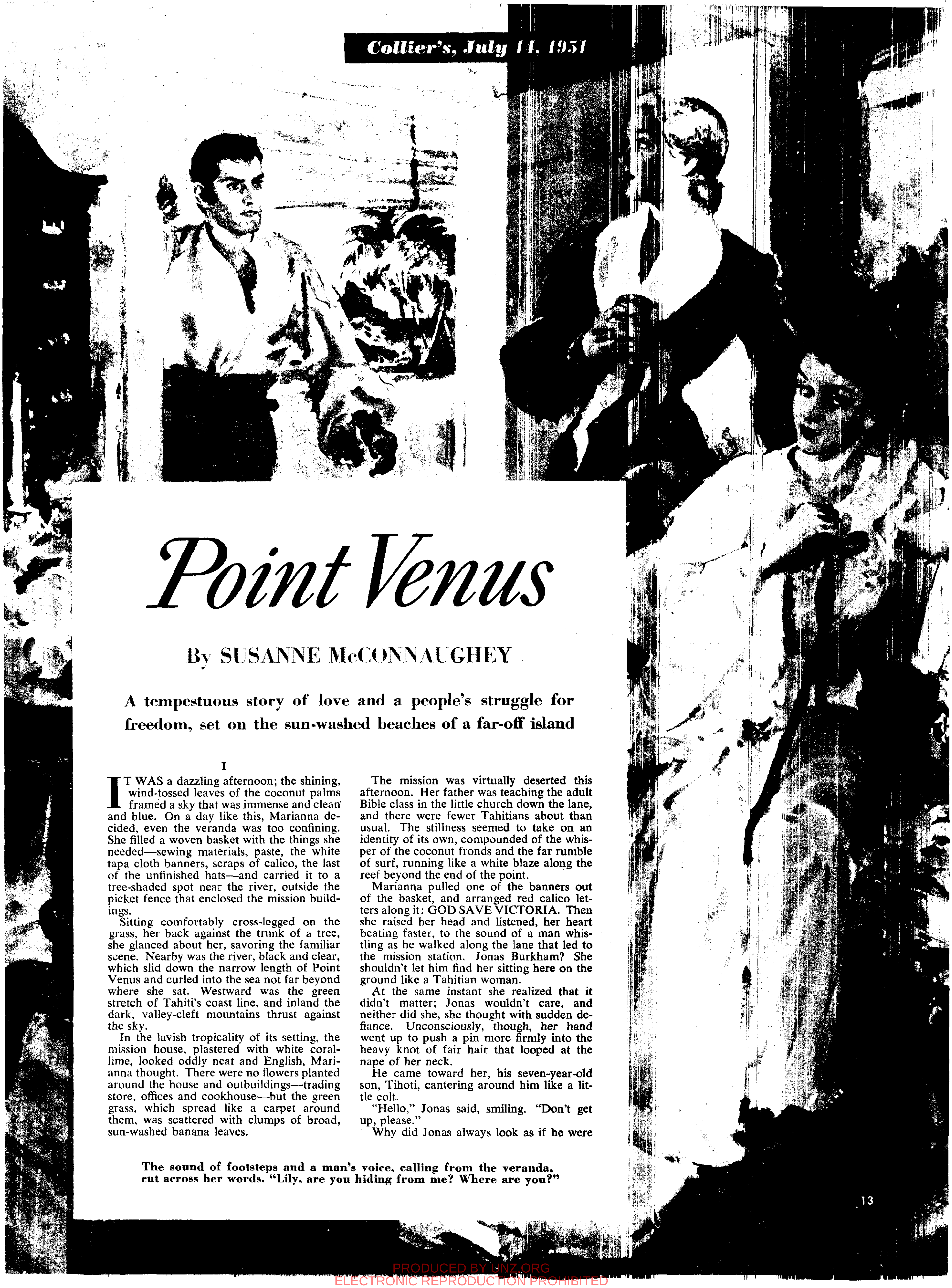
Marianna pulled one of the banners out of the basket, and arranged red calico letters along it: GOD SAVE VICTORIA. Then she raised her head and listened, her heart beating faster, to the sound of a man whistling as he walked along the lane that led to the mission station. Jonas Burkham? She shouldn't let him find her sitting here on the ground like a Tahitian woman.

At the same instant she realized that it didn't matter; Jonas wouldn't care, and neither did she, she thought with sudden defiance. Unconsciously, though, her hand went up to push a pin more firmly into the heavy knot of fair hair that looped at the nape of her neck.

He came toward her, his seven-year-old son, Tihoti, cantering around him like a little colt.

"Hello," Jonas said, smiling. "Don't get up, please."

Why did Jonas always look as if he were



The sound of footsteps and a man's voice, calling from the veranda, cut across her words. "Lily, are you hiding from me? Where are you?"

Jonas, with his reckless ways and easy passions, was no husband for the daughter of a missionary. But in her heart Marianna knew he was the only man she could ever love

secretly laughing at her? "Good day, Mr. Burkham," she said. "Hello, Tihoti. My father isn't here, I'm sorry—"

"Doesn't matter," Jonas said. "I found some hinges in town and brought them over to fix the door to the back veranda."

"You're very kind—" she began.

"I know where the tools are," Jonas said. "If I need any help, I'll shout." He turned away before she could reply.

He didn't mean to be rude; he was merely casual, and perhaps that was what so frequently awakened a faint, unreasonable resentment in her. It was as if she didn't really exist for him, except as her father's daughter and as schoolmistress for his son.

Tihoti had squatted down on the grass beside her. In Tahitian, he said, "Is my hat ready for the procession tomorrow?"

"Speak English, Tihoti," she said gently. "Your father wants you to whenever you can. Yes, it's all done."

WHAT an extraordinary resemblance there was between the boy and his father, she thought. Like Jonas, Tihoti was stockily built; he had the same thick brown hair, his childish nose would someday be as beaked as his father's, and the mouth beneath it as sensual and as curiously vulnerable. One could see his Tahitian mother only in his brown eyes, and in the smooth tan of his skin.

Tihoti was tracing the letters on the banner she had just finished. "God save Vic—Vic—"

"Victoria, Tihoti. She's the queen in England, my mother and father's country. We hope she'll help Queen Pomare in her troubles with the French."

"Is England your country too, Miss Marianna?"

"Yes, it is. But I've never been there. I was born here in Tahiti, just as you were."

He wasn't really listening, and it was obvious that there was something else on his mind. He shifted to a kneeling position. "Miss Marianna, would you do some help for me?"

"Of course I will, Tihoti."

"Papa won't come to the meeting of the district schools tomorrow, and I want him to so much. He says there'll be too many speeches."

She smiled a little. "I suppose there will be quite a few."

"I don't want him for the speeches," Tihoti said. "Just for the tree-climbing contest, after the feast. I'm in the first one, you know, against Rumi of Punaavia and Toa of Papenoo. I think I can beat Rumi, but Toa's very good. If Papa was only there to watch me—"

Impulsively, she put her arm around him. "I'll talk to him, Tihoti, I promise."

He jumped up. "Oh, now he'll have to come! Is that big eel still living by the stone in the river?"

She nodded, watching him as he ran to the riverbank, her eyes thoughtful. Tihoti couldn't possibly understand the reluctance she felt to do what he had asked her; she didn't entirely understand it herself. Jonas adored Tihoti; he would do anything for the child, and if sometimes he seemed thoughtless, it was only because he had a rather highhanded way of ignoring things that seemed unimportant to him.

She pulled the other banner onto her lap, spelling out LONG LIVE QUEEN POMARE along its length. How long was it since Jonas Burkham came to Tahiti? Nine or ten years, perhaps; she had been less than twenty at the time. He had deserted from an American whaler, and at first had been identified only with the other renegade sailors who plagued the missionaries by their idle, wenching, brawling way of life. She remembered her astonishment, one day about six months after Jonas' arrival, to find that such a man was actually working.

He could never think Marianna pretty—she was too thin for his taste—but there was something appealing in her face. Perhaps it lay in her gray eyes, or perhaps her mouth, curved and full, not the mouth for a schoolmarm

She had gone into Papeete to buy supplies from Mr. Truelove's warehouse for her father's missionary store in Matavai, and was waiting in his shop while the goods were piled aboard Mr. Truelove's small boat, which would take her back to Point Venus. Mr. Truelove had drawn her aside.

"Marianna, I'm sorry, I can't go out to Matavai with ye today. There's a cargo just in that I must check over. But I've a good lad working for me now—a Yankee—and I'll send him along." He hesitated for a moment, and then went on. "I may as well tell ye, Marianna, that he's a runaway sailor, but he's different. He's—well, he's *eddicated.* The lad's a gentleman!"

She could still remember her first sight of Jonas as Mr. Truelove introduced them—his thick hair, his bold nose, and the bright, sardonic eyes. His stiff bow had fitted incongruously with his sailor's blouse and trousers.

Jonas had been silent as they walked to the water front together, and had handed her aboard the boat with exaggeratedly formal politeness. He had sat opposite her, his eyes fixed on her face in an unwavering stare.

For a while they coasted in silence along the clear, blue water between the reef and the shore, and then Jonas spoke. "A girl," he said, as if to himself. "A veritable young lady, in fact." His voice, low and curiously soft, minimized the roll of his American R's. "A maiden young lady with white skin in a white dress. I had—happily—nearly forgotten that there were such creatures."

Marianna's cheeks reddened, and she kept her eyes averted.

"Tell me, Miss Moore—Miss Marianna Moore," he went on, "how long have you lived in Tahiti?"

"All my life," she said. "My father has been a missionary here for more than thirty years."

"Born a Tahitian—and raised a Calvinist! What an unholy combination of circumstances!"

It was only then that Marianna realized that he was drunk—solemnly, politely, but indubitably drunk. He had risen to his feet, and was making an unsteady bow. "I beg your pardon, ma'am."

Neither of them had spoken for the next hour, and they were approaching Point Venus when Jonas pulled a bottle from his pocket and raised it to his lips.

Marianna turned around to him. "I must ask you not to drink any more."

Jonas looked at her a moment. "We have here the missionary credo—see no pleasure, hear no pleasure, have no pleasure." He flung the bottle into the water. "Thou still unravished bride of bigotry!" he said.

THEY had not seen each other for many months after that, but, inevitably, Marianna had heard about him. Surprisingly, he had continued a favorite with Mr. Truelove, and only stopped working for him when his long-awaited funds arrived from America.

Jonas had bought a small schooner, and in the intervals between his trips to the other islands to trade for pearl shell, had settled into a fairly regular life in Tahiti. His liaison with Tihoti's mother, Turia, was remarkable on the island only because it had endured longer than most relationships of its kind; the fact that he had never married her was of no concern to anyone outside of mission circles.

It was her father's friendship with him that had brought Marianna once more in touch with Jonas, and that had started two or three years before, when Jonas and Turia, Tihoti's mother, moved to Matavai, not far from the mission station. There was an honesty in Nathaniel Moore that appealed to Jonas; and Nathaniel, deeply lonely sometimes for intellectual companionship, had become very attached to young Burkham. When Jonas' book of essays on Tahiti had reached the island, most of the other missionaries were coldly resentful of his comments on their influence, but Nathaniel had benignly continued to see Jonas as before.

Marianna could admit now that she had been stupidly priggish on that day so long ago. She had learned a little about Jonas Burkham since then—at least, that it could do no good to try to change him. Even so small a thing as Tihoti's request involved an interference with his settled prejudices that she dreaded. She liked Jonas well enough, but in her relationship with him there would always be, she thought, a vestige of discomfort dating from their first encounter.

AFTER Jonas had carried the tools back to the shed, he came around the corner of the house. There was Tihoti, playing by the river, and Marianna still sitting on the grass.

He slowed his approach, looking at her lazily. He could never think Marianna Moore pretty, certainly—she was too thin for his taste—but there was something appealing in her face. Perhaps it lay in her direct, gray eyes, perhaps it was her mouth, curved and full, decidedly not the mouth for a spinster schoolmarm. The rest was suitable enough—the way she pulled her fair hair severely back from her face, and the overemphatic modesty of her dress. How old was she? Twenty-seven? Twenty-eight? Only a few years younger than he, but how little real living had come her way during those years.

He leaned against the tree and gestured at her sewing. "What *are* those things?"

"Hats. For the children to wear in the procession tomorrow. It's the annual meeting of the district schools."

"The great day," he said. "I know. Tihoti hasn't allowed me to forget."

"The children *are* excited about it," she said tentatively.

He dropped down on the grass beside her and picked up one of the hats. "Very fetching," he said. "Did you make them all?"

"Oh, no, the children helped a lot. We—they've been working on them for weeks."

"You spoil them," he said teasingly. "No wonder Tihoti loves his teacher."

She didn't answer, but bent over her work again. Why was she always so wary of *him?* he asked himself impatiently, then answered his own question with wry amusement. To Marianna Moore he must seem an unregenerate sinner. He drank, he swore, he didn't go to church, and if his life with Turia seemed almost tiresomely respectable to him by now, he'd bet his bottom dollar it didn't to Miss Marianna. She was the perfect daughter for a missionary, he thought; and yet, at times he had seen her—with the children, with the natives—when she wasn't at all prim and stiff, as she was with him.

"Where is the meeting tomorrow?" he asked idly.

"In the field at Papaoa. You're—not going?"

"I don't have to," he said. "I can imagine it too well. The children's procession, with the smallest ones stumbling over their wooden swords. The meeting in the chapel. The speeches. The prayers—the long, long admonitory prayers. Then the feast, with more speeches."

"You've forgotten the contests," she said. "The children's contests, after the feast. Tihoti's going to be in one, and he's tremendously eager to have you there."

"Does it really mean a great deal to him?"

"It really does."

"Is that all there'll be in the afternoon? Only the contests? No more speeches?"

She gave him a sudden, almost conspiratorial grin. "We-ell, perhaps just a few closing remarks."

The quality of her smile was surprisingly appealing. "Maybe I could go for a little while."

"That's wonderful!" she said. "Tihoti will be so happy!"

They sat in silence for a few moments. Then Marianna spoke. "What is the news from town? About the French, I mean. Has the protectorate government been stirring up any more trouble?"

"How can they, with the Vindictive in the harbor, bristling with British

(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

MIKE GOUNARIDES

General Eisenhower, SHAPE chief, and aide "Tony" Biddle, who deals directly with representatives of the 12 North Atlantic Pact powers

General Ike's MIRACLE MAN

By WILLIAM ATTWOOD and SEYMOUR FREIDIN

Collier's European Team

Diplomat, soldier, administrator, socialite, linguist, prize fighter and international charmer, Anthony Joseph Drexel Biddle, Jr., helps shape SHAPE. He's Eisenhower's strong right hand

Paris

IT WAS only 9:00 A.M., but one corridor of the Hotel Astoria, home base of the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers in Europe, was already crowded. Two Norwegian captains were arguing over a sheaf of staff directives; a Belgian colonel was pacing up and down and looking at his watch; nearby, a swarthy naval officer stood in a doorway and exchanged Italian pleasantries with burly, good-natured Lieutenant Colonel Vernon Walters, an American.

Across the corridor came the sound of clacking typewriters and the voice of the Dutch receptionist repeating a new arrival's name in guttural French. Two phones were ringing. Lieutenant Colonel Ed Bechtold of the U.S. Army picked one up, spoke a few words, set it back on its cradle and sighed.

"Organized chaos," he murmured. "That's the only way to describe this office."

An American major waiting, like the others, to talk to SHAPE's Executive for Military Representatives, leaned forward expectantly.

"Any chance of seeing the boss this morning?" he asked.

Just then a door swung open and the boss, a lithe, smoothly groomed brigadier general named Anthony Joseph Drexel Biddle, Jr., emerged, his arm draped around the shoulders of a diminutive French colonel. Both were smiling warmly.

"Mon cher colonel," the general was saying. "I'm so glad you were able to come in. And you will remember me to your charming wife, won't you?"

Before the Frenchman could burble a reply, the Belgian had grabbed Biddle's hand in both of his. "General Beedle!" he exclaimed, "permit me to congratulate you on your promotion!" He beamed at Biddle—who had been promoted from colonel just a few days before—as though a great wrong had at last been rectified.

Biddle's smile broadened, *"Ah, merci, merci, mon colonel, vous êtes très gentil."*

Bechtold handed him a slip of paper. "Thanks, Ed," he said and nodded to the impatient American major. "Hello, Sam, I'm awfully sorry to keep you waiting. Be right with you, old man." He shook hands with the Norwegians, invited the Italian naval officer into his office and paused as he spotted the two reporters at the entrance.

"Bill—Si. Gee, it's nice to see you again. Are you free for lunch? Wonderful. I'll see you then."

The door closed softly behind him. Mrs. Rebecca Broussard, one of the two American secretaries in the outer office, looked up from her typewriter with unfeigned admiration. "That man," she said, "is absolutely unbelievable."

You don't have to be in SHAPE headquarters very long to learn that Mrs. Broussard's opinion is generally shared by everyone who has been exposed to the famous Biddle charm. And that includes just about all the 269 members of SHAPE's international staff, from General Dwight D. Eisenhower down to the MP at the door of the bustling headquarters building.

For Biddle, whose job is unique even in such an unorthodox headquarters as SHAPE, is in contact with more people from more different countries than any American in uniform today. As Eisenhower's Executive for National Military Representatives, he serves as a combination trouble shooter, diplomat and efficiency expert between SHAPE and the 12 governments which have joined the North Atlantic Pact and are pooling their forces under General Ike's command.

Despite his uniform, Biddle doesn't represent or speak for the United States. "I'm sort of an international fella," he tells visitors, "the way Trygve Lie is over at the UN. My relations with the American military representatives here are no different from my relations with the Luxembourger."

As an example of how Biddle's office operates, just suppose the Danish government decides to transfer two tank regiments to Eisenhower's command. The decision will be transmitted from Copenhagen to Lieutenant Colonel V. L. U. Gyth, Denmark's National Military Representative (NMR) at SHAPE.

Without Biddle's office to go to, Colonel Gyth would have to run around to the various staff sections of the headquarters responsible for fitting new troops into the joint command. He'd have to find out about supplies, training and a dozen other logistical details—often from officers who might not even understand what he was saying.

Under the present setup, he just goes to Biddle's office with his information; in jig time the news is transmitted to the right people, and Colonel Gyth has received the answers requested by his government. "If we're stumped," said Colonel Bechtold, "we just shop for a solution till we find it."

Multiply the Danish officer's problem by 10 (Portugal and Iceland have no permanent representative at SHAPE) and you get an idea of the confusion that would exist without Biddle's staff to untangle the lines, and without Biddle's personality to smooth ruffled tempers. You also begin to see why the corridor is so crowded at 9:00 A.M. and why the atmosphere, as Colonel Bechtold muttered, can sometimes be likened to organized chaos.

Fortunately, the man who presides over this chaos is a tough-minded executive under his velvety exterior. People who have met him only briefly sometimes go away with the impression that he's a professional charmer, long on poise but short on brains. Later, if they see him in action, they realize that it's a mistake ever to underestimate him.

Summary of a Successful Career

At fifty-four, he can already look back on a career studded with success and variety—as a businessman, as a diplomat and as a soldier in two world wars. In the course of his career he's also managed to be voted one of America's 10-best-dressed men, to win France's court tennis championship, and to get married three times and have four children, the last only a few months ago. (He's also the grandfather of four.)

The charm which strangers tend to mistake for affectation comes as naturally to Biddle as a Southerner's drawl. "He just enjoys being nice to people," said his secretary, Miss Mary MacElvane, who had previously served two years with Biddle in the Pentagon. "He's always been that way. Generals and privates get the same treatment—and they all go away happy."

Biddle's present job typifies the international spirit that has permeated SHAPE since the headquarters opened for business last winter. The man Americans call "Tony" and most of the Allies know as "General Beedle" is now regarded as the engineer who keeps all the tricky international gears meshing smoothly. He thinks it's the most interesting job he's ever had.

"I also think it's one of the toughest and most important," he told us during a lull in the day's chaos. "A lot depends on making SHAPE work efficiently. Personally, the hardest thing I have to do is put myself in the other fella's shoes all the time. When a Norwegian comes into my office, I've got to try and *think* like a Norwegian."

If any American is qualified for this sort of assignment, Biddle should be; during World War II he was United States Ambassador and Minister to eight governments-in-exile in London—and used to run himself ragged keeping all his diplomatic appointments. "It was pretty hectic," he admits. "Lunch with the Poles, tea with the Greeks, cocktails with the Yugoslavs and so on." The British had eight different people doing his job.

Today, as Ike's go-between to 12 governments at SHAPE, he doesn't have to cover so much territory. The National Military Representatives, including the American, come to him. And, as Miss MacElvane says, they usually go away happy.

"I've been here only a couple of weeks," we were told by Colonel Andreas Wettre of Norway, "but Biddle makes me feel I've known him for years."

Lieutenant Colonel Francesco Sforza of Italy admitted he'd been dubious about how so many nationalities could work together in one headquarters. "But Tony Biddle proved to me it could be done," he said.

"SHAPE would be at least six weeks behind schedule if not for him," added France's Major André Loheac. "Sometimes I think we never would have got going at all."

With different accents but with the same sincerity, the Danish, Dutch, British, Belgian and American NMRs agree that Biddle's appointment was the best thing that had happened to SHAPE since General Eisenhower was put in charge.

Ike's able chief of staff, Lieutenant General Alfred M. Gruenther, feels the same way. "Tony's one of the most valuable men on the staff," he told us. "He's able to say 'no' in such a way that it sounds like a compliment."

One reason Biddle gets along so well with his polyglot associates is that he knows the psychology of Europeans as do few American soldiers or diplomats. His knowledge is based on years of experience on the Continent under especially trying conditions. "In one year of tragedy," he told us, "you get to know a people better than if you live with them for 20 years in peacetime."

The years that Biddle served in Europe—from 1934 to 1948—were mostly tragic ones. As America's envoy to Poland in 1939, he led an embassy caravan that accompanied the Polish government on its desperate trek to the Romanian border, while the Nazis and their Russian partners were closing in on both sides.

(Continued on page 57)

Charmer Biddle borrows guest's umbrella for use as pointer during a talk on SHAPE given at Paris lunch held by an American women's group

ROBERT CAPA

Married in 1946, General Biddle and his attractive wife live, with the two children, Anthony III and Margaret, Jr., near Eisenhowers

ROBERT CAPA

The BERMUDA SHORTS

By AL HINE

The other house guest that week end was a model, and she was so sophisticated that most of the time Ted Morrow didn't even know what she was trying to say

TED MORROW cleared his throat slightly as he came into the living room, and Helen Boyer looked up from the frame on which she was hooking a rug.

"Heaven preserve us!" she cried. "Gracious heaven preserve us! Look at him, Jeff! Whatever has the boy got on?"

Her husband came in from the pantry, balancing three coffee cups.

"The aurora borealis?" Jeff suggested. "Or sunrise over the Grand Canyon? Effective, but it will take a little getting used to."

"They're very colorful," said Mary Lee Tate, the baby sitter, doubtfully but helpfully.

"Funny man," six-year-old Kristi Boyer said from the floor.

"Fuddy mad," echoed Michael, her four-year-old brother.

"They're Bermuda shorts," Ted said defensively. "That's what they are."

"Bermuda shorts, darling," said Linda Urban, his fellow week-end guest, "are really rather long. And usually monotone. And smart."

"Well, I *got* these in Bermuda, anyway," Ted said. "Last winter. This is the first time I ever wore them."

"I'd call them Hollywood trunks," Helen Boyer said. "Anyway, you can say they're colorful."

"That's what I did say," Mary Lee Tate said. "I think I like them."

The baby sitter's unemphatic approval seemed the kindest, least contrived speech Ted had heard in some time.

"Trunks, shorts—what's the difference," Jeff said. "You want some more coffee, Ted?"

Ted mumbled, "No, thanks," and settled uncomfortably on the sofa next to Linda. A fine week end it was turning out to be. A casual invitation from the Boyers at a cocktail party, a beautiful break in the midsummer monotony of Manhattan, and everything went wrong with it. The varicolored shorts which had appealed to him in the store window had confounded him in the living room of his new friends and in front of Linda, the most beautiful girl he was likely to meet in a long time. Mary Lee was a beautiful girl, too, he realized with a start watching the grace with which she was helping the Boyer children build a block house. And, remembering her sympathetic speech, he felt even worse and more on the defensive.

THE feeling had been going on ever since he had arrived at the Boyers', the night before. Or even earlier. He had felt defensive in Grand Central when he had accidentally knocked over the bags of the girl who was standing next to him waiting for the 4:30. He had felt even more defensive when he had got off at Westport-Saugatuck and found that the girl was his fellow guest at the Boyers', that her name was Linda, and that he was supposed to know her by reputation.

For Helen Boyer had cooed: "And this is Linda Urban, the Florentine Blouse ads. Linda—Ted Morrow. He's in publishing."

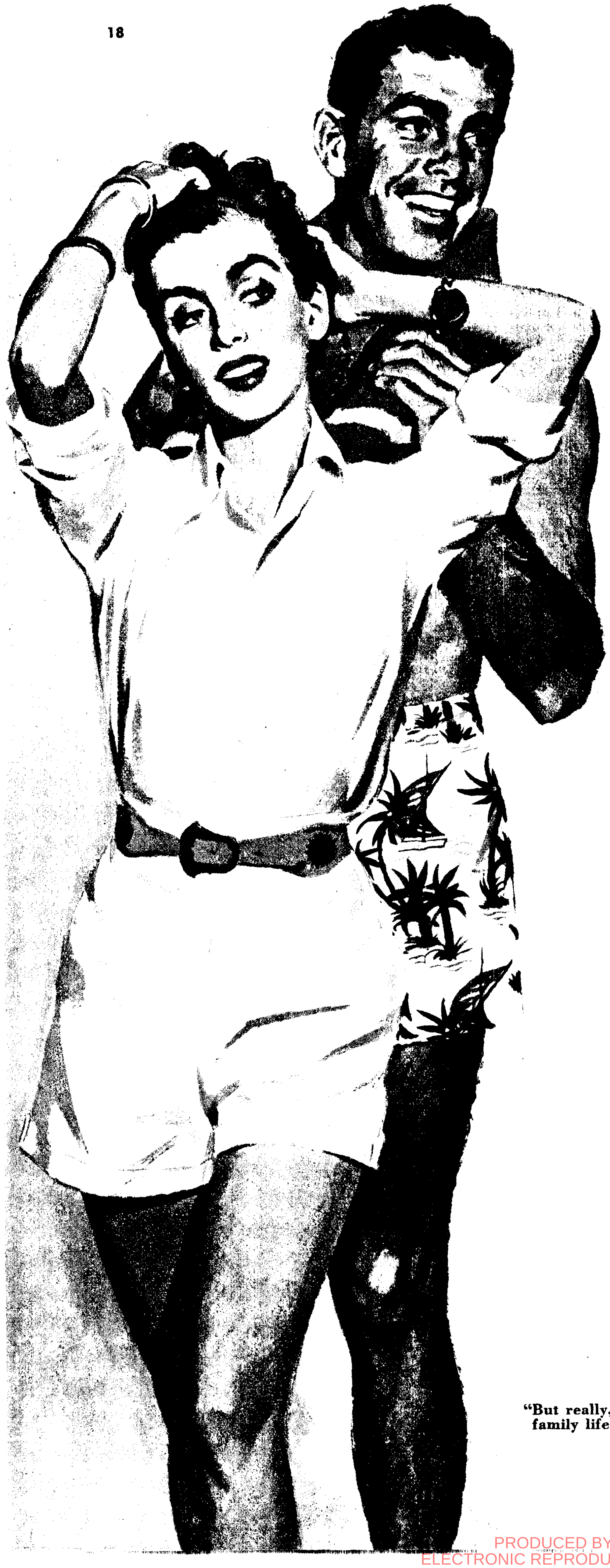
Helen and Jeff Boyer lived in a beautifully remodeled barn in lower Connecticut and devoted their spare time to getting their bachelor and maiden friends married. Jeff designed furniture, and Helen helped Jeff. They were considered a charming couple, and they were generally pardoned for trying to make over their single friends in their own image.

Ted, only six months a New Yorker, only recently removed from the Y.M.C.A. to a two-by-four apartment of his own, was their most recent acquisition.

He was an acceptable-appearing young man and he had once helped Helen and Jeff steer an incapacitated friend home from a disharmonious brawl somewhere in Beekman Place. He was single and he didn't eat with his fingers. He was invited to the Boyers' for the week end.

So, at the Westport station, Ted smiled at Linda

(*Continued on page* 62)



"But really," Ted said to Mary Lee, "what you're missing is the difference between family life in the city and in the suburbs—" "Come along, professor," Linda said

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL G. BURNS

Wisconsin Welcomes the
WANDERERS

Fugitives from dictatorship, the Displaced Persons who seek refuge in the U.S. are making a real contribution to democracy—and so are those who help them. Here's a glowing example

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

Almost all the DPs are anxious to adopt American ways and citizenship, and they start young. Gunta Lacis, 5, the little girl in pigtails, joins her kindergarten mates in saluting the flag

THE two men who had come to see Miss Ethel Bryan in her big sunny front parlor in Ripon, Wisconsin, seemed embarrassed as they explained their errand. One of them was about thirty-five, strongly built and sunburned, with the rough hands of a working farmer. The other, gaunt and even more weather-beaten, was in his sixties. He wore a vest with plenty of slack in it.

The younger man was the spokesman. "It's like this," he said. "My father and I have farms right next to each other up in Wood County. My mother died last fall and it hasn't been so good with us since. We work hard all day and then we have to eat out of cans at night.

"I thought maybe you could get us one of those DP women from Europe to do the housework and cook our meals. She wouldn't have to know much English, because we speak German. But she ought to be a widow or a single woman, because we can't afford to pay a man too."

"How much can you pay?" asked Miss Bryan, who is Wisconsin's unofficial "do-something lady" for displaced persons.

"Well, not much to start with," mumbled the visitor, his face getting redder. "What I figured is that you could send us a good hard-working widow, not too bad-looking, who would be glad to have a home. Then if we get along all right I'd be willing to marry her—that is, if she would have me."

The old man nodded sadly and touched his flattened stomach. "Oh, what I'd give for a good hot meal every day," he groaned.

The plea was pathetic, but unsuccessful. DPs are not coming to the United States to be married off for their labor. They are coming to fill honest jobs and become self-respecting Americans. That isn't easy, especially after you have spent the last 10 years dodging bombs and living in barracks, and have lost all the material things you ever owned. But in Ripon the DPs are succeeding, in a variety of ways. What is more, their courage, willingness to work, and the joy they find in being free again, have made a deep impression on their neighbors.

"This town is a more interesting place to live in since the DPs came," one of Ripon's prominent citizens told me.

A DP, by definition, is a person who was displaced from his or her home during the war and has a good reason for not going back. In almost every case the reason is Communism. Most DPs come from Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Poland, eastern Germany and Hungary, which are now under Communist governments.

Of course, most of them *could* have returned home instead of coming to America. The Reverend Edward Lamberts, who is one of 68 former DPs who reached Ripon, told me about a letter from Latvia that a DP friend of his received.

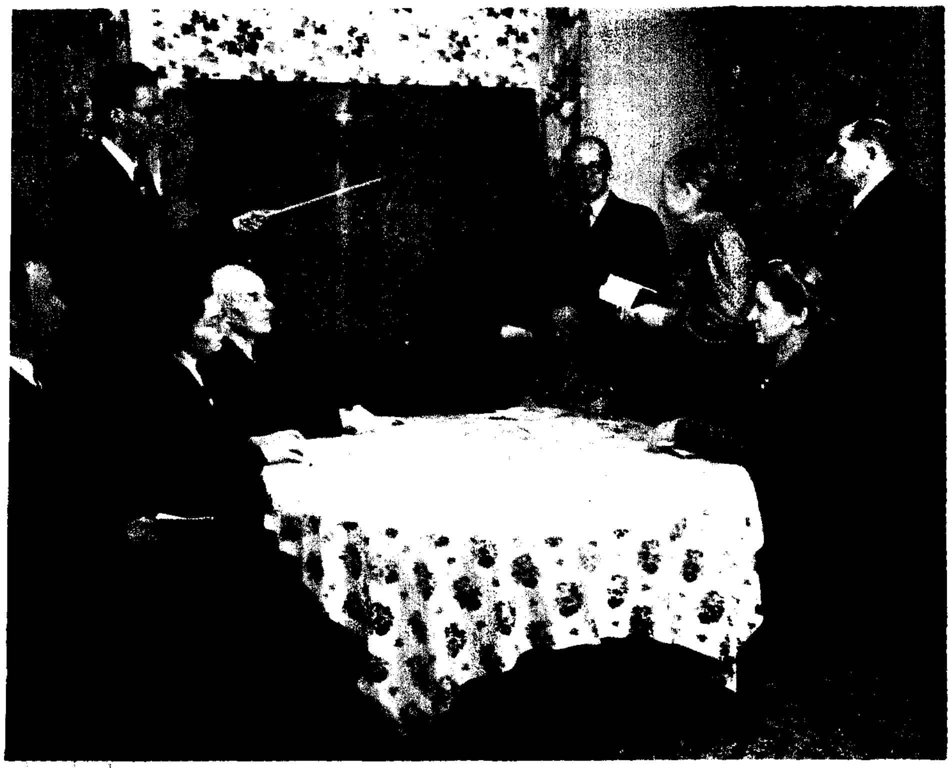
"You must come back soon," the letter read. "We have no housing shortage here and you can have a room in the same place where Karlis and Andrew and Guntis are living."

Karlis and Andrew and Guntis had been shot by Communists before *(Continued on page 44)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN MENDICINO AND ROCCO PADULO

DP Ilga Reke, 25 (standing), is an art teacher at Ripon's junior high school, and also takes pupils at her home. She is shown instructing young Patricia Watson. Miss Reke's parents also are living in Ripon

Several newcomers, like Karlis Racenis (l) and Janis Grundsbergs, have found work as automobile mechanics. "These fellows are good," declares Ripon garage owner W. D. Van Metre. "I can depend on them"



Roalds Kaklins, now attending college, teaches English to countrymen. Most of the Displaced Persons in Ripon are Latvians, though a few come from other nations. Virtually all have picked up new language quickly

Recently arrived youngsters learn American games quickly, and their U.S. schoolmates accept them without hesitation. George Turlais, left, and Juris Afanasjevs, with American friend, Tom Jensen (r)

Velta Lacis became top producer in section soon after going to work at Ripon Knitting Mills. Man is Alfred Reed, head of firm

Ethel Bryan (left) was a prime mover in getting Ripon to accept DPs. Miss Bryan is shown with her mother, Lucille, in parlor "office" where she carries on work

Mara Latson (front row, left) and her twin brother Martin (front row) are members of First Congregational choir

PARADE DAY

By WALTER MACKEN

They heard the strains of the band and all the kids rushed off. All except Joe and Mico. "Run, Joe, run!" Mico begged. "You can do it!"

A WORLD PRIZE STORY. COPYRIGHT NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, INC.

THE drum spoke first. "Come on, come on, come on, come on!" it boomed; and with crahs and crangs and peeps and bom-moms the other instruments, encouraged, answered, and the band swung from the big square of the town into the mouth of the street, the tall buildings taking the shocking impact of sound, leaning away from it and deflecting it into the blue sky.

It was a warm somnolent day and save for the listless spread-eagled dogs the street was almost deserted. A few bored-looking shop assistants deigned to stroll to their doorways, to lean there with folded arms and watch with some sympathy the members of the band, who were puffing and blowing and sucking, excited momentarily by this audience for their windy gymnastics; forgetting the sweat gathering in armpits, backs and legs, thinking what heroes they were to come out on a day like this and for what? For voluntary and, even worse, unpaid, except maybe for a pint of porter later whose froth would be only a shadow of its true glory after the deflating heat of the day.

But this was our band and we were proud of it, proud of little Padneen, who was called Sucker because he played the big horn; and long, thin Gaeglers, who played the fife—the customary crack from the loungers at the Four Corners was for him to be careful or he might fall into it. Upsetting remarks like that served to break the rhythm of our band and caused strange angry noises to emanate from the bassoon. For we were not proud of our band in an open boastful sort of way but in a jeering, sneering sort of way which was a cloak for the real affection we felt for all its members. Even foreigners would have to admit that the band played with great verve and marched in time and like all amateurs the men loved their work; and as you stood and listened, little chills ran up your spine and you thought: Ah, they are great lads, so they are! A credit to the town they are! And you would purse your lips and emit a resounding razzberry or shout an insult to cover the fact that you were becoming emotional.

The kids absolutely adored the band, every blow and puff and suck of it. All they wanted was the hint of sweet music merged with a strong cacophony of sound and they would flock.

They flocked now!

Like rabbits from burrows they came. At the top of the winding street—no children to be seen. You'd think the citizens hadn't been procreative for a thousand years. Then suddenly—a thousand children, pushing and shoving and screeching and dancing. They fell on the band like bombs, causing confusion for a time. The big-drummer falling on his instrument and cursing loudly. The trombone player hitting a small skull with the slide out. Another drummer kicking a howling mongrel in the belly. Many things like that. But order was restored when the leader came from the front and knocked dust from a few backsides with his long and gaily decorated baton.

In order then once more, the band proceeded down the winding street, garlanded and almost smothered in children, who took long steps and marched and chattered and sang, their faces red and shining and their hearts pumping fast with excitement.

The head of the procession was shortly taken by a tallish, well-built youth who strutted ahead, swinging an imaginary baton, his body forming an arc as he pushed out his chest. His hair was of an indeterminate color because it had been clipped almost to the bone by his father; none of it remaining after the hygienic scalping except a forelock that flapped to his antics. His shirt was in its first day and hence clean, and the trousers, held up by a length of twine, were whole everywhere but at the back, where his shirttail had worn its way through. His exposed parts were burned nut-brown by the sun, and you knew his name was Mico because on all sides of him were admiring youngsters, encouraging him in his gyrations, shouting: "Ah, jay, Mico! Mico is gass, isn't he? Look 't um!" Mico expanded in it.

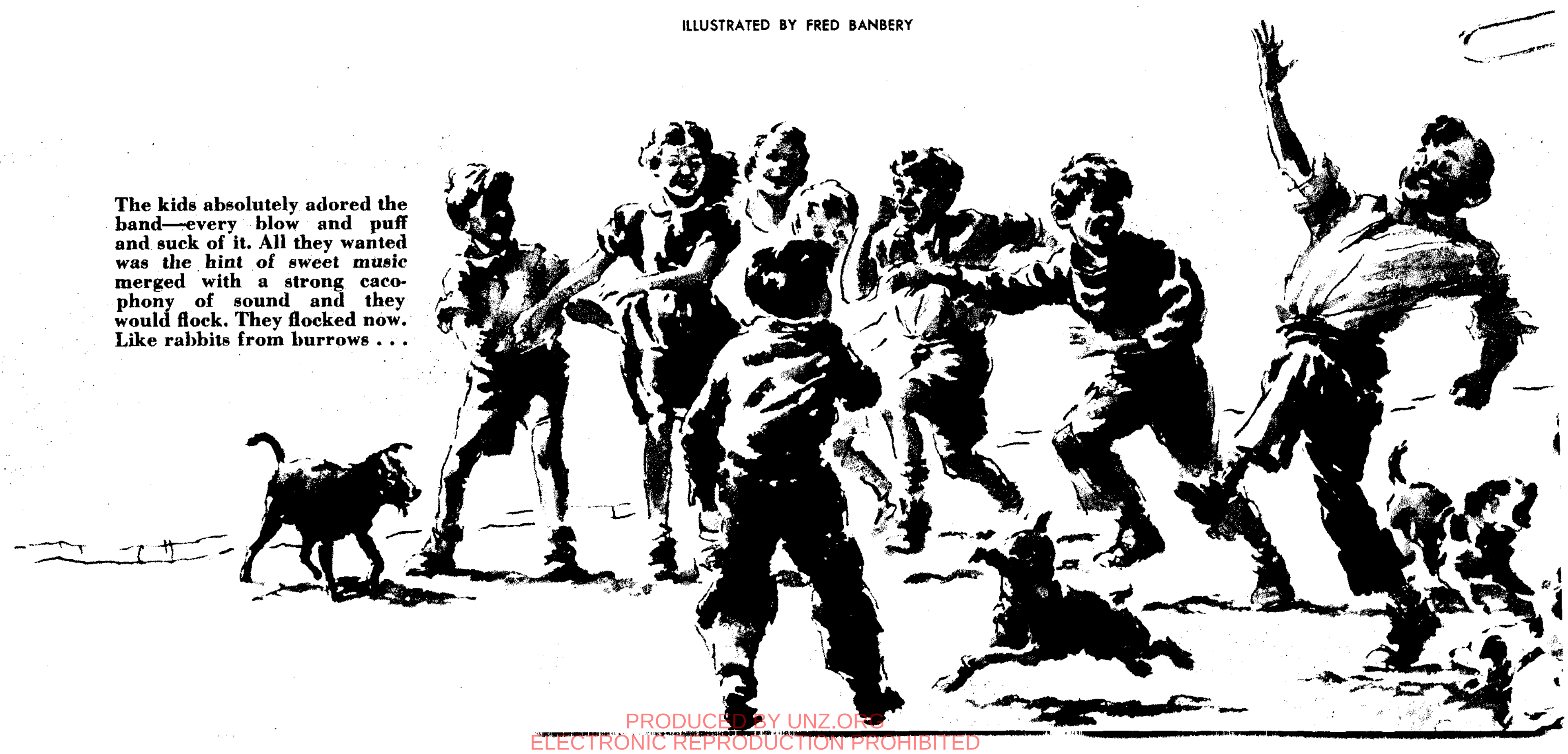
THE band leader made a few ineffective attempts to dislodge his usurper, but in vain. Mico was fleet of foot and always returned. So they passed from one winding street of tall houses to another winding street of not-so-tall houses, and the drum boomed, fingers fiddled and lungs blew. A brave sight it was and the noise woke the old town from summer somnolence.

"Dum, dum, dum, dum, dum-ditty-dee, dum-dum," cried the band, swinging into the introductory phrase of the well-known march. The kids instinctively waited for the correct beat and then they roared, parodying the heartbreaking melody:

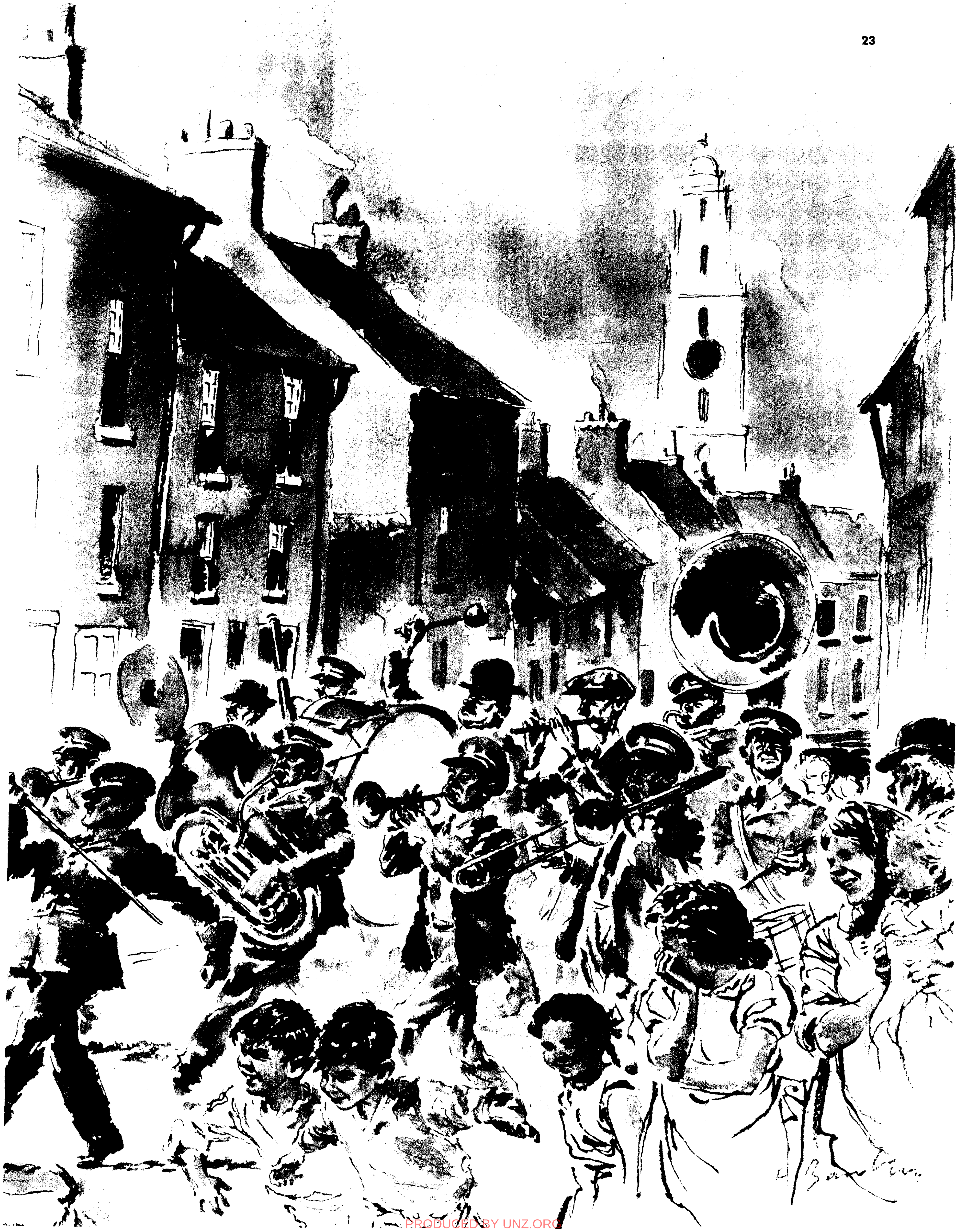
Oh, all of a sudden
A lump 'f black pudden
Came floating through the air!

And they danced as they sang, hopping on their brown legs and swinging their arms and tripping over mongrels, and Mico outdid himself in his body contortions and the vein at the side of his neck swelled to the bursting point as he took the tune an octave higher (*Continued on page 55*)

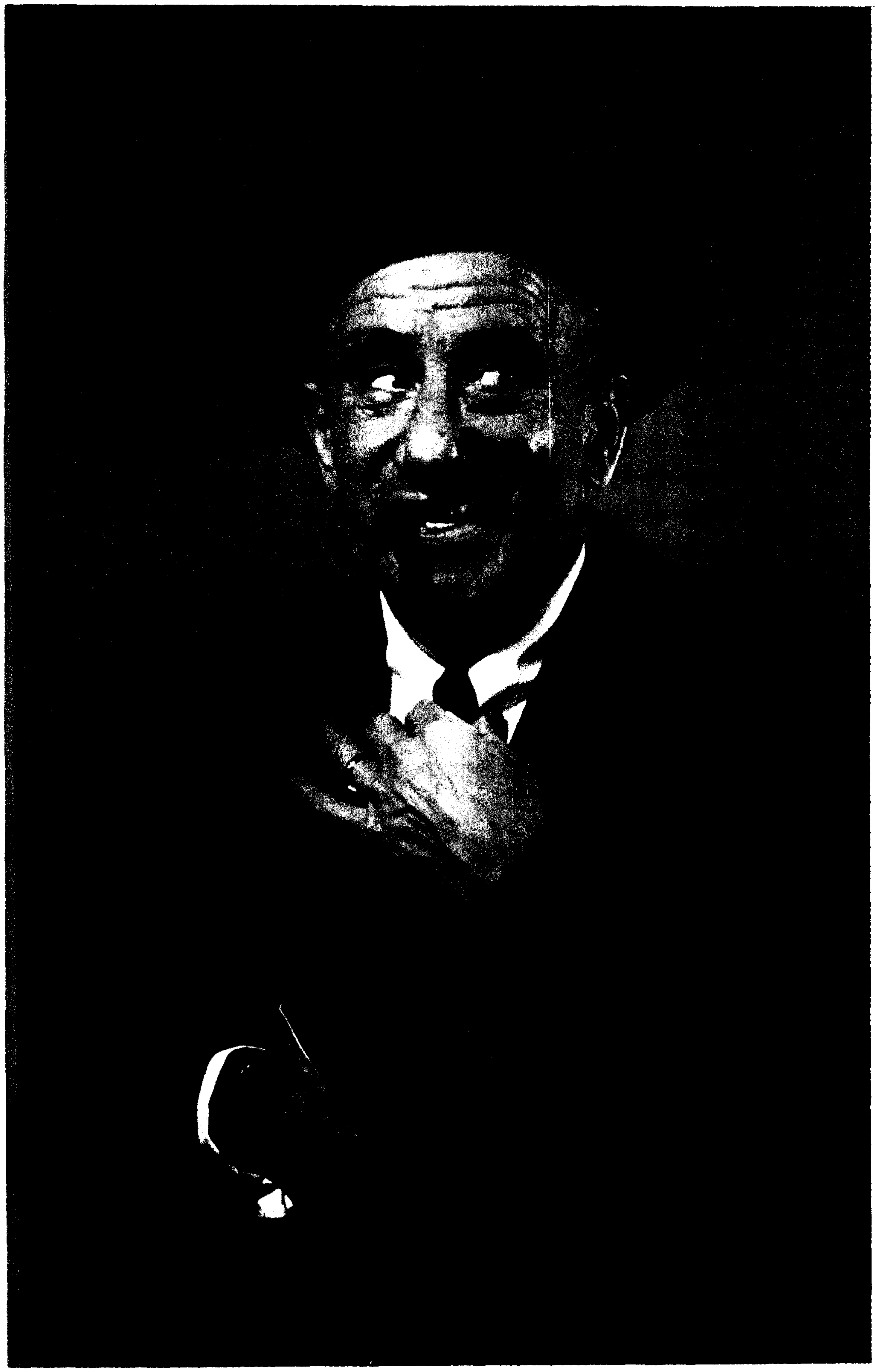
ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BANBERY



The kids absolutely adored the band—every blow and puff and suck of it. All they wanted was the hint of sweet music merged with a strong cacophony of sound and they would flock. They flocked now. Like rabbits from burrows . . .



SPEAKEASY DAYS *Continuin*



Many of the routines the elfin Durante uses today originated in Manhattan clubs 25 years ago

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

By GENE FOWLER

Jimmy Durante started in the entertainment field as a pianist in the small cafés of New York. It was during this period that he met and married Maud Jeanne Olson, and joined forces with singer Eddie Jackson. Soon after, he bought into the Club Durant. But it was not until the cool, wise dancer, Lou Clayton, became a member of the team that Jim turned comedian—and embarked on a great career

III

BY THE mid-1920s, James Francis Durante's nose was on its way to becoming the most widely known promontory this side of Gibraltar. The team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante was getting rave press notices—although they had no paid press agent—and customers thronged to the Club Durant, which Jimmy owned with his partners, Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson, and with former bartender Frank Nolan.

George M. Cohan, a man who seldom drank or went to night clubs, was induced by writers Bugs Baer and Damon Runyon to visit the club; he was so enchanted by the trio's performance that he tossed down a $100 bill as he left, and said, "Ring this up on the cash register." Editor Sime Silverman of the trade paper Variety was a constant patron and a true friend; he saw to it that the "Three Sawdust Bums," as he called them, were plugged in almost every issue of his weekly journal.

Neither then nor at any other time was there any quarrel among the members of the trio about billing. Clayton liked having his name first (and, in fact, if the group had a leader it was he); the others felt that the title looked well in print and sounded just fine in Broadway's big ears. As Clayton, Jackson and Durante, they prospered—and so did their club.

It was a decade of loose money and blazing speculation on Wall Street. Along Broadway, even the newsboys had large rolls of bills, and taxicab drivers seldom carried less than $100 in change.

Early in the morning, Wall Street speculators would stop in at the Club Durant to have champagne with their breakfast of ham and eggs before going downtown to count their paper profits. Racketeers came in with their ladies dressed in mink coats and diamonds. They drove to and from the night spots in expensive cars, with liveried bodyguards at the steering wheels. The place, like other speak-easies, also was frequented by such renowned killers as Vincent (Mad Dog) Coll and Jack (Legs) Diamond.

To prevent gunplay on the premises, Clayton made it a rule that all marksmen had to turn in their side arms upon entering the room. He reminded the pistol packers that if police officers were to frisk them and find the guns, it would mean prison for violation of the Sullivan Act, which prohibited the carrying of firearms without permits. Indeed, detectives occasionally did search the patrons, but they discovered no iron evidence at the Club Durant.

The hiding place for the pistols was a box behind the bar in which the bartenders kept cracked ice. Clayton used to refer to these frozen weapons as "frappéed artillery."

Because of this precaution, the Club Durant avoided some of the shootings experienced by other establishments in the neighborhood. There were occasional brawls, however; when they occurred, the peace-loving Durante and the nervous Jackson took to their heels, holing up at an all-night restaurant near Columbus Circle until Clayton—who stayed behind to deal with the trouble-makers—phoned to say the storm was over.

Despite the constant threat of fights, the club paid not a penny for police "protection," an amazing circumstance during an era when many law-enforcement officers, both national and local, had

CHNOZZOLA! *Jimmy Durante's Life Story*

The Schnozz and his partners prospered during the wild prohibition years—although beset on one side by cops, on the other by vicious thugs

eczema of the palms. The "square" cops—and there were several—admired the partners for their refusal to "put in the fix." Certain crooked officers, however, feared that such a policy might set a precedent along the guilty avenue, and vowed they would get evidence against the Club Durant.

Prohibition agents frequently searched the premises for liquor, but they never found the "plant," a hiding place beneath a trap door in the club's cloakroom. (That was the "little plant"; the big one was at Nolan's apartment 10 blocks away.) Before a speak-easy could be padlocked under the law, proof had to be established that liquor had been served to and paid for by the investigator. Samples of the seized liquor must then be brought to court and identified as such. The snoopers carried small flasks for the collection of such evidence.

It was necessary for Clayton to keep a schoolmaster's eye on Jimmy, for the friendly Schnozzola might let just anyone into the club. Lou made Durante swear never to buy anyone a drink, even if the man were dying of thirst.

How Two Strange Visitors Got In

One evening, two men appeared downstairs at the club. Lolly, the doorman, did not know them and said so. One of them replied, "Well, go get Durante. His brother and me went to school together."

When Jim came down, one of the fellows shouted, "Hello, Jim, old pal!" The other chap also called Durante by name.

The Schnozzola responded in kind. "Well, well, hello, and how are you? So glad to see yuh!" Jimmy turned to the doorman. "What do you mean, not letting these men in?"

When Lolly said that he did not know the gentlemen, Jimmy bawled him out. "You *should* know them! They're friends of my brother's. I've known 'em since I was a kid."

So up the stairs they went. A worried Clayton whispered, "Say, Jimmy, just who are these guys?"

"They're friends of mine," Jim said. "Al went to school with them."

"Are you sure, Jim?"

Durante seemed annoyed. "Lou, am I *sure?*"

"Well," Lou agreed reluctantly, "if you say so, Jim, I guess it's okay."

Jimmy went onto the floor to do his number, then rejoined his brother's friends. They bought Durante a drink. He sipped it out of politeness, and bought another round. Then one of the fellows brought a small bottle from his pocket; instead of drinking his whisky, he poured it into the bottle.

"Gee," Jim said, "are you chemists?"

The man with the bottle nodded. "Yeah. We're chemists—for the Prohibition Department!"

The next day, while padlock proceedings were under way, the partners met in the deserted club to divide their assets, including $32,000 in cash earned that month. While Clayton was casting up the figures, Nolan put in his claim for an "extra piece" to cover the rental of his apartment.

This astonished Clayton. "I don't think you're justified in nicking us for your apartment, Frank. You were living there."

"I know that," replied Nolan. "But I was making a storehouse out of it, wasn't I? I was keeping your liquor up there, wasn't I?" *(Continued on page 66)*

INTERNATIONAL

Humorist Bugs Baer (left) brought friends to Club Durant to watch Clayton, Jackson and Durante

ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

When George M. Cohan first saw the Durante team he was so impressed he tossed down a $100 tip. Later, Cohan and Durante acted together in film The Phantom President (above)

EDWARD STEICHEN

Lou Clayton (l), Eddie Jackson (r), and Durante —caught by noted photographer Edward Steichen

SERGEANT HOUCK

By JACK SCHAEFER

He was a simple man, a man who didn't say much, but there was an enormous strength about him that comforted the woman on the terrible journey home

SERGEANT HOUCK stopped his horse just below the top of the ridge ahead. The upper part of his body was silhouetted against the sky line as he rose in his stirrups to peer over the crest. He urged the horse on up and the two of them, the man and the horse, were sharp and distinct against the copper sky. After a moment he turned and rode down to the small troop waiting. He reined beside Lieutenant Imler.

"It's there, sir. Alongside a creek in the next hollow. Maybe a third of a mile."

Lieutenant Imler looked at him coldly. "You took your time, Sergeant. Smack on the top, too."

"Couldn't see plain, sir. Sun was in my eyes."

"Wanted them to spot you, eh, Sergeant?"

"No, sir. Sun was bothering me. I don't think—"

"Forget it, Sergeant. I don't like this either."

Lieutenant Imler was in no hurry. He led the troop slowly up the hill. The real fuss was fifty-some miles away. Captain McKay was hogging the honors there. Here he was, tied to this sideline detail. Twenty men. Ten would have been enough. Ten and an old hand like Sergeant Houck.

With his drawn saber pointing forward, Lieutenant Imler led the charge up and over the crest and down the long slope to the Indian village. There were some scattered shots from bushes by the creek, ragged pops indicating poor powder and poorer weapons, probably fired by the last of the old men left behind when the young braves departed in war paint ten days before. The village was silent and deserted.

Lieutenant Imler surveyed the ground they'd taken. "Spectacular achievement," he muttered to himself. He beckoned Sergeant Houck to him.

"Your redskin friend was right, Sergeant. This is it."

"Knew he could be trusted, sir."

"Our orders are to destroy the village. Send a squad out to round up any stock. There might be some horses around. We're to take them in." Lieutenant Imler waved an arm at the thirty-odd skin-and-pole huts. "Set the others to pulling those down. Burn what you can and smash everything else."

"Right, sir."

Lieutenant Imler rode into the slight shade of the cottonwoods along the creek. He wiped the dust from his face and set his campaign hat at a fresh angle to ease the crease the band had made on his forehead. Here he was, hot and tired and way out at the end of nowhere with another long ride ahead, while Captain McKay was having it out at last with Grey Otter and his renegade warriors somewhere between the Turkey Foot and the Washakie. He relaxed to wait in the saddle, beginning to frame his report in his mind.

"Pardon, sir."

Lieutenant Imler looked around. Sergeant Houck was standing nearby with something in his arms, something that squirmed and seemed to have dozens of legs and arms.

"What the devil is that, Sergeant?"

"You're afraid," he said. "They haven't told him," she said, "about the boy." Sergeant Houck's hands tightened on the reins and the horses slowed to a walk. He clucked sharply

"A baby, sir. Or rather, a boy. Two years old, sir."

"How the devil do you know? By his teeth?"

"His mother told me, sir."

"His mother?"

"Certainly, sir. She's right here."

Lieutenant Imler saw her then, standing beside a neighboring tree, shrinking into the shadow and staring at Sergeant Houck and the squirming child. He leaned to look closer. She wore a shapeless, sacklike covering with slits for her arms and head. She was sun-and-windburned dark yet not as dark as he expected. And there was no mistaking the color of her hair. It was light brown and long and coiled in a bun on her neck.

"Sergeant! It's a white woman!"

"Right, sir. Her name's Cora Sutliff. The wagon train she was with was wiped out by a raiding party. She and another woman were taken along. The other woman died. She didn't. The village bought her. She's been in Grey Otter's lodge." Sergeant Houck smacked the squirming boy briskly and tucked him under one arm. He looked straight at Lieutenant Imler. "That was three years ago, sir."

"Three years? Then that boy—"

"That's right, sir."

CAPTAIN McKAY looked up from his desk to see Sergeant Houck stiff at attention before him. It always gave him a feeling of satisfaction to see this great, granite man. The replacements they were sending these days, raw and unseasoned, were enough to shake his faith in the service. But as long as there remained a sprinkling of these casehardened old-time regulars, the Army would still be the Army.

"At ease, Sergeant."

"Thank you, sir."

Captain McKay drummed his fingers on the desk. This was a ridiculous situation and the solid, impassive bulk of Sergeant Houck made it seem even more so.

"That woman, Sergeant. She's married. The husband's alive—wasn't with the train when it was attacked. He's been located. Has a place about twenty miles out of Laramie. The name's right and everything checks. You're to take her there and turn her over with the troop's compliments."

"Me, sir?"

"She asked for you. The big man who found her. Lieutenant Imler says that's you."

Sergeant Houck considered this expressionlessly. "And about the boy, sir?"

"He goes with her." Captain McKay drummed on the desk again. "Speaking frankly, Sergeant, I think she's making a mistake. I suggested she let us see that the boy got back to the tribe. Grey Otter's dead and after that affair two weeks ago there's not many of the men left. But they'll be on the reservation now and he'd be taken care of. She wouldn't hear of it; said if he had to go she would, too." Captain McKay felt his former indignation rising again. "I say she's playing the fool. You agree with me, of course."

"No, sir. I don't."

"And why the devil not?"

"He's her son, sir."

"But he's— Well, that's neither here nor there, Sergeant. It's not our affair. We deliver her and there's an end to it. You'll draw expense money and start within the hour."

"Right sir." Sergeant Houck straightened up and started for the door.

"Houck."

"Yes, sir."

"Take good care of her—and that damn' kid."

"Right, sir."

Captain McKay stood by the window and watched the small cavalcade go past toward the post gateway. Lucky that his wife had come with him to this godforsaken station lost in the prairie wasteland. Without her they would have been in a fix with the woman. As it was, the woman looked like a woman now. And why shouldn't she, wearing his wife's third-best crinoline dress? It was a bit large, but it gave her a proper feminine appearance. His wife had enjoyed fitting her, from the skin out, everything except shoes. Those were too small. The woman seemed to prefer her worn moccasins anyway. And she was uncomfortable in the clothes. But she was decently grateful for them, insisting she would have them returned or would pay for them somehow. She was riding past the window, sidesaddle on his wife's horse, still with that strange shrinking air about her, not so much frightened as remote, as if she could not quite connect with what was happening to her, what was going on around her.

Behind her was Private Lakin, neat and spruce in his uniform, with the boy in front of him on the horse. The boy's legs stuck out on each side of the small, improvised pillow tied to the forward arch of the saddle to give him a better seat. He looked like a weird, dark-haired doll bobbing with the movements of the horse.

And there beside the woman, shadowing her in the midmorning sun, was that extra incongruous touch, the great granite hulk of Sergeant Houck, straight in his saddle, taking this as he took everything, with no excitement and no show of any emotion, a job to be done.

They went past and Captain McKay watched them ride out through the gateway. It was not quite so incongruous after all. As he had discovered on many a tight occasion, there was something comforting in the presence of that big man. Nothing ever shook him. You might never know exactly what went on inside his close-cropped skull, but you could be certain that what needed to be done he would do.

THEY were scarcely out of sight of the post when the boy began squirming. Private Lakin clamped him to the pillow with a capable right hand. The squirming persisted. The boy seemed determined to escape from what he regarded as an alien captor. Silent, intent, he writhed on the pillow. Private Lakin's hand and arm grew weary. He tickled his horse forward with his heels until he was close behind the others.

"Beg pardon, sir."

Sergeant Houck shifted in his saddle and looked around. "Yes?"

"He's trying to get away, sir. It'd be easier if I tied him down. Could I use my belt, sir?"

Sergeant Houck held in *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Our Firetrap Hospitals

WIDE WORLD

Flames which destroyed St. Anthony's Hospital in Effingham, Illinois, on April 4, 1949, sparked the first national survey of fire hazards

By MIRIAM ZELLER GROSS

Nine out of ten U.S. institutions for care of the ill are so badly built or protected they virtually invite disaster, a survey shows. The national average is four blazes each day

AT ELEVEN o'clock on the night of April 4, 1949, most of the 8,000 citizens of Effingham, Illinois, had gone to bed. The town was subsiding into the darkness and quiet of the surrounding countryside. Buildings here and there were still lighted and a few people were up and around. The night man was on duty at the town pump station. William Esch, a commercial photographer, was working in his studio. Fire Chief Frank Wilkins was at the Elks Club, and at 812 St. Anthony Street, the night shift of the Hospital Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis were tending the 106 patients in St. Anthony's Hospital, a three-story brick and timber building.

Shortly after 11:30 P.M., nurse Catherine Eden heard a sharp hissing noise and left her room on the second floor to go into the hall and investigate. At 11:45, Sister Edmunda left the nurses' station on the third floor of the hospital and took the automatic elevator to the first floor. The doors opened and she stepped out into the hall.

Sister Edmunda smelled smoke.

She ran down the hall to the switchboard and alerted Sister Anastasia, who put in calls to the home of Frank Ries, the hospital engineer; the fire department and the convent. By 11:48, Frank Ries, with his trousers pulled on over his pajamas, had located fire in the laundry chute in the basement of the hospital and was using a hand extinguisher. At about the same time, the siren was sounding from downtown. Frank Wilkins was being called at the Elks Club, and William Esch, the photographer, hearing the alarm, grabbed his camera and ran for his car.

Within the next few minutes, Frank Ries, having exhausted several extinguishers on the clothes chute without putting out the fire, moved up to the second floor. That was the last time Frank Ries was seen alive.

Boring up the laundry chute, the thrust of flames reached the attic section of the third floor. The four- by eight-foot sections of combustible organic fiberboard used to partition this area into rooms exploded into flames. The attic became an inferno, and flaming gases blew back down the unprotected stairways to meet the onrush of fire from the basement. Billows of burning gases invaded every space in the hospital and the intense heat ignited all the combustible materials on the upper floors.

Caught between these swiftly interlocking layers of flame and trapped by the explosive rush of burning gas, every human being in the hospital was asphyxiated, burned to death or forced out of the nearest window or door. Of the 128 people in the hospital at the time of the fire, 74 met immediate death and one survivor died at another hospital as a result of the fire.

The cause of the Effingham fire was never established, but the report of State Fire Marshal Pat Kelly specifically explains the rapid spread of the fire.

Included in the list of factors conducive to rapid spread of the fire were: the age-dried woodwork and timbering of the seventy-three-year-old building; the combustible organic fiber covering on ceilings and upper portions of the side walls of corridors and hallways; the partitioning of the third floor (attic) into rooms by means of combustible organic fiberboard; repeated coats of paints and varnishes accumulated on wall and woodwork surfaces; multiple unprotected vertical and lateral openings serving as flues and draft tunnels and practically no emergency fire-fighting equipment.

James K. McElroy, an engineer with the National Fire Protection Association, a volunteer group which investigates all fires causing 50 or more deaths, and Roy Hudenburg, who heads the Council on Hospital Planning and Plant Operation for the American Hospital Association, went to Effingham to investigate. Gently they questioned the grief-stricken Sisters of St. Francis who maintained the hospital.

"But how were we to know our hospital was unsafe?" cried the Sisters. "Nobody warned us. Everybody took for granted it was a haven of safety."

The report of the state fire marshal states that the housekeeping and supervision of the hospital were of a high order and that the administrators took every possible precaution against fire in the light of their best knowledge, but:

St. Anthony's was not fire retardant. It had open stairways and elevator shafts that acted like chimneys. It had no automatic fire alarm. There were no automatic sprinklers. No firestops. No watchman making routine checks. And St. Anthony's had made no effective emergency plan against the possibility of fire.

The Effingham fire was a terrible tragedy, but not a freak. A fire could have started undetected in any of a dozen places in the hospital and spread along any of several vulnerable avenues. It was only freakish that St. Anthony's had not had a serious fire before.

"To other hospital administrators," says McElroy, "the St. Anthony disaster is a tragic invitation to consider and correct any fire hazards in their hospitals."

There are potential St. Anthonys in many communities. This tragedy may be duplicated in your home town—possibly this year.

The Effingham fire sparked a nation-wide hospital inspection for fire hazards. Known as the National Hospital Survey, the investigation has covered every hospital of 50 or more beds in all 48 states, and at the time of this writing the final reports are still coming in. Conducted by the National Board of Fire Underwriters with the co-operation of every recognized medical and surgical group in the country, this is the first complete hospital survey for fire hazards in our history. A report on this vital survey, highlighting the salient points of this long-needed investigation, follows. Collier's is the first publication to bring this information to the public.

This survey shows that over 90 per cent of our general hospitals, the 4,539 general care institutions, both public and private, that are a part of every community, are unsafe from fire. Either through flaws in construction, inadequate protection or bad practices, nine out of ten general hospitals are firetraps.

Seventeen hundred professional fire sleuths, virtually every well-trained fire protection and casualty engineer in the United States, have completed reports which took two years to compile and cost $2,000,000, that give a detailed picture of the condition of our hospitals. The survey was largely financed by fire and casualty insurance businesses.

Appalling Neglect of Precautions

A conservative estimate of the general hospital situation, based on nearly completed tabulations, indicates that:

Eighty-five per cent of our general hospitals are not fire retardant. Ninety-five per cent lack fire drills or practiced evacuation plans; 95 per cent have open stairways or elevator shafts; 95 per cent have defective wiring. At least 80 per cent have inadequate automatic sprinkler protection; 95 per cent have no emergency fire alarm systems or systems that fail to function properly, and at least 75 per cent have nothing approaching adequate self-inspection for hazards. At the time of inspection, the operating rooms were not guarded against the dangers of static electricity in 90 per cent of our hospitals; and in 70 per cent, combustibles were improperly stored.

The final reports on hospitals other than general hospitals, the state and federal and special care institutions, such as convalescent homes and tuberculosis sanitariums, are not expected to change the picture. The National Board of Fire Underwriters' engineers expect these statistics on general hospitals to apply with but minor adjustments to all of the 7,500 hospitals in the United States that have 50 or more beds.

Every region of the country and every state—with the exception of California where safety laws are effectively enforced—is equally involved. The inspecting engineers found that the mighty medical centers of the East are not necessarily any safer than the rural hospitals in the Midwest.

Immense Veterans' Hospitals were found to be both good and bad—some comparatively safe, others among the most hazardous institutions in the country. Expensive private hospitals were not necessarily any safer than the crowded and shabby charity hospitals across the tracks. The denominational hospitals were generally as ill prepared to cope with fire as the city institutions.

National Board engineers point out that our hospitals are just as susceptible to fire as they are unprepared to cope with it. Hospitals combine the fire hazards of laboratories, restaurants and hotels. Hospitals necessarily stock highly combustible supplies: flammable gases such as ether, and volatile liquids such as alcohol and benzene. Items ranging from mattresses to X-ray films are ready fuel for any fire. The acoustical soundproofing frequently used as ceiling board and the very common flammable trim that almost explodes when its critical point is reached provide terrific momentum for any chance flames.

Unhappily, the instruments for providing the sparks are always at hand. Hospital kitchens and heating units and complicated electrical wiring are ever-present means of setting off a conflagration.

As a result, there is an average of four hospital fires every day, according to National Fire Protection Association figures. New York City has had 342 hospital fires since 1940. One New York City hospital, Bellevue, had a run of fires, five in one month. There are approximately four times as many hospital fires today as there were 30 years ago and it is incredibly good fortune that we have had so few major catastrophes.

It seems that this record would have induced legislation for the enforcement of safety standards, but this has not been the case. California is the only state that, as a general practice, withholds state licenses from the hospitals that do not comply with fire safety regulations. Not a single one of the other 47 states has an effective, operating state law that forces general hospitals to meet standard safety requirements.

There is no available summation of the state laws covering hospital fire protection. The existing laws not only lack teeth but are hidden away in building codes and construction regulations. At the time of this writing, the National *(Continued on page 48)*

ACME

Death takes no holiday: **Charred beds tell the tragic tale of the deaths of 10 inmates of the Walker convalescent home, Amarillo, Texas, just before a Christmas party was to start last year. Thirty-five fled**

DELL MULKEY

Staff members **of Hoquiam, Wash., hospital, swept by fire early this year, had not been trained for an emergency. This victim, being carried from gutted building, was one of 21 who lost lives**

REEL SPORT-*Pike, Pickerel*

Experts call these spirited cousins-under-the-scales "fresh-water sharks." Here'

ALMOST any angler can frighten a fish, but it is not every fish that can frighten an angler. In this respect the pike and muskellunge have something of an edge on the rest of the fresh-water fish. Many a stout fisherman has thrown aside rod and reel and raced for dry land after hooking one of these vicious tigers of the piscatorial world.

The pike and the musky are the big-game fish of our rivers and lakes. With their small cousin, the pickerel, they provide several million anglers a year with activity and excitement on waters ranging from Canada to Louisiana.

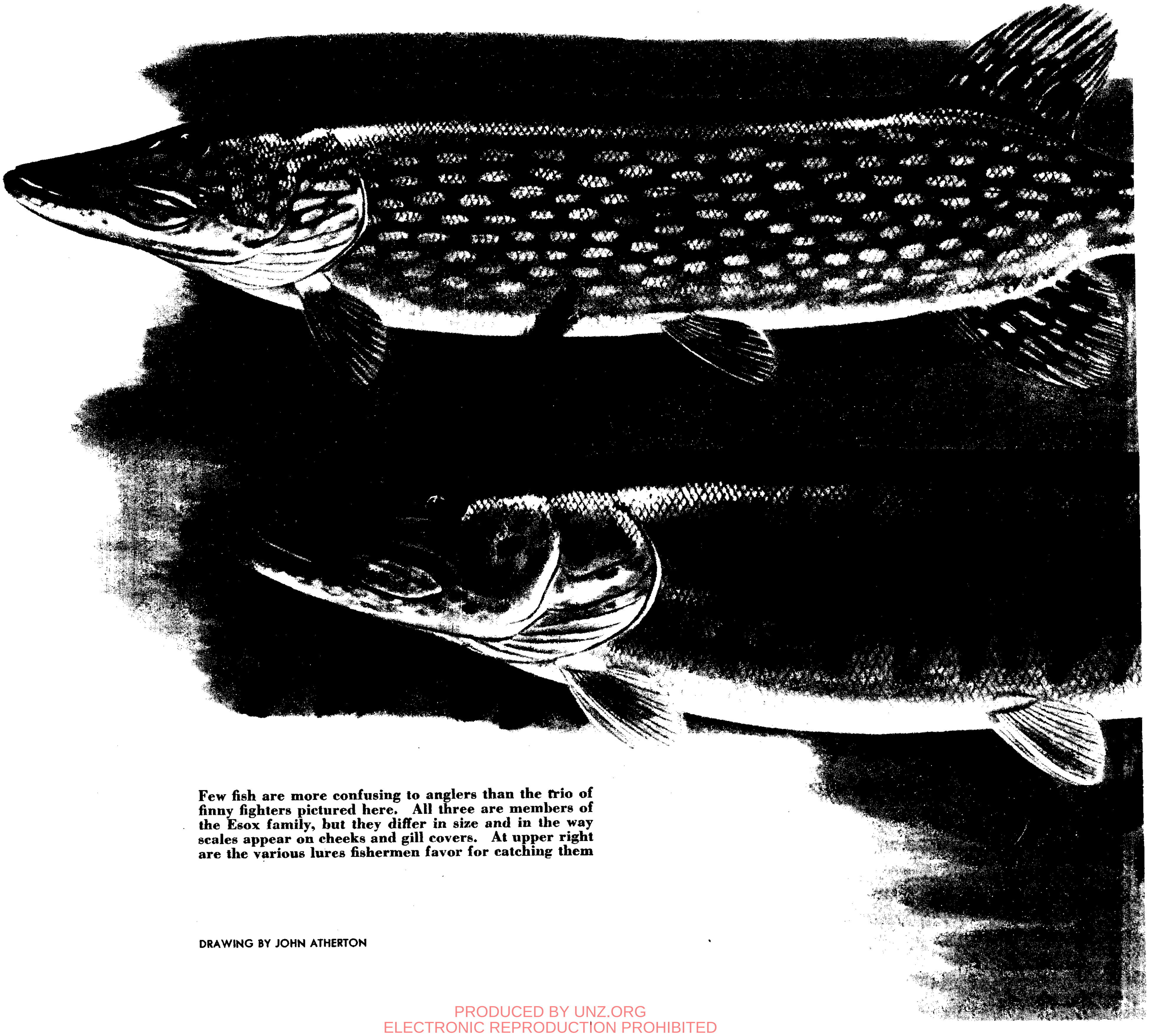
The musky, being the giant of his kind, is sought after by more anglers with less success than any other fresh-water fish. Once the average fisherman lands a 15-pound musky he is inclined to dedicate his future angling activities to the task of taking a 30-pounder. With this goal reached, he raises his sights, and his hopes, toward a still larger specimen. And so on, until, if he's lucky, he passes the existing local record—upon which he heads for more distant waters that are reputed to harbor the real behemoths of the species.

The individual just described is, of course, an exception—not in enthusiasm, but in success. For musky fishing can be a discouraging pursuit. Many an enthusiast devotes several seasons to this fishing without landing a 15-pounder. Fortunately for the disposition of the angler, pike, pickerel and even walleyes share the habit and habitat preferences of the musky. While the musky specialist may scorn these lesser fish, they often provide him with interest and excitement during the long intervals between musky strikes.

It can work the other way, too. Sometimes an innocent fisherman, concentrating his efforts on luring a bass or walleye, will tangle with a big musky. In most instances, the ensuing fracas is very one-sided, with the odds definitely in favor of the fish. I can, however, recall one instance where the exception ruled.

On my last trip to the Lake of the Woods in Ontario, where the bass, walleyes and pike are abundant, and muskies reasonably plentiful, I grew tired of trolling a half-pound sucker bait behind the boat, as suggested by my guide. I finally ruled in favor of a more active form of fishing, so I had him put me ashore, where I began casting over the weed beds in hopes of picking up a bass or pike.

When a half hour of this exercise failed to produce, I stopped to smoke a pipe and encountered a



Few fish are more confusing to anglers than the trio of finny fighters pictured here. All three are members of the Esox family, but they differ in size and in the way scales appear on cheeks and gill covers. At upper right are the various lures fishermen favor for catching them

DRAWING BY JOHN ATHERTON

and Musky

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

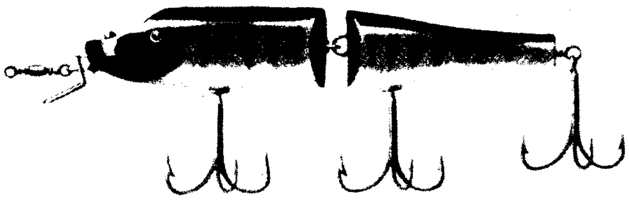
ıow to catch them—near home

fugitive from a Scottish salmon river engaging in the same form of relaxation. He was more talkative than the average Briton I had met, and was not slow in expressing his lack of enthusiasm over the local fishing. Visiting Canada for the first time, he had been urged by an Ottawa business associate to try the country's bass angling.

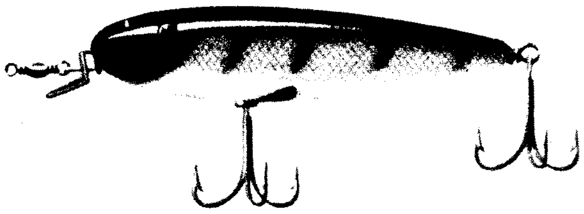
"I've found it rather dull," he explained. "My friend provided me with this short casting rod, and I must say I'm having trouble mastering the form. I suppose one gets the knack after a bit of experience, but at every other cast this silly reel overruns, and I spend half my time getting out of a frightful tangle."

To demonstrate, he stepped to the water's edge and made a wild, frantic sweep with the rod, exhibiting a maximum of force

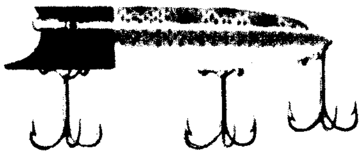
(Continued on page 60)



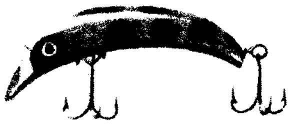
HUSKY PIKIE



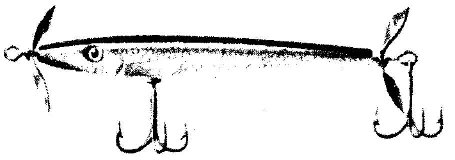
HUSKY MUSKY



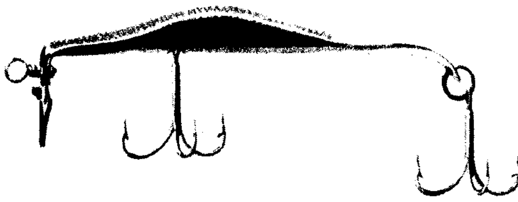
CHUGGER



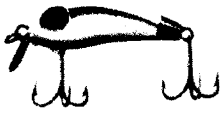
SUPER SNOOPER



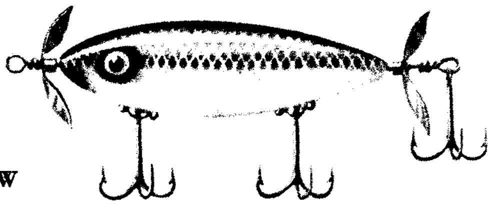
SLIM JIM



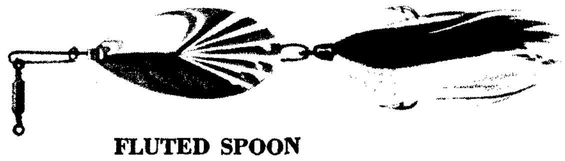
MUSKY CHAMP



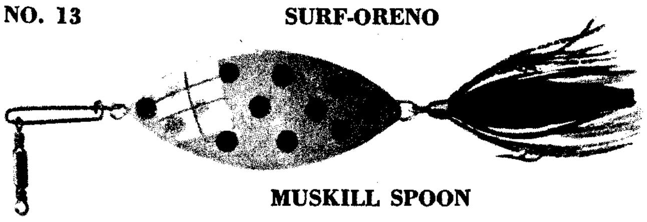
MIRACLE MINNOW NO. 13



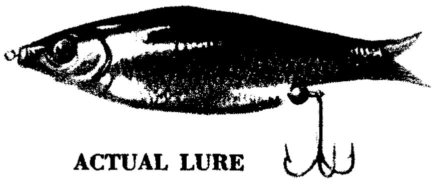
SURF-ORENO



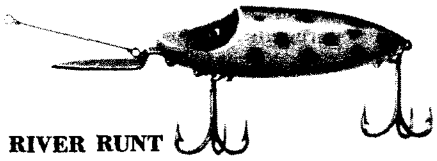
FLUTED SPOON



MUSKILL SPOON

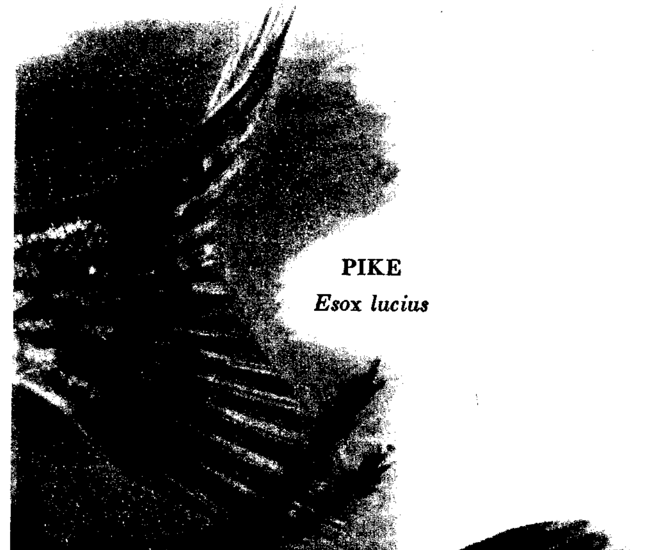


ACTUAL LURE

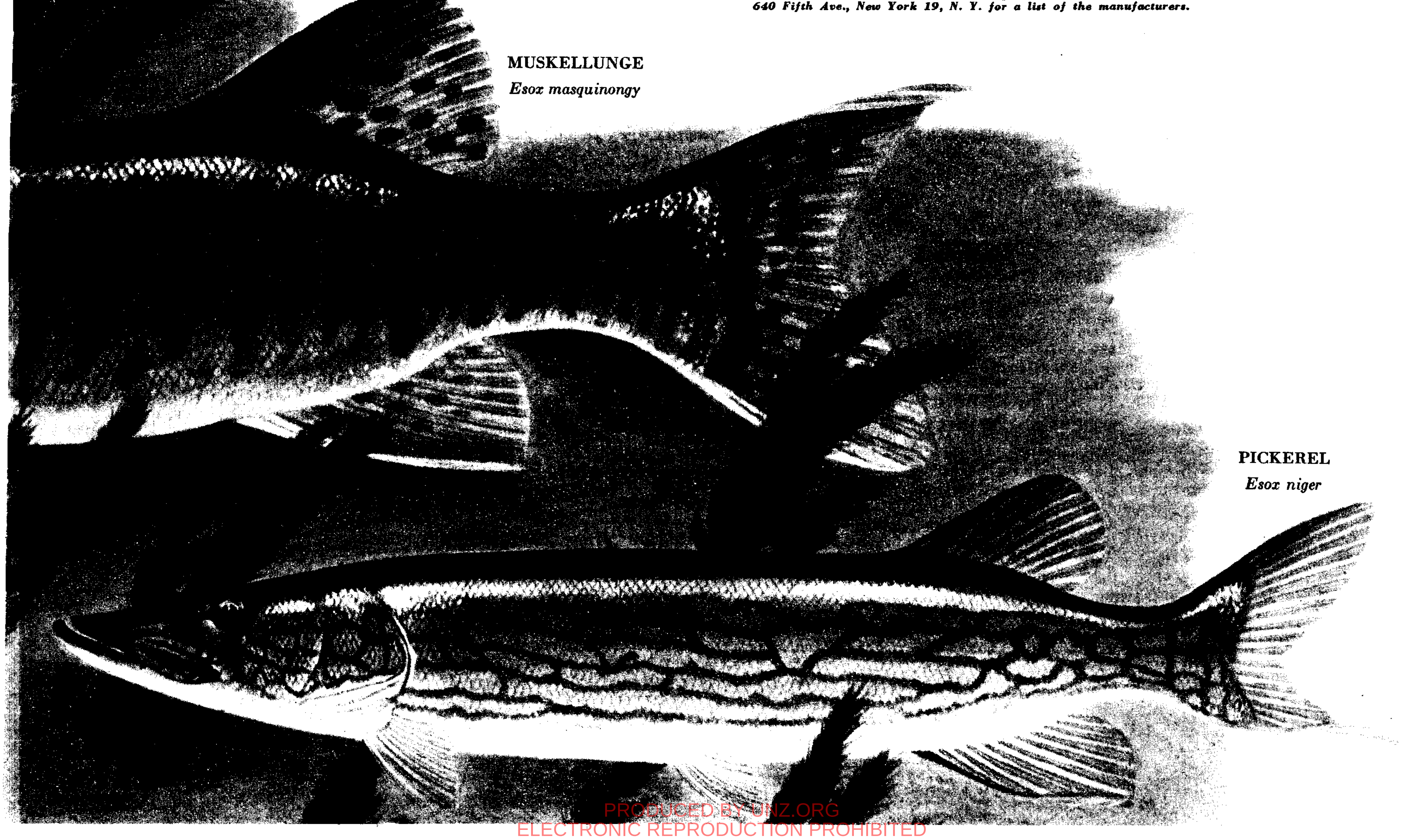


RIVER RUNT

If you can't buy these lures in your local tackle shop, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fishing Department, Box VC, Collier's, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. for a list of the manufacturers.



PIKE
Esox lucius



MUSKELLUNGE
Esox masquinongy

PICKEREL
Esox niger

Mask for Danger

By DONALD HAMILTON

Young had been in combat before, and now he was in combat again. He'd have to fight this battle, even though he didn't want to—even though he didn't know if he had enough courage left

The Story: LIEUTENANT DAVID YOUNG was hitchhiking to Norfolk to report for duty with the Navy. He'd had one war, and taken quite a beating in it. A man who identified himself as LAWRENCE WILSON picked him up, slugged him, dressed him in his own clothes, wrecked the car, and left him for dead in it. Young woke up in a Maryland hospital, his face covered with bandages. Everyone assumed that he was Lawrence Wilson.

But there were people who knew he wasn't. One was Wilson's wife, ELIZABETH, who came to the hospital and took him to Wilson's house overlooking Chesapeake Bay. Another was DR. BOB HENSHAW, who was conspiring with Elizabeth to maintain the deception that Young was Wilson. A third was BONITA DECKER, whom Elizabeth described as the girl Wilson expected to marry. Henshaw and Elizabeth told Young he must impersonate Wilson for a while because they had killed him, and they threatened to expose Young as a Navy deserter if he refused. Young bided his time. He was convinced that Wilson was still alive.

Wilson, according to Elizabeth, had been fired from his Navy Department job because he was considered a bad security risk. Young saw no reason not to believe her—except that he had no reason to trust her about anything. He knew she could scarcely be called friendly toward him, even though she seemed at times to like him, and he knew she was involved in a love affair with Henshaw and had slipped away from the house several times on mysterious errands that involved boats in the Bay. Young couldn't trust Bonita, either. She knew he wasn't Wilson, and yet she hadn't exposed him as an impostor; maybe she, too, had some part in the conspiracy.

Young got a big surprise from Elizabeth. She drugged him, but before he passed out she told him to call the FBI when he came to and tip them off about a rendezvous of spies in the Bay. Bonita came to the house, and she and Young boarded Wilson's power cruiser. There they found Elizabeth and Henshaw waiting for them—and Young realized that the man he had assumed to be Wilson had been Henshaw all along.

CONCLUSION

DR. HENSHAW spoke a low command. Elizabeth closed the door to the cockpit, and suddenly it seemed very quiet in the deckhouse; the silence broken only by the distant murmur of traffic crossing the highway bridge a mile up the river, and by the occasional creaking of a dock line, or the splashing of a wave against the boat's planking. Bonita was the first to stir.

"But—I don't understand." She looked accusingly at Young. "You said you'd seen— Where's Larry?"

Dr. Henshaw laughed. "Why, I'm Larry, Miss Decker," he said. He sounded rather proud of himself. "I'm the only Larry the lieutenant has ever met. He made the natural mistake of taking for granted that the man who introduced himself as Larry Wilson—who was driving Wilson's car and had Wilson's belongings in his possession—must necessarily *be* Larry Wilson. And when a man offers you a lift on the highway you don't repay his kindness by staring at him, do you, Lieutenant? And modern dashboards don't give a great deal of light."

The red-haired girl turned on Young again. "Oh, I don't believe it! Why, I know you saw Dr. Henshaw in the hospital; he even came up to the house to treat you, didn't he? You *can't* pretend you didn't recognize—"

The doctor said, "Lieutenant Young's confusion is really quite understandable, Miss Decker. One night he is knocked over the head by a man he never really gets a good look at. A day or so later, sick and in pain, he is introduced to a reputable physician, vouched for by the hospital authorities. Is it going to occur to him that these two individuals are one and the same person—particularly when all circumstances seem to indicate that the second man is twenty years older than the first?"

"But—but he claims Larry shot at him last night! He says he even saw him doing it!"

Henshaw said pompously, "That's really a very interesting psychological phenomenon, Miss Decker. You see, as long as I maintained, shall we say, my aura of respectability—as long as I was just an old, bald fogy of a general practitioner being, uh, made a sucker of by one of my patients' wives—it never occurred to the lieutenant to think of me in the proper terms. And when he caught a glimpse of me on the lawn as an armed, threatening, conspiratorial figure dressed in the coat and hat—particularly the hat—'Larry Wilson' had worn that night, his mind identified me *not* as the respectable Dr. Henshaw, but simply as the man who had tried once before to kill him. As a matter of fact, I hadn't any intention of hurting you last night, Young," the doctor said.

Young did not speak. Bonita Decker asked, "Then why—"

"This particular development was wholly unplanned," Henshaw said. "I was merely waiting outside to speak to Mrs. Wilson last night, and the lieutenant's appearance caught me by surprise. Having inadvertently attracted his attention, I shot out the flashlight in the simple hope that he wouldn't recognize me at all. It didn't cross my mind—I was as surprised as anybody—almost as surprised as Mrs. Wilson, although I didn't take refuge in hysterics—to learn over the phone this morning that Larry Wilson had been seen alive. Naturally, I wasn't going to discourage the idea! The lieutenant's mistake worked out nicely for me; and tonight I put on the same hat and coat in order to deliberately trade on his illusion that Larry Wilson was at the bottom of all his troubles."

Something about the choice of words seemed to strike the doctor as unfortunate, and he stopped talking. In the silence Young thought he could feel the minds of the other people in the cabin making the same association, at the thought of Larry Wilson being at the bottom of anything.

The little red-haired girl licked her lips, looking up at Dr. Henshaw. Her freckles were quite noticeable. "You were driving Larry's car that night? Then—where was Larry?"

Dr. Henshaw smiled sympathetically. "Why, where he has always been, since early that evening, Miss Decker. Out beyond the mouth of the channel, wrapped in several fathoms of heavy chain, with a bullet through his head."

Bonita looked at him without moving. Her lips were a little parted. Her tongue came out to moisten them again; otherwise there was no sign that she understood what she had just been told. Then she spun around, threw her shoulder into Elizabeth Wilson, slammed the sliding door back, and was gone into the darkness outside. A moment later they heard her racing shoreward along the dock.

Dr. Henshaw took a step aft, as if he were going to follow her. He checked himself and reached over to raise the Venetian blind on the starboard side of the deckhouse. He leaned close to the glass to peer out, apparently hampered by the reflections of the cabin light. Outside, the running footsteps faltered, slowed, and came to a stop. The doctor straightened up and walked out into the cockpit.

THROUGH the deckhouse window, Young could see the small figure of the girl halfway down the dock; she was backing slowly toward him, away from a man blocking the shoreward end of the dock. The man moved slowly forward, driving the girl back toward the moored boat.

"Miss Decker," the doctor's voice called softly from the boat. "Miss Decker, please don't be—"

Bonita looked around desperately. Seeing herself trapped between the two men, she hesitated, then turned and flung herself off the dock and started swimming. Dr. Henshaw strode into the cabin and jerked Young roughly away from the window.

"Start her up, Lieutenant."

"What?"

Henshaw gestured toward the boat's instrument panel. "Start the motor."

Something unpleasant happened inside Young at the thought of taking the controls. He said breathlessly, "But I don't remember— It's been years since I—"

"You're stalling while the girl gets away!" The doctor took a step forward. *"I said, start it!"*

"But I—" The taste of fear was in his mouth. He backed away, and heard himself saying childishly, "Please, I don't *want* to—"

There was a scuffle on the dock. Then somebody half stumbled and half fell into the Amberjack's cockpit. The doctor turned and hurried aft. A man's voice spoke from the dock:

"There she is. You'd better watch her; she swims like a seal."

"Give me a hand with the dock lines before you go."

"Play with your own ropes, Doc; I'm soaking wet and I've got to get back to Washington. Oh, all right, if you're going to get sore about it."

"That's better," Henshaw's voice said.

Henshaw put his head through the door. "Now, start the motor, Lieutenant."

Young drew a long breath and turned and walked to the helmsman's seat. He felt a little dizzy as he seated himself, tested the wheel under his hand, checked that the clutch was disengaged, and turned the ignition key. When he pressed the button, the engine started beneath the deckhouse floor. The illuminated dials told him there was gas in the tanks, pressure in the oil system, and that the battery was charging. A ship had more stuff, but it was all part of the same thing, he thought; something he had been running away from for over six years. He felt the forty-foot cruiser roll gently beneath him

"Ready, forward?" he asked softly.

Henshaw heard him. "Ready forward."

"Ready aft?"

(Continued on page 70)

The doctor took a step forward. "I said, start it!" Young backed away, afraid, and heard himself saying childishly, "Please, I don't want to"

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

Irene Mason—Librarian for Arkansas

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

LIBRARY LADY

TO a great many Americans, librarians have been typified as dull, stuffy people with about as much fire as a bucket of paste. That the reputation is a complete canard is attested by the presence in U.S. library systems of ladies like forty-two-year-old Irene Mason, Executive Secretary of the Arkansas State Library Commission. An accurate model of modern American executive librarians, her mission is to help fill the nation's ever-increasing need for books.

During 15 years with the Indiana State Library, Miss Mason—for a salary of $4,500 a year—has been doing just that with the energy of a steam fitter and the devotion of a monk. From her book-crammed headquarters in Little Rock, she advises town and county libraries; helps them buy books; aids in establishing new facilities; supervises the annual expenditure of $178,000 largely in state aid to local libraries; oversees the lending of some 500 books daily by mail; and in co-operation with local units, circulates thousands more yearly by Bookmobile.

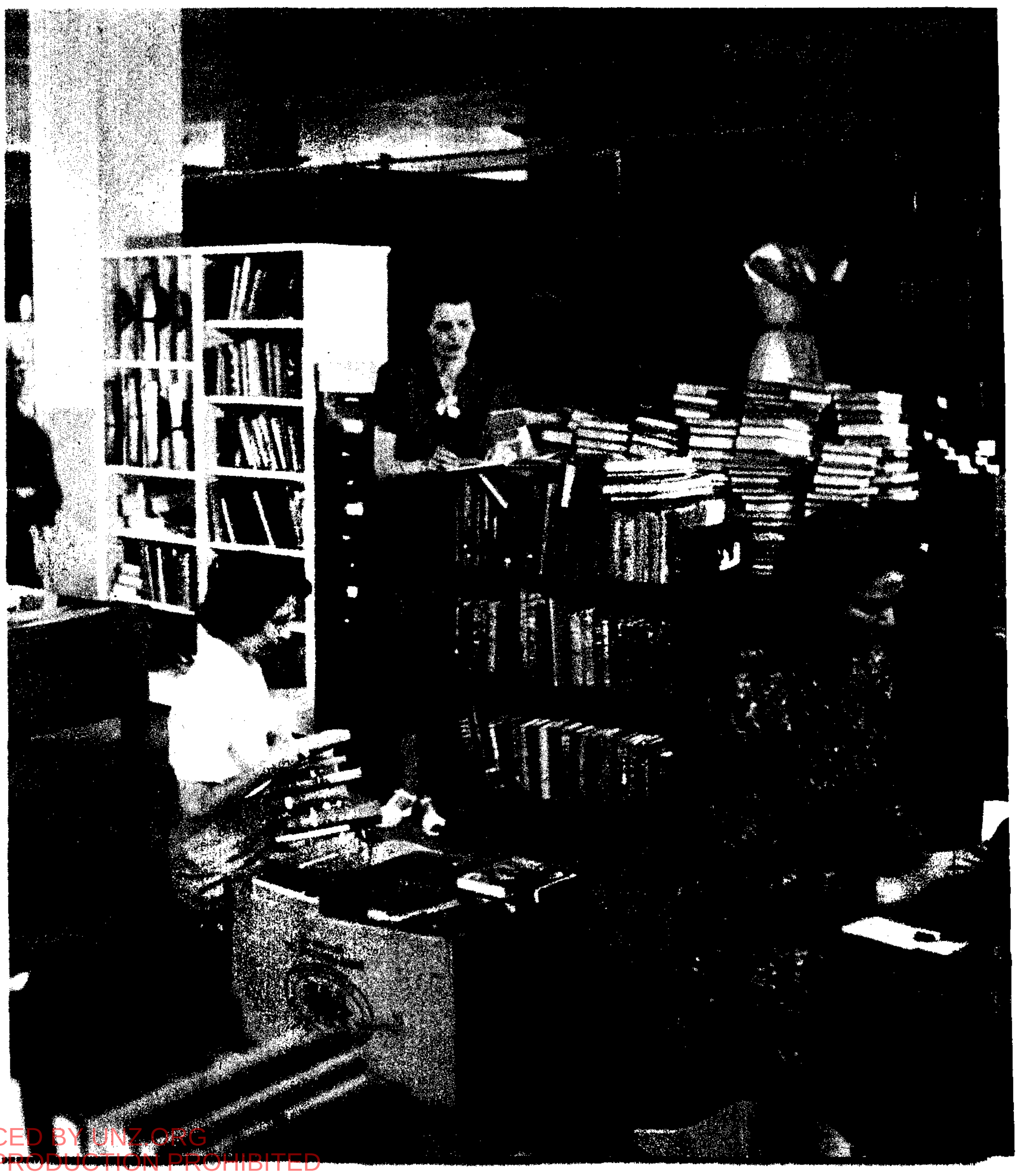
Energetic Miss Mason is an ardent cook, hostess and clubwoman, belonging to local chapters of the American Association of University Women, the Business and Professional Women's Club and the Pilot Club International of Little Rock. A member of the Southwestern Library Association, she is presently serving on a committee seeking ways of improving library service throughout the region.

Busy as she is, Arkansas' librarian will be in Chicago this week for the 75th-anniversary meeting of the American Library Association. The A.L.A. guides the destinies of more than 7,500 U.S. public libraries, which circulate some 100,000,000 books annually. But for librarians like Irene Mason—who holds several important posts in the A.L.A.—even this is too little. Traditionally, book people may not have big muscles, but they will fight for what they believe is important. And for them, the battle to put more books in the hands of more people grows ever more urgent. SEY CHASSLER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED LYON

Malvern, Ark., a typical town without its own library, is served by the county-and-state-supported Bookmobile

In Little Rock headquarters, Miss Freddy Schader, circulation librarian (center standing), sees that personal mail, school and Bookmobile requests are filled

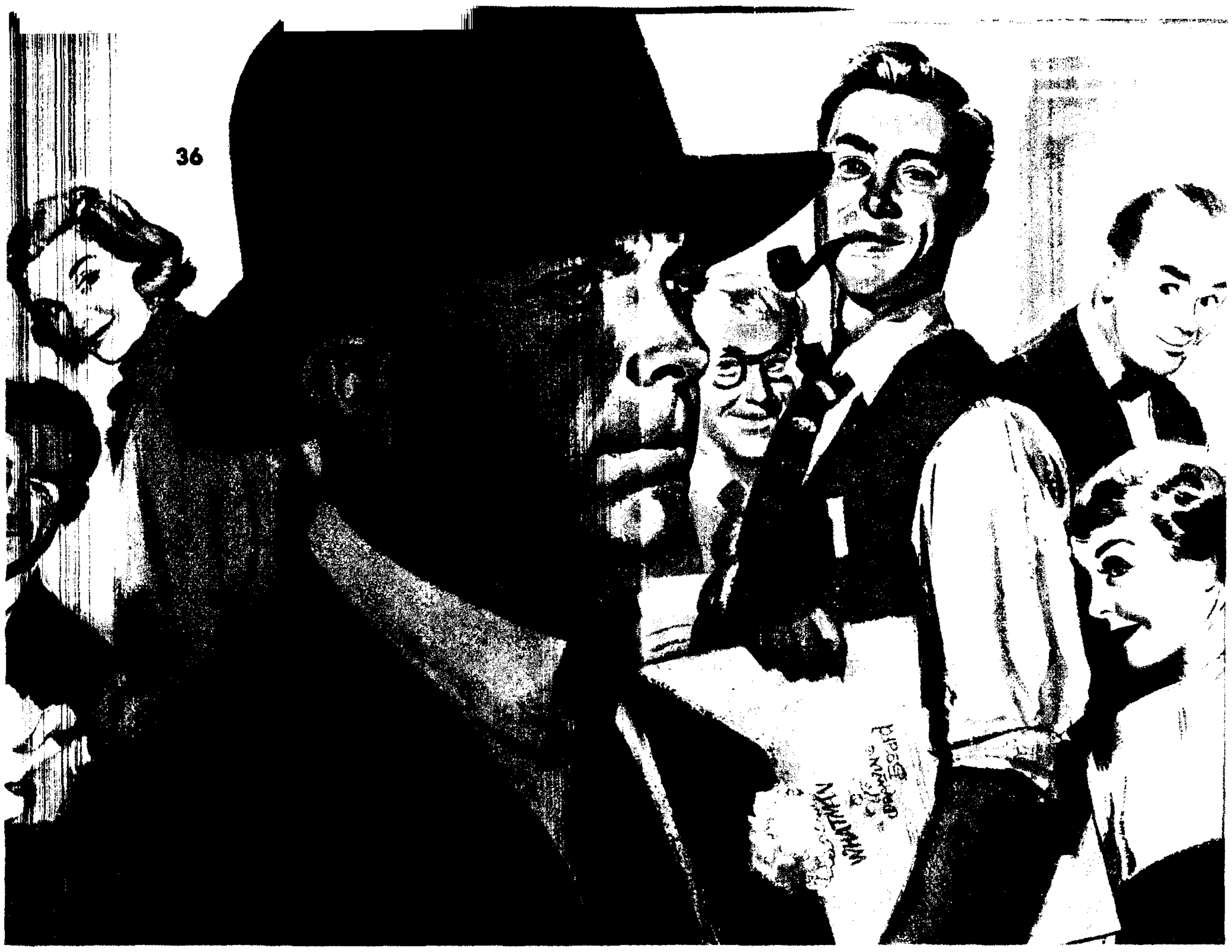


Finest Bookmobile in Arkansas is run by Jefferson County librarian Janie Winkelman (at desk). Space behind driver's seat is used as a reading room

Town comes out when Bookmobile comes in. Here Mrs. Horace Illing and Mr. R. P. Fiser of Sweet Home, Ark., browse, while little Susan Illing looks on

A prime target of librarians: youngsters like Sweet Home's Elvis Smith, nine. Young readers become constant readers

Bookmobiles, trucks with side flaps and book shelves, make rounds of Arkansas schools. Similar models abound in U.S.



That night when Vice-President Ekker put on the Homburg it dropped to the top of his ears

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

Swelled Head

By JACK FINNEY

IT WAS 10 A.M. on a Monday when Larry Ekker got the telephone call that meant he'd finally landed a big brewery account for the agency. The boss was shaking the hand of Lawrence D. Ekker, his newest and youngest vice-president, at eleven thirty-five. And at three fifteen, workmen were starting to move the east wall of Larry's office five feet out into the accounting department.

On Tuesday, Larry began wearing a fresh carnation in his lapel each morning, and his new office furniture, including a red leather couch and some framed hunting prints, arrived. Wednesday he had an air-conditioning unit installed. And on Thursday he was wearing a Homburg hat.

Now, these things were all right; they were badges of rank, like a colonel's eagles, and he rated them. But he got them too fast; there was no decent interval. Mr. Lawrence D. Ekker, formerly Larry, and a nice enough guy, now had a swelled head.

Hank Beck is our art director, a sandy-haired, cocky little man. He and I went to lunch with Larry that Friday to talk beer copy and art for the new account. Around noon we met at the elevators. Hank's shrewd blue eyes flicked over Larry's vice-president Homburg, and he cocked an eyebrow at me. But at the restaurant, as we checked our hats, Hank leaned down to peer admiringly into Larry's hat and he fingered the white silk lining. "Nice," he said, his voice impressed.

We sat down at a table, and Hank snapped his fingers in exasperation. "Forgot to make a phone call." He scanned his menu rapidly, then stood up. "Order me the roast beef, rare," he said and walked out to the lobby.

But outside he passed the phone booth by and hurried—ran down the street, in fact—to the exclusive hat store a block away, whose label he had seen in Larry's hat. "I want a dark blue Homburg," he said to the first clerk he saw. "Size six and seven eighths, and I'm catching a train." The clerk, an English lord according to Hank, slid open a glass case and produced the hat. "What initials shall I stamp in the band, sir?" Hank told him, reaching for his wallet, and removing the size marks on the run he arrived back at the restaurant three minutes later. As he passed the checkroom, he handed the girl a dollar and the brand-new hat.

We ate and talked, and every now and then Hank would glance worriedly at Larry's head. Presently, his voice puzzled and solicitous, he said, "Larry did you bang your head or something? It looks kind of"—he held his hands up, palms parallel, drawing them apart a little—"puffed out."

Larry frowned, touching the side of his head. "No," he said wonderingly, "of course not."

Hank nodded a quick yes-man agreement and changed the subject. But twice more his glance apparently unconsciously, flicked up at Larry's head. Then, seeming to realize what he'd been doing, he looked anywhere but at Larry's head.

As we walked out of the restaurant we put on our hats. But Larry's wouldn't fit. There was no doubt about it. With one hand on the front brim, the other at the back, he tugged carefully, but it wouldn't quite go down. He took it off and glanced inside. There was the virginal white lining, the maker's label, and the initials, L.D.E., gleaming goldenly in the sweatband. He tried it on once more. This time he forced it down, but the crease in the crown popped up from the strain, and Hank glanced curiously at Larry's head again. No one said anything all the way back to the office.

At three thirty that afternoon one of Hank's artists, Jack Connelly, walked into Larry's office with some proofs of brewery ads. Dropping them on Larry's desk, he frowned, staring. "Say, what the hell happened to your head?" he said.

"*Nothing,* damn it!" Larry looked up angrily. "What's the matter with you guys?"

"Okay, okay," Jack said, backing out of the office. "Just wondered, that's all; sorry I spoke."

Fifteen minutes later a collection was taken in the art department, for the price of a blue Homburg. That night when Larry picked up his hat and put in on, he had to face it: beyond all doubt, his head, incredibly, was expanding.

NOW, I don't understand the kind of stubbornness that made him keep wearing, or at least carrying that hat. Maybe it's a virtue, the stick-to-itiveness you've got to have to finally land the big fat account you need to become a vice-president. Anyway, on Monday, with a firm smile on his face, Larry arrived at the office, carrying his hat, refusing to give in to the inexplicable fact that his head would no longer fit it.

By noon his stubbornness seemed justified. When he walked out to lunch, the Homburg jauntily and mysteriously fit him perfectly. Hank Beck happened to be waiting at the elevators, and he glanced up at Larry's head, "Good," he said, nodding approvingly. He didn't say that during the morning he had replaced the hat on Larry's rack with the original size seven. All he added was: "Swelling seems to be going down."

It kept on going down. That night when Vice-President Ekker put on the Homburg with his initials in the band it dropped to the top of his ears. He was actually pale as he walked out of the office, and the hand carrying the hat was trembling. And the watchful artists, whose investment it was, felt their money had gone for a worthy cause.

Next morning a considerable number of people seemed to have business near Larry's office. But when he walked in, the Homburg once more fit beautifully. For the man had courage. If his head was shrinking, there was nothing to stop him from stuffing tissue paper inside the sweatband of his hat. At noon he needed that courage, and more. His secretary opened his newly labeled door to find Larry standing as though frozen, his panic-stricken eyes scarcely visible under the brim of the hat resting on his nose. And when he snatched it off to feel for the tissue paper under the band, there was nothing to tell him that the paper had been transferred to a new seven-and-one-quarter hat for which, once more, the art department had scraped up the funds.

For the rest of that week Larry's head contracted and expanded like a berserk accordion. From morning till quitting time, one day, his head steadily, rapidly and alarmingly shrank. Next day it swelled like a fast-rising yeast. For one full glorious day it remained the same size. But within a thirty-minute period the following day it puffed up, then shrank, a full half inch. He no longer put on his hat in the office; he left carrying it in his hand. And once he was seen three blocks away, standing pale-faced in a doorway, trying it for size.

The joke ended on Friday. Larry came back from the washroom to find Hank Beck grinning, sitting on the edge of his desk and four blue Homburgs hanging on his hatrack. He realized instantly what had happened. Hank made a little speech telling Larry that everyone liked him and so on, but that his head had been swelling lately and they had thought they should call it to his attention. Then he urged Larry, gesturing at the hatrack, to pick the right size and stick to it.

Larry took it well enough. He had to. Managing a grin, he tried on all the hats, then chose one and assured Hank that that was his size from then on. They shook hands, smiling, laughing, enemies for life, and that was that.

I'd like to report that Larry was a humble man thereafter. But that isn't true. Lawrence D. Ekker is a big man in the business today, and he takes good care that you know it. I've often wondered since about this term, "swelled head." Does a man's head actually swell with false pride? Because Hank Beck tells me—and swears it's true—that when Larry Ekker tried on the four hats hanging from his rack, he chose one a full eighth of an inch larger than his own, original hat. And the damn' thing fits him perfectly. THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
Made by Lorillard, a famous name in tobacco for nearly 200 years
Straight from the shoulder...
If you want a TREAT
instead of a TREATMENT
...smoke Old Golds

Point Venus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

guns? Everyone's acting as if the protectorate didn't exist."

"It shouldn't!"

"Yes. Still, I wonder sometimes if your Mr. Pritchard is doing Queen Pomare a favor in holding out hopes of British intervention against the French."

"Perhaps Mr. Pritchard, as British consul, has access to fuller information than we have."

"Perhaps Mr. Pritchard, as a former missionary, can get his guidance directly from heaven!" he said ironically.

"'The will of the Almighty, as revealed to the missionaries on Tahiti, admits of no misinterpretation.'"

It was a direct quote from his own book. Her tone was bland, but he had caught a spark of amusement in her quick, sidelong glance. Talking to Marianna was more stimulating than he had expected. "You're a well-read young lady, I see."

Before she could answer, their attention was caught by the sound of footsteps. Coming toward them down the lane was Richard Johnson, the young missionary at Tiarei, a few miles beyond Point Venus. Jonas Burkham got to his feet.

"Here comes your friend from Tiarei," he said. "I'll be off. No use to risk an exhortation on a pretty day like this."

He called Tihoti, nodded to Johnson, and started off, oblivious of the sudden look of hurt that crossed Marianna's face.

BURKHAM had timed his arrival well. The prayers, the speeches and the feast were over, and it looked as if the contests might begin at any moment. Marianna would know. He set off to look for her.

Everyone on the island must be here today, he thought. There was Queen Pomare, sitting in state. Her husband, Pomare Tane, stood nearby, looking hot and bored, and near him was a group of the principal chiefs of the island. There was Mr. Truelove, waving at Jonas amiably, and there was Lily Nicholls, smiling coquettishly at one of the officers from the Vindictive. Young Mrs. Nicholls, who lived with her husband on their sugar-cane plantation not far from Jonas' little house in Matavai, was childless; and he had a sudden glimpse into the loneliness and boredom that must have sent her forth to such an occasion as this.

He moved on, his eyes searching the crowd. There was Marianna, talking to Richard Johnson. He waited a moment, until Johnson turned away. Then he approached her.

"Mr. Burkham!" she said. "You got here just in time; Tihoti will be so pleased."

What a pleasant voice she had, Jonas was thinking; warm and a little husky, not like an English voice at all. Softened by the years in Tahiti, it gave a curious music to the primness of her words.

"There's Tihoti now," she said.

The little boy ran up to them, his face eager. "Oh, Papa, I'm so glad you came! Are you going to watch the contests?"

"What else?" Jonas asked, smiling.

"Look, they're ready to start now!" Tihoti pulled excitedly at his father's arm. "Over here, Papa!" As they turned away, he called over his shoulder, "You come too, Miss Marianna."

She followed them. A few yards away, a hollow square of spectators was already forming around three large coconut trees, and Mr. Pritchard was waiting, a large red handkerchief in his hand, to give the starting signal.

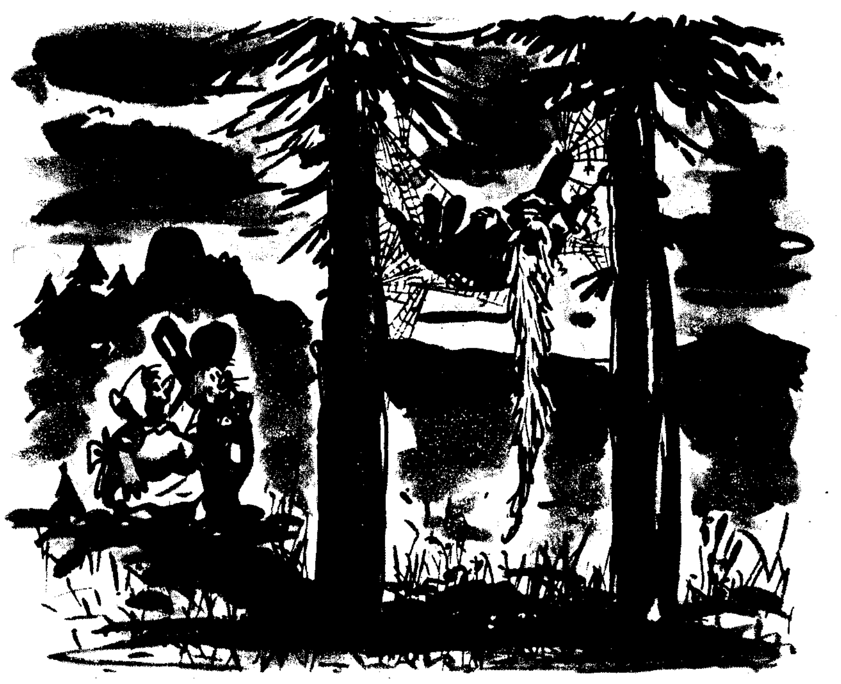
She found a place near the tree where Tihoti stood, tensely watching the handkerchief, his small face determined. A few feet away she saw Jonas, smiling encouragement at Tihoti, but as the handkerchief dropped from Mr. Pritchard's hand, and the three boys jumped toward the tree trunks, an odd look of anxiety erased his smile.

The trees were well chosen for a contest, each about thirty feet high and somewhat slanted, with a cluster of nuts clinging just below the scalloped tufts of fronds at the top. The boys clasped the ringed trunks with their hands and feet, jerking upward as swiftly as monkeys on a pole. The boy from Papenoo was a better climber than Tihoti, but he had got off to a slow start, and the question was whether his superior skill could prevail over Tihoti's determined energy. Marianna glanced briefly at Jonas. His jaw was set; how badly he wanted Tihoti to win!

She lifted her eyes again to the climbing boys. Tihoti was at the top now, just ahead of the other boys. He reached out to pick a nut, turned his head to look over at Toa, then suddenly clutched wildly at the tree.

Her own gasp of horror was lost in the concerted, animal hiss of all who watched.

KENNESAW



"But don't you think we'd ought to waken Cousin Pudge before them trees grow any higher, Kennesaw?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Across from her, Jonas lunged forward. Tihoti's small body hurtled through the air, then thudded against the ground just beyond reach of Jonas' arms.

Marianna got to him nearly as soon as Jonas. The child was unconscious, but still breathing; his head lay twisted against one shoulder like the head of a flower on a broken stem. Together she and Jonas touched him, lightly, fearful of moving him, searching for the faint fluttering of his pulse.

"Water!" Marianna said. "Someone get water."

Half consciously she heard Mr. Pritchard's authoritative voice behind her commanding the crowd to fall back and give the child air. Someone set up a shout for Dr. Ferguson, and another voice, in Tahitian, said disgustedly, "No use. He's still at the table, drunk as a pig."

Jonas said sharply, "Let no one else touch him, Marianna." And then someone thrust a calabash of water toward her.

The terrible tremor of her hands steadied as she took it, dipped her handkerchief into the water and began tenderly bathing Tihoti's forehead. A gruff Scotch voice behind her said, "I'm all right, Burkham. I'll not hurt your child."

Dr. Ferguson knelt beside her and laid his ear gently against Tihoti's chest, his red face sober with concentration, his eyes closed, listening. Jonas was staring at him, transfixed. After an interminable time, Dr. Ferguson straightened up. "I'm sorry, Burkham. The boy is gone."

"Do something!" Jonas said fiercely. "Do something!"

"It's no use, lad. I'm sorry."

Jonas stared down at Tihoti, then carefully he laid the small wrist he was holding across the boy's chest. After a moment he raised his eyes and Marianna saw that they were dazed. She reached across Tihoti and touched Jonas on the shoulder, urgently wanting to give him what comfort she could. "It's the Lord's will, Jonas."

He flung her hand away so abruptly that she almost fell backward. "Don't give me that cant!"

He leaned forward, gathered up the small limp body, and got to his feet. Marianna stared up at him, her face distorted with tears. For a moment Jonas stood there, holding Tihoti in his arms, his eyes blank with grief. Then, as the crowd parted silently, he turned and carried the boy away. . . .

"A dreadful mishap," Richard Johnson said. "Do you not think, Miss Marianna, that such contests should be prohibited?"

Marianna moved the teaspoon restlessly in her empty cup. If only he would stop talking about it! she thought. She was spared the necessity of replying by Teaui, coming to clear away the tea things, her feet bare, her vast body billowing under the chaste folds of her Mother Hubbard. Teaui had worked faithfully for the Moores for some twenty-five years; she was one of Nathaniel's first and most dutiful converts. She addressed Marianna in Tahitian. "Where is your father?"

"Arranging for Tihoti's burial."

Teaui's face softened. "Poor little piglet. May he rest in Jesus. When your father returns, tell him I'll have something hot for him in the cookhouse."

She padded heavily away, and for a time Marianna and Johnson sat in silence. The sun had already set, and as they watched, the color faded, extinguished by swiftly rising shadows. Death of a day, Marianna thought. She got up and lighted a coconut-oil lamp on the table by the wall.

Nathaniel Moore, his shoulders drooping, came around the corner of the house, mounted the veranda steps, and sank into the chair Johnson pulled forward for him.

"A distressing visit, I expect, sir."

Nathaniel nodded. "Turia is hysterical with grief, and Jonas a shade too composed. Their only child, you know."

Marianna's fingers twisted together. "Isn't there something we can do for them, Father? *Something?*"

"I don't think so, my dear. Mrs. Nicholls was there, and offered her carpenter from the plantation to make the coffin. She was of great help to Jonas—most kind."

Lily Nicholls, Marianna thought miserably, had not failed Jonas when he needed help. Lily, vain and self-centered, but nonetheless kind, had been able to give comfort, while she, with her years of mission training, had only aggravated his grief.

"Mrs. Nicholls!" Johnson was saying. "But I have heard shocking things of her and her husband. They drink excessively, give ungodly parties with dancing, and she paints her face like a Jezebel!"

"She was no Jezebel today," Nathaniel said gently. "In Tahiti one hears a great many evil reports of people. Sometimes it is not wise to believe all of them."

"Are all the arrangements made for the burial?" Marianna asked.

"Yes. Tomorrow morning, at ten."

"You're planning to give the boy a Christian burial, sir? The child of sin! Why, his parents are not even—"

"A Christian burial?" Nathaniel Moore interrupted him firmly. "Yes, truly Christian!" He pushed his chair back and got up. "If you will forgive me, Brother Johnson, I think I will retire. I am rather fatigued. Good night. Good night, my dear."

As he moved away, slowly, a little stooped, Marianna hoped that Johnson would not notice that her father had again forgotten the household evening prayers. She knew the group of new, younger missionaries to Tahiti were critical of the older, regarding them as lax and overtolerant. How could they understand, those newcomers, the years of patience and toil, hope and discouragement that had molded such a man as her father? Small wonder that Nathaniel, more than forty years in Tahiti, was mellowed to a ripe faith that sometimes overlooked the pettier precepts of its hard, dogmatic core. For twenty years he had been widowed; his children, all save herself, were gone from him; and the enduring loneliness of those years, active as they were, had left its mark on him. The early rigidity of his beliefs had softened.

Johnson's voice brought her back to the present. "Could we talk for a little in Tahitian, Miss Marianna?"

"Of course." With an effort she pushed away her weariness. His Tahitian was too limited to speak of any but the most trivial things, and her thoughts could wander at will as she responded, correcting his mistakes with patient tact.

AFTER a time, she said gently, "Enough Tahitian. Let us take a rest in our own tongue for a while."

"You've been very patient, Miss Marianna. I'm afraid I'm not a very apt pupil."

"You mustn't be discouraged. My father said he was in Tahiti ten years before he felt that he had mastered the language."

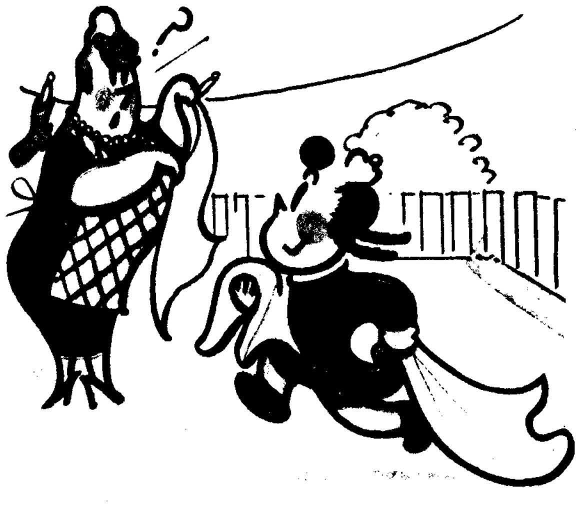
"Ten years! It's a long time." He pulled his chair around next to hers, so that he faced out over the star-streaked waters of Matavai Bay. "If it weren't for my visits to Point Venus, I don't know how I could face that prospect."

"It's good to feel that you enjoy coming." Poor creature, she thought. How lonely he must be out here in Tiarei, barred from any real communication with his Tahitian neighbors by his inability to speak their language. Yet if he knew it, he would only be shocked by its incessant earthiness.

"There's something I would like to ask," he said. "In all of Tahiti there's not one soul to call me by my Christian name.

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

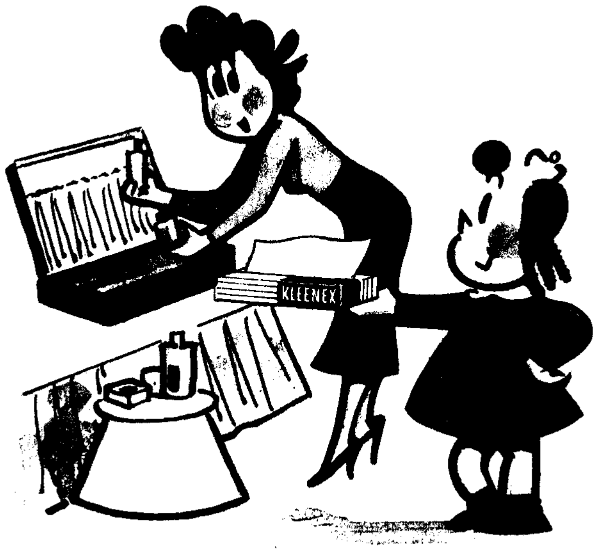
HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



Can you save washday work with—

☐ *The small fry's help* ☐ *A coaster*

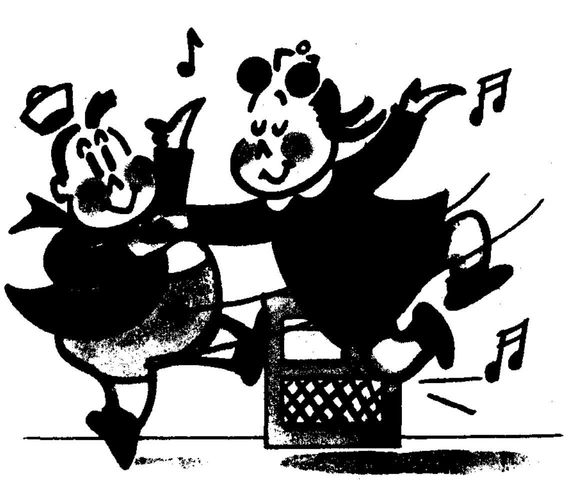
Want a *better* way to get that wash on the line? Tow the load along on a coaster wagon. Saves steps, saves your back. And for loads of uses that can lighten your housework, try soft, sturdy Kleenex tissues. Only *Kleenex* gives you the handy box that *saves* as it serves!



When packing cosmetic bottles should you use—

☐ *Paraffin* ☐ *Kleenex tissues* ☐ *Excelsior*

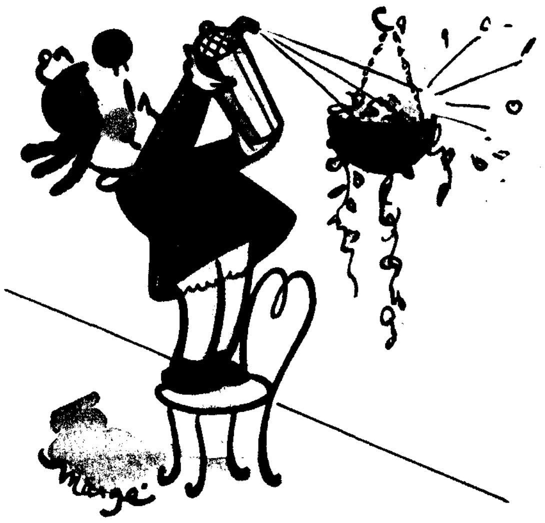
Keep liquids spill-proof—by dipping bottle tops in melted paraffin. Wrap in Kleenex to prevent breakage. Cosmetics and Kleenex are made for each other. Takes this tissue's *perfect balance* of softness, strength, to rout tired powder bases gently—firmly. The secret? It's a special process!



What adds life to phonograph "platters"?

☐ *A jam session* ☐ *The dictionary*

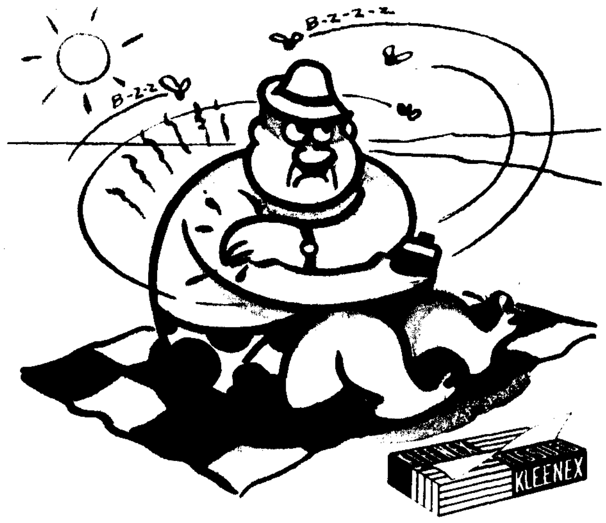
Here's one for the records. If warped, place them on flat surface in warm room; cover completely with heavy books. Then slick the platters clean with Kleenex. *Extra soft!* Prevents scratches. And test after test proves *Kleenex* tissues freer from lint. (Won't aggravate sore noses, during colds.)



For watering plants, did you ever try—

☐ *Cola* ☐ *Seltzer* ☐ *Ice cubes*

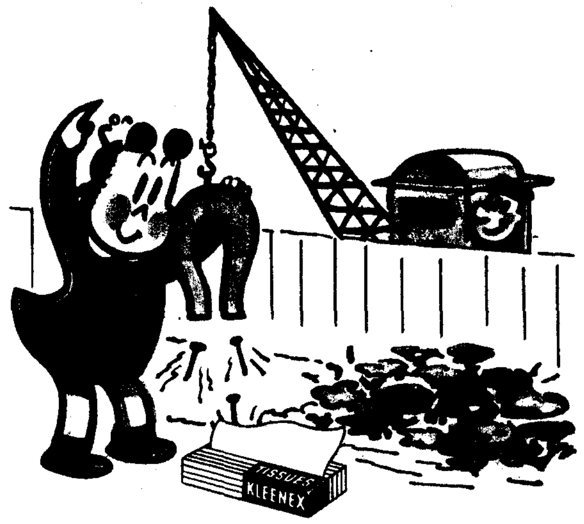
Treat thirsty plants to a little solid refreshment! Toss 'em a few ice cubes. Saves walls from messy splashings. Save trouble, money, with *Kleenex*, too. "Plant" that Serv-a-Tissue box in every room in your house. You pull one double tissue; the next pops up. Handy! Ends waste!



Which is a boon to beachcombers?

☐ *DDT* ☐ *An umbrella*
☐ *A Serv-a-Tissue Box* ☐ *Sunglasses*

All answers are right. Bring a box of Kleenex to the beach. Always a soft, absorbent Kleenex tissue at your fingertips—for removing excess suntan oil, protecting sunburned shoulders. No other tissue serves you *one at a time*—(not a handful)!



Best for freeing nails from garden soil?

☐ *Soap* ☐ *A magnet*

Before gardening, rub fingernails over a wet cake of soap. Keeps dirt out, rinses easily. And to guard your complexion, cream off soiled makeup with Kleenex. This tissue's made of *pure* cellulose fibers—with no ground wood. Perfectly uniform. You won't find weak spots or hard particles in Kleenex.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

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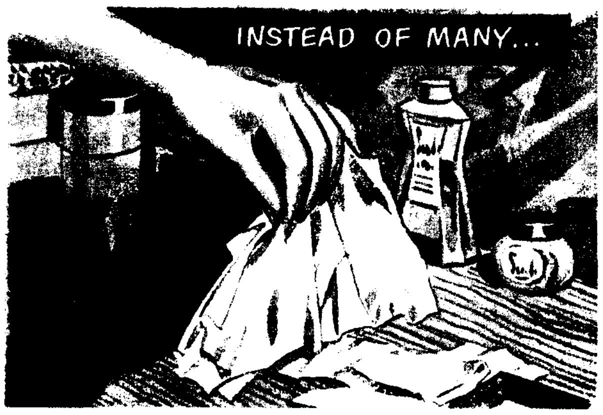
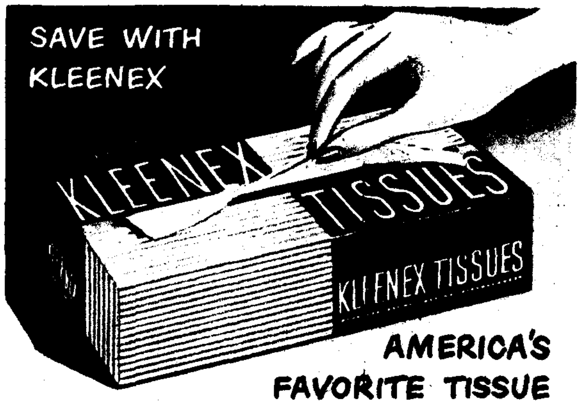
*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



YOU GET JUST ONE, AND...
TISSUES
KLEENEX TISSUES



Borden's
CHIVE CREAM CHEESE
PASTEURIZED

Fresh and New for Summer...
Borden's CHIVE Cream Cheese!

Count the ways you'll use this lively, Chive-y Cheese on Summer Days!

HERE'S the freshest news in summer snacking to come your way in many a day!

It's Borden's Cream Cheese with tangy chopped chives already in it! The new-formula cream cheese is fresher in flavor, lighter, fluffier than any cream cheese you know. The chives are picked while young and tender from Borden's own chive gardens, largest in the U.S.A.

A fresh and lively combination that adds up to a variety of refreshing summertime tempters like these:

1. Quick canapés: Cover baby rounds of salty rye bread with Borden's Chive Cream Cheese.

2. "Chip Dip": Whip the cheese with a little milk and serve with potato chips.

3. Party sandwiches: Spread Borden's Chive Cream Cheese generously on thin-sliced bread of different kinds.

4. Speedy snack: Offer Borden's Chive Cream Cheese and crackers when you serve a tall, cool drink.

5. Super salad: Top slices of tomatoes with Borden's Chive Cream Cheese.

Borden's Chive Cream Cheese comes in the handy 3-oz. foil package—a companion to Borden's plain and Pimento Cream Cheese. Look for all three in the dairy case of your favorite food store.

©The Borden Company

Serve your favorite summer fruits with plenty of Borden's Cream Cheese!

For a luncheon salad or dessert on a summer night, serve fruits from the orchard and the melon patch with a bowl of Borden's Cream Cheese, softened and whipped till it's fluffy!

You'll want to be generous with Borden's Cream Cheese, so get the thrifty 8-oz. size at your favorite food store today! A written guarantee on every package!

Borden's
CREAM CHEESE
PASTEURIZED

Borden's Fine Cheeses
Folks who know cheese say "Borden's, Please!"

Could you, Miss Marianna? Marianna?"

"Of course, Richard," she said, smiling.

He leaned toward her impulsively, taking her hand in his. "You don't know how good that sounds to me!"

His touch was firm and astonishingly pleasant. There was warmth in it, and comfort, and something else that evoked a faint, unspinsterish tingle in her blood. Oddly stirred and a little embarrassed she drew her own hand hurriedly away, and pushed back her chair. "I should regret depriving you of your sleep, Richard. It is getting rather late, you know."

He was on his feet instantly. "Of course," he said. "How thoughtless I am. You must be very tired, after this tragic day."

At his words the agonizing picture of Tihoti's fall flashed into her mind, shattering the momentary illusion of comfort she had felt. She was suddenly overwhelmed by the remembrance of Jonas' blank, grief-stricken face, and his rebuff of her clumsy attempt to ease his pain. Jonas, Jonas, she thought bleakly, I loved Tihoti too.

She raised her eyes to Johnson's. "I am —a little tired," she said. "Please forgive me. I hope you rest well, Richard."

THERE had been a subtle change in Jonas Burkham in the two months since Tihoti's death, Lily Nicholls was thinking. His face was thinner, and she could see traces of gray in his thick brown hair.

She stood beside him on the steps, chattering gaily, desperately searching for an excuse to postpone the inevitable moment when she would be left alone. Out on the roadway Anthony Nicholls, already mounted, waited impatiently.

"Come on, Burkham," he called. "You can't kill cattle here. Lily, let him go!"

Jonas bowed, turned away, and mounted his horse. Lily watched the two men canter away, her lips petulant; then she moved listlessly up the steps, across the veranda, and into the cool dimness of the drawing room, the lacy ruffles of her thin morning gown trailing behind her.

Nothing to do, nothing to do. Anthony and Jonas would not be back from their cattle hunt in the mountains until dusk, and the day lay before her, like an endless desert that she must cross.

She turned to the gilt-framed mirror and looked at herself moodily—the small, rounded figure, the artfully careless tendrils of black hair curling about her face, the childish red mouth. Six years in the tropics at least had not ruined her complexion; it was as white as the day she left England.

Tiredly, she drooped down on a sofa. On the table beside her were a brandy decanter, half full, and two small glasses. Lily looked at the decanter speculatively, then straightened up, poured a glass and drank it hurriedly, almost furtively. More slowly, she filled the glass again, and lay back on the sofa sighing. Here she was still young, still beautiful, still eminently desirable, caged like a prisoner on a small, savage island thousands of miles from the world where she belonged. Her mouth trembled.

Miss Lily Villiers had been a person of some importance in London society when, at seventeen, Anthony Nicholls had appeared to dazzle her with tales of an adventurous life. Nicholls was a dashing figure, an admitted soldier of fortune, of obscure origin, who lived, he said, for adventure and wished her to share that adventure. Romantic, rebellious, spoiled, she agreed to elope with him.

Shortly afterward they sailed for the South Seas. But they had, after all, encountered few adventures. Anthony had settled in Tahiti, had established a plantation and sugar mill and, surprisingly enough, had prospered. After a year or so it had become prosaic. They might as well be farmers, she thought bitterly.

And Anthony, fattened and secure for the first time in his life, had lost a good deal of his former dash. He could indulge in sodden bouts of drinking and still oversee the plantation conscientiously enough to maintain its prosperity. Anthony, thought Lily, had become impossible. Occasionally she had surrendered to the delicious flurry of an affair with an officer from a visiting ship, but these affairs had ended inevitably with the ship's sailing. She was helplessly trapped, penniless, totally dependent upon Anthony.

Angrily she drained off her second glass of brandy, and was about to pour a third when she heard the sound of voices outside.

Jonas Burkham. Back so soon? She jumped up hastily, rearranged her gown and hair, and went to the doorway.

Jonas was standing on the veranda, leaning on the arm of one of the native servants, his face rather drawn.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Nicholls. I had a little accident. Anthony insisted on sending me here. My horse slipped and fell going up the mountain trail and caught my foot beneath him. It's nothing, really—just a twisted ankle."

"I am so sorry! Come in at once and sit down. I'll bring some bandages."

When she returned to the drawing room with some white cloths and a bowl of cold water, Jonas was sitting on the sofa, loosening his shoe. Underneath the stocking the skin was beginning to discolor; the ankle was badly swollen.

"It must be bandaged at once," Lily said. She dipped a cloth into the water, wrung it out, and began to wind it about his ankle. Her fingers, slender and white, were tender, almost caressing, but childishly inept.

"I'm afraid I am not a very experienced surgeon, Mr. Burkham. Perhaps I should have sent a servant for Marianna Moore. She would do this perfectly."

"No doubt," Jonas said dryly. "And when she had finished she would hand me a Sunday-school tract."

"How wicked you are," Lily said. She straightened up, laughing. "I, on the other hand, shall give you a glass of brandy."

"How wise *you* are. And how kind." Gratefully, he took the glass she offered him. After a moment's hesitation, she poured out another for herself, and sat down beside him.

"I can't say that I am glad you hurt your ankle, Mr. Burkham. But I am glad, selfishly, that something brought you here today. I was very—lonely."

The wistfulness of her tone, the little droop of her lips, were fully as effective as she could have desired.

"Lonely!" Jonas said. "It's a sin against nature for someone as—for someone like you to be lonely."

"Are you never lonely, Mr. Burkham?"

"I suppose most people are," he said carefully.

LILY looked at him sidelong. Jonas Burkham was unlike any man she had ever known, but he was undeniably attractive. Today his hard imperviousness, which had both attracted and annoyed her for so long, seemed softened. He was less mocking than usual, more human. She got up to pour him another glass of brandy. When she came back with it, she sat very near him on the sofa. "But you needn't be lonely," she said. "You are a man, free to go where you wish. There is nothing to keep you here if you wish to go."

"No," he said, "there is nothing to keep me here—now."

Instantly she saw her mistake; she had reminded him of Tihoti. "I only meant," she said, "that you have been strong. You have made your own life."

"And you," he said, "did you not choose to come here?"

"Yes," she said wistfully. "I thought it would be an adventure. I was very young —and foolish, I know."

Her hand was lying very near his on the sofa, palm upturned, helpless as an abandoned flower. He opened his fingers and folded them around hers.

"You are still very young," he said, "and very beautiful."

"No one has told me that for a long time," she said softly.

"Haven't they? Perhaps they didn't dare."

"Perhaps the trees can't talk!" she said with sudden passion. "What else is there in this beastly country? Nothing to do, no one to talk to." She leaned toward him, her eyes limpid with tears. "Is it wrong to want to live?"

"You're marvelously alive," he said.

"Am I? Perhaps I am now, with you." Impulsively, she bowed her head. "Help me to live, Jonas!" she said, her voice muffled against his chest.

Slowly his arm moved up to hold her. Gently, he lifted her face and looked down at her. "Lily," he murmured. "Poor beautiful Lily."

She let her head fall against his shoulder, her lips trembling. For a moment he stared down at her, then he bent his head and pressed his mouth against hers.

Gradually she relaxed in his arms; little by little she let her own ardor respond to his. And gradually the real despair she had felt gave way to a rising tide of elation.

After a time she pulled away from him, looking at him from beneath languid lids. Now she could picture herself as he must see her—soft, disheveled, with crushed red lips. He would not leave her now, she thought. Not now, not now!

A SLOW, steady breeze riffled the waters of Papeete Bay and swelled the gathering sails of the Vindictive as she stood out for the pass in the reef. The faces of the hundreds of watchers who lined the water front were slack with melancholy, as if they said farewell to a beloved friend. He had been a fool, Jonas decided, to come into town to watch this—this funeral. That was exactly what this departure of the British warship must mean to the Tahitians and their British friends on the island.

A little ahead of him Jonas saw Mr. Truelove, staring bleakly out at the bay, and he had started forward to speak to him when he saw Anthony and Lily Nicholls standing just beyond. It had been a week since that day with Lily, and he had not seen her in that time. Now he observed that she was crying; but when Lily mourned the sailing of the Vindictive, she mourned the lost parties and flatteries and flirtations. Abruptly, he turned away.

It had not been easy to stay away from her during the past week. The sweet forgetfulness that she could give him drew his thoughts insistently. It had been a hellish week. Turia, put off by his sullen despondency since Tihoti's death, had spent more and more time away from home, just where he did not know, nor did he inquire.

From the Vindictive came the first boom of the royal salute. Jonas turned his head, and saw Queen Pomare sitting in the carriage that had been brought to her as a gift from Queen Victoria, her back straight and firm, her head lifted, and the tears coursing down her brown cheeks. Here was a woman with real reason to weep, Jonas thought. That long, measured farewell must sound like a death knell to her hopes for British aid and protection against the French. Beside her carriage stood the Reverend Mr. Pritchard, the queen's closest adviser, former missionary and present British consul.

As Jonas watched, Pritchard raised his hat, bowed to the queen and turned away. When Pritchard caught Jonas' glance, instead of nodding stiffly, as he usually did, he came directly up to him.

"Mr. Burkham, good day. Could you spare the time to step over to the consulate? I'd like a word with you."

"Of course," Jonas said.

They walked along the water front toward Pritchard's house, set in a shady lawn between the mission church and school. Soon they were comfortably seated in Pritchard's book-lined office. The British consul began abruptly: "Mr. Burkham, Tahiti needs your help. You are a writer. Your book has had a wide success in England and America—a deserved success." A momentary smile illuminated his serious features. "As a former missionary, I don't always agree with your opinions, but I cannot help but admire the writing. Your pen could be a powerful weapon, Mr. Burkham."

Diplomatic cuss, Jonas thought. "Thank you," he said dryly. "But just how do you wish me to use this—weapon?"

"For Tahiti. To inform the people of England—and America—of the true facts of the French protectorate."

"I'd do anything I could," Jonas said. "But France is a powerful nation, Tahiti small and helpless. If Tahiti is included in France's plan for colonial expansion, what can you or I or all Tahiti do to prevent it? Only the British government can do that."

Pritchard leaned forward in his chair. "Quite so. But if the people of England are aroused to a real awareness of this outrage, their leaders could not ignore it."

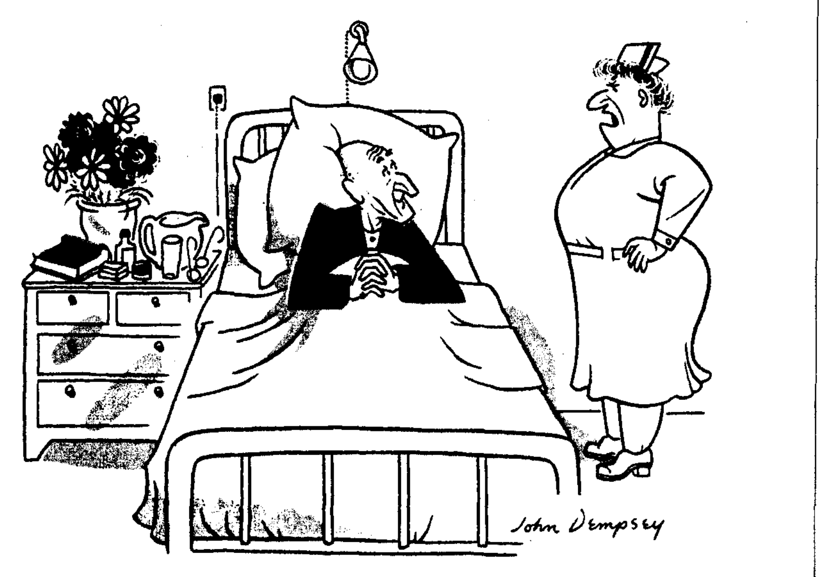
"It's hard for me to understand your intentions as British consul. You're in rather a delicate position, aren't you, until you have received definite instructions from your government?"

A sudden flush reddened Pritchard's cheeks. "I have been trying to act in accordance with Britain's traditional attitude. There has always existed the closest accord between Tahiti and England. Our missionaries have been here for nearly fifty years. I cannot believe our government will reverse its policy now. Both Pomare and I have written the strongest sort of appeals for British assistance, and I await an answer at any time."

"Are you prepared to see Britain and France at war, Mr. Pritchard?"

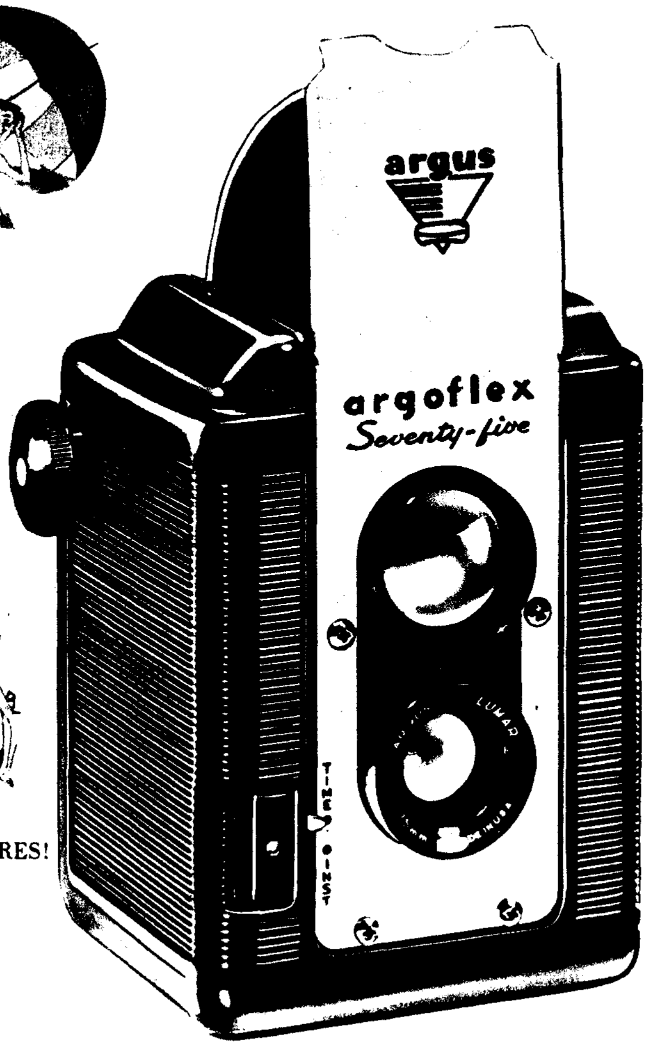
"I'm not prepared to see helpless and innocent people suffer! Can we be justified in ignoring tyranny because of a fear of war?"

Unanswerable question, Jonas thought. When all alternatives are evil, how does a man choose? His own instincts, like Pritchard's, ranged themselves on the side of battle. He could feel his heart leap at the



COLLIER'S "I'm what you get for pinching Miss Howell" JOHN DEMPSEY

WHAT AN EASY PERFORMER!



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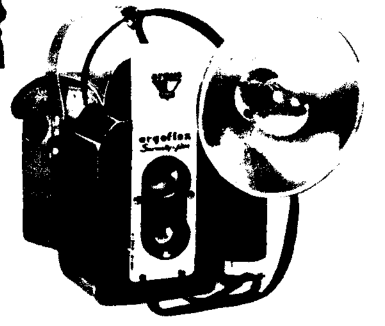

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challenge; for the first time since Tihoti's death his mind quickened to a problem with joyous decisiveness.

"If you will give me the facts," he said getting to his feet, "I'll do anything I can."

Pritchard pushed together a pile of papers and handed them across his desk. "They're right here," he said, smiling. "You can see I counted on your help." He followed Jonas to the door. "Give my compliments to the Moores when you go back to Matavai," he said. "As a matter of fact, it was Miss Marianna who suggested you might be willing to undertake this task."

So it had been Marianna's idea. As he walked out into the sunshine, Jonas felt an odd sense of deflation. His interview with Pritchard had awakened in him a surprised admiration for the man; he had felt a pleasant satisfaction that Pritchard had chosen him to help in this cause. Now it appeared he had a meddling missionary's daughter to thank. To hell with redemption; he needed a drink.

A few hundred yards beyond Pritchard's house he saw the sign of the Boar's Head Tavern. Today, the place, without a noisy crowd of sailors from the Vindictive gathered at the bar, seemed strangely empty. Simpkins, the proprietor, poured Jonas a tot of rum.

"I've got something that was left here for ye, Mr. Burkham." He drew an envelope from his pocket. "Mrs. Nicholls left it 'ere. Said to give it to ye, if ye was in."

Jonas ripped it open and stared down at Lily's childish scrawl. *"Why have you not come? Why have you not anserred my notes? It is neither freindly nor just of you. Anthony goes Tuesday to the plantation in Moorea for a week or two. Please come then. I must see you. I must."*

Slowly he folded the note, and thrust it into his pocket.

LILY flipped over the page. "Here's the picture I was looking for, Marianna. You see—skirts are fuller, and waistlines very high, like this." She stood up, pulling her silk peignoir tight under her breasts.

"The styles are lovely," Marianna said, "but they hardly seem suitable for me. Imagine what Papa would think."

"But, my dear, they are the latest fashion." Lily laughed. "At least they were a year ago when they were sent to me."

Marianna was leafing through the book. "Here's one that might do," she said. "I could make the sleeves longer, and draw the ribbon higher at the neck."

Lily bent over the page, studying the picture, her dark head tilted to one side.

She was like an exotic bird, Marianna thought. She and Lily must seem a curious combination. But although their friendship started with the fact that they were the only white women in the district, and much the same age, it had deepened into an affection that overlooked the disparity between their lives and temperaments. She had always resented the missionary ladies' disapproval of Lily—there could be no real evil in anyone so openhearted, so generous and so kind. For a distasteful moment she remembered the latest gossip about Lily and Jonas Burkham. It couldn't be true.

"It's very simple, of course, but it could be pretty, Marianna, with a wide ribbon at the waist. Here's the picture." Lily tore it out and thrust it into Marianna's hand. "And see that you don't change it too much. It's no sin to be prettily dressed. Especially for your new beau."

"My beau?"

"A poor show of innocence, Marianna. I hear that young Mr. Johnson rides to Matavai once a week."

Marianna laughed. "You know how people here exaggerate."

"Do they?" Lily said. She got up, and walked restlessly around the room. "What's he like, this young missionary?"

"He's—I feel sorry for him."

"I suppose that's answer enough." Lily sank down on a settee.

"When will your husband be back from Moorea, Lily?"

"Next week, sometime. I got word from him this morning," she said in a bored tone.

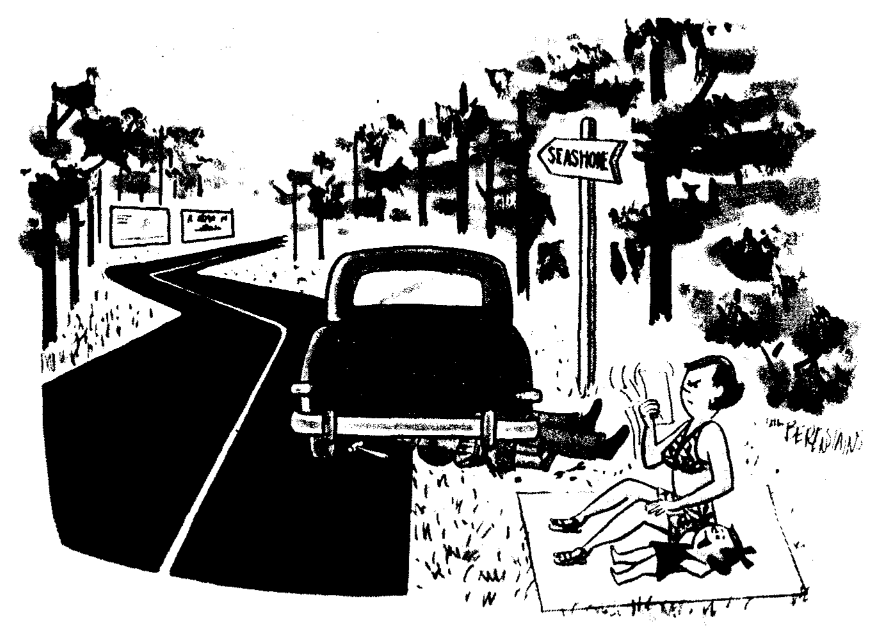
The sound of footsteps and a man's voice, calling from the veranda, cut across her words. "Lily, are you hiding from me? Where are you?" Before Lily could answer he had come to the door of the bedroom, seen Marianna, and stopped abruptly.

Jonas Burkham. For a moment Marianna felt paralyzed, unable to move or speak. As though from a distance, she heard her own voice saying confusedly, "I was just leaving. Good-by, Lily. Good day, Mr. Burkham." Then she was half stumbling, half running across the veranda and out into the clear, bright sunlight.

MARIANNA stepped out of the noisy dimness of Poti's blacksmith shop, and stood irresolutely in the sunshine. It had seemed pleasant to start off to town this morning, but now she felt only exasperation at the delay that would prevent her from getting back to the country that night.

Obviously there was nothing for it save to stay overnight with the Pritchards. Marianna shrugged resignedly, and set off down the lane toward the blue glitter of the bay.

SISTER



COLLIER'S "Take your time, Daddy" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Along the water a breeze was stirring, carrying with it the familiar odors of Papeete: jasmine and vanilla and a reek of whale blubber. Out in the bay H.M.S. Dublin, recently arrived, rested at anchor, and scores of her seamen were strolling along the wide water-front road, each with a flower-decked *vahine* clinging to his arm.

An opening door just beyond her let out a momentary gust of brawling voices, and Marianna looked up to see that she was in front of the Boar's Head. A drunken sailor, coming out of the door, lurched toward her and grasped her arm.

She looked at him in astonishment. "Let go of me!"

"Wot's your 'urry, sweet'eart? I 'aven't seen a little piece of w'ite meat in a long time."

Helplessly she tried to tug away from him. "Let me go!"

The man only tightened his grip. "Now then, dearie. That's no way to treat a gent!"

The door to the grogshop swung open again and Jonas Burkham stepped out onto the path. "What the devil!"

"Mr. Burkham!"

Advancing, Jonas said, "Get out of here, sailor!"

" 'Oo says so?"

"I do," Jonas said.

The sailor dropped Marianna's arm, staggered toward him and swung wildly. Jonas shifted slightly and raised his fist in a short arc. The sailor fell to the ground and lay there with a surprised expression.

"You swine! I'll get me shipmates and—"

Jonas took Marianna by the arm. "Let's move along."

Still shaken, Marianna walked beside him, trembling a little. "Thank you," she said huskily. "Thank you so much."

"Don't thank me," Jonas said amiably. "I rather enjoyed it. Are you all right?"

She looked up, caught the amused solicitude in his glance, and instantly remembered that this was their first meeting since the encounter, two weeks ago, in Lily Nicholls' bedroom. She had supposed that he had been purposely avoiding her, but he certainly showed no embarrassment now. She drew her arm away from his hand. "Perfectly all right," she said.

"Good. Where are you going? I'll take you there."

"It's not necessary, thank you."

He continued walking beside her.

"Mr. Burkham, are you going back to Matavai this afternoon?"

"Yes. I was just about to leave."

"Would you tell my father that my mare went lame, and Poti says she shouldn't be ridden for a day or two. I shall have to stay in town tonight with the Pritchards."

"Why don't you sail out with me? I should like you to very much."

Too quickly, she said, "I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because—how would I get the mare to Matavai?"

"Poti's boy can ride her out," he said patiently. "I'll tell him now and meet you at the boat in a few minutes."

It would be pleasant, she thought with sudden longing. All at once, in a moment of shamed and bitter honesty, she knew that it was not just moral judgment that had aroused her passionate condemnation of Jonas' affair with Lily; there was something more personal in it than that. A wave of color washed across her face.

"You're very kind," she said in a low voice. "I'll meet you at the boat."

THEY set off with a fresh, steady breeze behind them, and soon were well out into the bay. Jonas sat down beside her.

"It's good to see an English ship in the bay again," she said.

"For what it's worth," he said. "I saw Mr. Pritchard this morning. The Dublin brought him a letter, from the Foreign Secretary. Apparently Britain doesn't regard Tahiti as important enough to risk a dispute with France on her behalf."

Marianna caught her breath. "If Britain won't come to our aid, who will?"

"Who indeed? I'd say, we're in for a rather sorry time."

"But the French have no right here! They're stealing the land from helpless people. Britain can't let them do that!"

"Britain hasn't been entirely guiltless in that respect herself," Jonas said dryly.

"You condone it, then?"

His smile was a little too broad. "I come from a country where liberty is rather widely commended," he said. "I don't condone anything that interferes with a people's freedom."

She was suddenly reminded of that other time they had sailed along this shore to Matavai. Thou still unravished bride of bigotry . . . "When your country was first settled it belonged to the red Indians, didn't it?" she said.

Jonas let out a little whistle. *"Touché!"*

"The Tahitians have a saying," Marianna went on quietly, "that one day foreigners will take over their island, just as the guava trees have overrun the land."

"That's a dire prediction," he said. "The guavas are a pest. Didn't the missionaries first bring them here?"

"I'm afraid so," she said ruefully. "You can add that to your list of our errors."

BURKHAM said, "Oh, you mean my book. I gathered some time ago that you had read it."

"I have indeed. With great interest—and some discomfort."

"You mean that you agree with it?"

"With some of it," she said. "But I thought you blamed too many of Tahiti's ills on the missionaries. There have been many influences here. Someone had to offset the evils brought by whalers, trading ships and escaped convicts from New South Wales."

"You're right. But it never seemed right to me that Tahitians should be forced to become hypocrites about things that seemed most natural to them—dancing, wearing flowers, ornamenting their bodies with tattooing, even certain innocent sports."

"Perhaps if you'd been here forty years ago you might have thought differently," Marianna said, then went on lightly. "We should never have started this topic, Mr. Burkham. It's still half an hour's run to Point Venus, and we shall quarrel the whole way."

"On the contrary," he said. "I'm glad you read the book, because that means you read about yourself, too."

"Myself?"

"Do you remember that I wrote of the extraordinary devotion and self-sacrifice of some of the missionaries and their families? Of their attention to the minds and bodies of the Tahitians as well as to their souls? I was thinking of you when I wrote that, and of your father and one or two others. But mostly I thought of you—your patience in teaching them, your kindness and skill when they are ill or in trouble."

"They are my people," she said. "Neighbors and friends. Anyone would do the same."

"Perhaps. But the fact remains that you have done it."

Warm surprise at his words flooded through her, and for a moment she could say nothing. How kind he could be when he chose, and how friendly! It took an effort of will to remind herself that this was the man whose small, barbed ironies had so often provoked her, the man who was Lily Nicholls' lover.

"I've been wanting to tell you," he said, "how much I appreciate all you did for Tihoti. You gave him things neither his mother nor I ever could have, and he loved your school."

The bitter humiliation that she had felt ever since his words to her on the day of Tihoti's death suddenly melted away. "Tihoti was my favorite pupil," she said softly. "I miss him every day."

"I know you do," he said.

His glance was direct and honest; for a moment it held hers like a friendly touch. Ahead of them the green stretch of Point Venus reached languidly into the sunny sea. How quickly they had got here, Marianna thought with real regret.

(To be continued next week)

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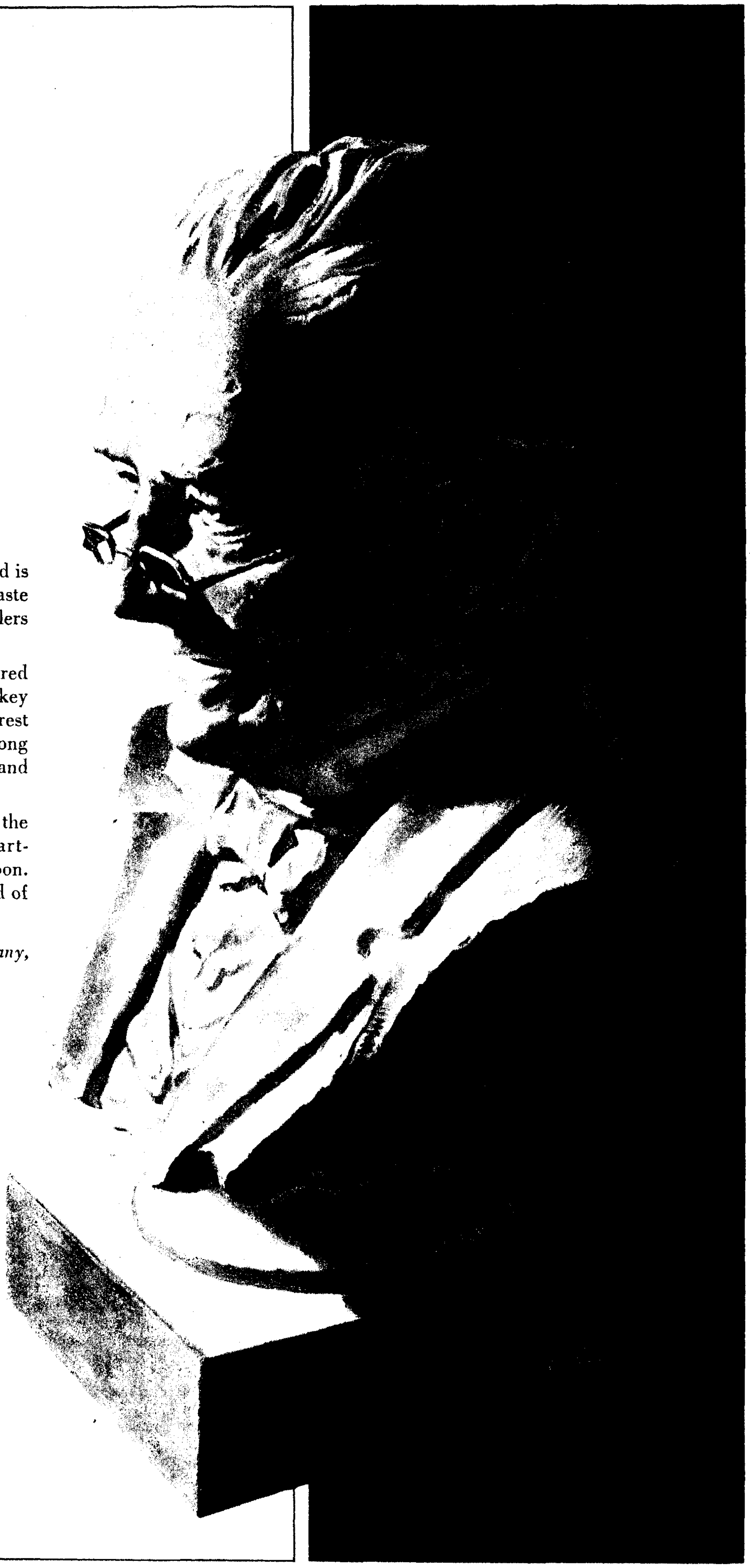


OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Wisconsin Welcomes the Wanderers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

the clergyman's friend left Latvia, and all three are buried in the same cemetery. So the message was plain enough, even though it got by the Red censor. (To give an idea of the wartime tragedies and terror that are part of every DP's background is virtually impossible in an article as short as this. but some DP families in Ripon can count up to 17 close relatives who were killed or deported, or who disappeared, during World War II and its aftermath.)

By 1952, when the provisions of the Displaced Persons Act will have expired, more than 300,000 DPs will have entered this country. (The maximum allowed by the law is 341,000.) This works out to around one fifth of 1 per cent of the total U.S. population. But in Ripon, which has gained a national reputation as a model town in the settlement of DPs, the percentage is much higher. About one in every 80 Ripon residents is a former displaced person.

What makes this more significant is that Ripon is no melting pot. It is, in its outward appearance, a typical Midwest prairie town, located on U.S. Highway 49 some 80 miles northwest of Milwaukee, and surrounded by rolling dairy lands, wooded lakes and fox farms. It has its Main Street business section, three blocks long, with the public library at one end and the movie theater at the other; and its ring of factories, turning out such things as washing machines and socks and cookies. It has some handsome churches, which are the tallest buildings in Ripon, and it has a college whose students and professors account for a tenth of its population.

But it has no "foreign section" for the DPs to congregate in. Their homes are scattered along the same pleasant streets as those of the rest of Ripon's 5,600 people; their children belong to the same scout troops and Four-H clubs, go to the same schools and movies, and sing in the same church choirs.

A minister, an Army colonel and a former schoolteacher were the prime movers in Ripon's DP program. The schoolteacher, Miss Bryan, is a tiny bundle of feminine energy who has given most of her time during the last three years—without pay—to helping DPs. She has been aided by farmers, corporation executives, an auto dealer, a C.I.O. organizer, a college president, a dietitian, telephone operators and housewives—and above all, she says, by her brother-in-law, Dr. George H. Conant, a botanist. There is nothing formal or organized about this Ripon team. But it has put on an inspiring display of American democracy—and applied Christianity—at work.

And They Pay Their Own Way

There is also a practical side to the story, or else it could not have happened. In their camps in Germany, the DPs were a drain on American taxpayers; over here they are paying their own way. With just one exception, Ripon businessmen and factory superintendents have found that DPs are among their most dependable workers. The same report comes from families who have engaged DPs for domestic help.

Many DPs are college-educated and held good business and professional jobs in their homelands. But they have shown a willingness to start their new lives from the bottom up—as indeed, they must. Lazlo Marton, who was a school principal in his native Hungary, is now the fastest cookie packer on the night shift at the plant of Ripon Foods, Inc. Irma Racenis, an intelligent young wife who plays Bach on the piano and reads the novels of Thomas Hardy in English, has a job stitching newspaper bags out of canvas. (The piano, incidentally, is one a friendly Ripon family gave her.)

Velta Latsons, who used to be a magazine writer and radio commentator in Latvia, bakes 70 pies a day in the dining-hall kitchen at Ripon College. The students say her lemon-meringue pies are the best they ever tasted, although she had never seen one before coming here a year ago.

At the Ripon Knitting Works, whose brightly patterned "loafer socks" are something of a national fad, a new DP employee, Velta Lacis, astonished her foreman by taking home samples of the working materials. With the aid of her husband she time-studied the process of stitching a leather sole to the woolen sock, and came up with an invention that greatly increased her earning power.

Previously, when an operator finished stitching on the sole, she picked up a pair of scissors and snipped the thread. Velta fastened a small piece of razor blade to the handle of her knitting needle with a fountain-pen clip, and sliced off the thread in the same motion as her final stitch. That made her the top producer in her line.

"I think Roger's getting serious. He's started bringing his socks over to be darned"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

Ripon DPs are also working as auto mechanics, carpenters and farm laborers, making cement blocks and wooden toys, learning the cabinet-making trade, packing pickles, knitting ski mittens, and waiting on table at the E. and E. Restaurant, one of the town's most popular eating places. Forty-three of the 68 have regular jobs, and this includes three college students and a high-school senior who are all high in their marks. Of the rest, 16 are school children too young to work, two are incapacitated by illness, and seven are women keeping house for their families.

Next to finding work and a place to live, the greatest immediate problem of the incoming DPs is the English language. Ripon's DPs have their own co-operative school which meets for two to three hours a week under the leadership of Roalds Kaklins, a DP who is a junior at Ripon College. The 20 adult members of the class read aloud, criticize one another's pronunciation, and write essays on assigned topics.

To the younger generation, the language is not nearly so difficult. Several DP children are at the tops of their classes in Ripon's excellent grammar schools. The youngest among them recite Mother Goose rhymes in perfect kindergartenese and the teen-agers have adopted American slang.

Their elders are taking out naturalization papers as fast as they can, though it will be some years before any of them are eligible for citizenship. Ripon's DPs are mostly Latvian by nationality and Lutheran by religious training, but they show no marked tendency to cling together in a group. Sixteen adults and children joined the local Congregational church last year, and others attend the Methodist, the Evangelical United Brethren and Presbyterian.

Sharing a Latvian Holiday

St. John's Day, on June 24th, one of their national holidays, has become a red-letter affair for their American neighbors, who dance and sing around the evening bonfires with as much gusto as the Latvians.

"I love my native country," one of the leading DPs told me. "I am a Latvian. But now I am here in America I will be an American. A good American."

Two Ripon DPs were lucky enough to find exactly the kind of positions they were trained for. The Reverend Mr. Lamberts, after working for seven months as a cookie packer, became assistant pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church in nearby Neenah, Wisconsin. While he held that position, he read the Scripture lesson each Sunday, gave occasional sermons, made pastoral visits, and was in demand as an anti-Communist speaker at luncheon-club meetings throughout the state. A handsome and forceful man of forty-two, Mr. Lamberts recently left Ripon to take over his own church at Sanger, California. But it is doubtful if he will ever regain the prominence he had in Latvia, where his congregation of 3,500 people was one of the country's biggest.

Youthful Ilga Reke, who teaches art in the Ripon junior and senior high schools, is a real DP success story. A talented painter and graduate of an architectural school in Germany, she plans to go back to college next fall to get her master's degree in education. Her blue-eyed good looks and lively personality have captivated her students, and their parents as well.

Ilga speaks English in a breathless rush, with some jumbling of tenses and a pleasant accent. "I was so frightened the first day in my class," she says. "Not one of my students could know how frightened. I think, 'They will laugh at how I talk.' And some of them did. But then I see they like me anyway. Americans laugh very much. But I think they laugh for me, not against me."

As is often the case in DP families, Ilga's distinguished-looking parents have found harder going in America than their daughter. Her father, Colonel Arvids Reke, was a hero of the Latvian liberation in 1918, and judge-advocate general of the Latvian army between World Wars I and II. In 1940, when the Russians occupied Latvia under cover of the Hitler-Stalin pact, an order was immediately issued forbidding the wearing of Latvian uniforms. When he heard this, Colonel Reke put on his dark-green and gold dress uniform and went out into the streets of his home town with his wife and fourteen-year-old Ilga.

No one stopped them, although local Communists were seizing stores and factories. The Rekes walked to the local photographer's shop and had their pictures taken; then the colonel put away his uniform and went into the forests to join the anti-Russian partisans.

More than 10 years have passed since then, and the Rekes spent half of them in a drab displaced-persons camp in Germany. Yet the colonel still carries himself with brisk military poise, and clips his blond mustache to the same neat design it had in the 1940 photograph. While in Germany he learned the trade of watch repairing, but Ripon has few jobs of that kind, and they were all taken when he arrived. So he went to work in a foundry, handling heavy iron castings and nailing down floors. After a few days of this he had to quit. The doctor told him he was developing arthritis, and might cripple himself permanently by doing hard physical work.

Meanwhile Ilga's mother, who taught mathematics and languages in the Latvian schools for 33 years, found a job in a laundry. There she ran into something that a number of DPs have had to endure: cruel hazing from their more ignorant fellow workers. When Mrs. Reke folded sheets with one woman, her partner would suddenly jerk the sheet away and let it fall on the floor, so it had to be washed again. Then she would complain that "the foreign woman" was slowing up the work.

Luckily, the Rekes have as their American sponsors a Ripon couple who were willing and able to see them through a long period of readjustment. Mrs. Reke suffered a nervous collapse after her experience at the laundry, but she is now earning money sewing woolen flowers on loafer socks. And the colonel will soon be able to start his own watch-repair business.

There are three hard tests which every DP must pass before coming to America. First he, or she, must undergo several days of medical observation at a special DP camp. The slightest tendency toward heart trouble or tuberculosis can break up a family forever, for the afflicted member must stay in Europe. Next comes a searching political examination, during which trained interviewers try to detect any trace of pro-Communist or pro-Fascist thinking.

How DPs Are "Sponsored"

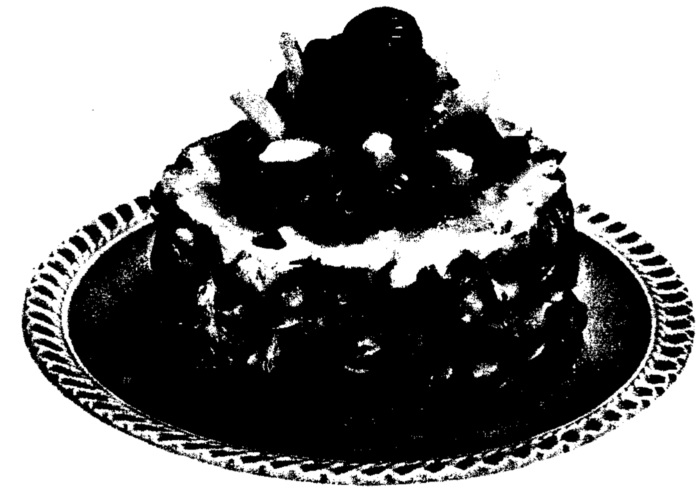
The third and crucial test for the DP is to find an American sponsor who will guarantee, in writing, that the new arrival will not be a public charge in this country. A vast network of public and private agencies brings the DPs and sponsors together. The International Refugee Organization of the United Nations (IRO) gathers case histories and photographs of the DPs and sends them to interested organizations here.

Most of these organizations have a religious or ethnic base, with subsidiaries extending all the way down to the World Service Committee of the First Congregational Church of Ripon, of which Miss Bryan is chairman. All denominations are active in this program. Of the DPs now in the U.S., 45 per cent are Roman Catholics, 34 per cent are Protestants, and most of the rest—about 20 per cent—are Jews.

After a DP has located a sponsor—or vice versa—his papers must still be processed by the U.S. Displaced Persons Commission in Washington and its agents in Germany. When everything is in order, the DP boards a ship chartered and paid for by the IRO, and sails for New York, Boston, or New Orleans. There, a representative of one of the church or other organizations meets him at the dock, puts a large identifying pin on his coat, and takes him immediately to a train. His railroad fare has already been forwarded by his sponsor, who is also responsible for meeting him at the local station. DPs are expected to pay for their train transportation eventually, and most of them do.

Some of Ripon's leading citizens have sponsored DPs, and have found much real happiness in the experience. In most cases, of course, they have jobs they want the DPs to do. But the warm personal relations that grow up between DPs and their sponsors have added a new dimension to Ripon's way of life.

W. D. Van Metre, who runs an automobile agency in town, is a good example. "Van" has the familiar kind of American



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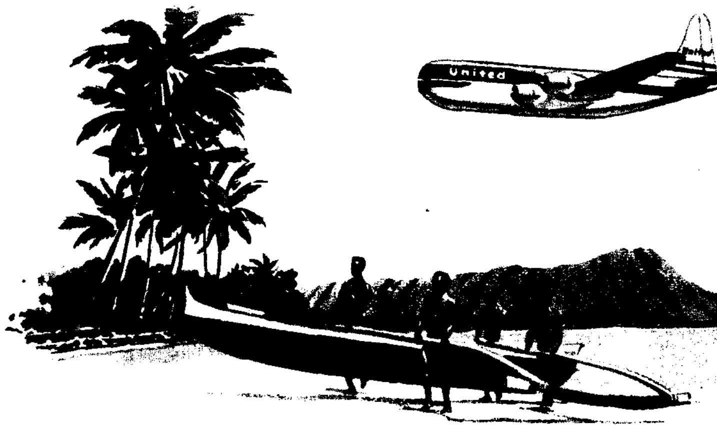

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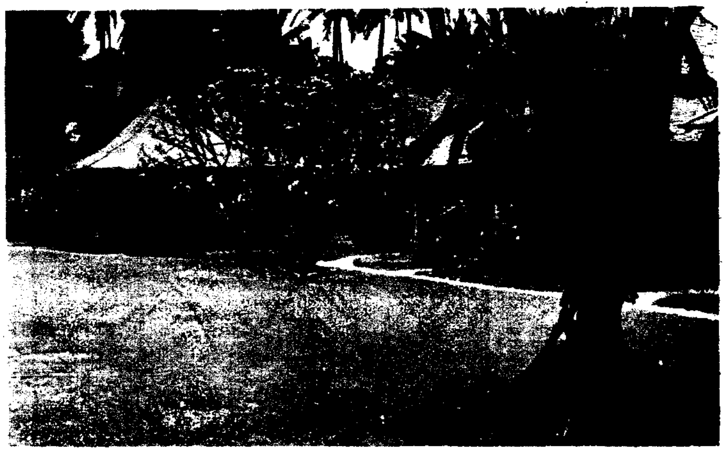

A typical view of one of the many attractive bungalows in the tropical gardens of Halekulani.

IT'S EASY TO ENTER THIS CONTEST! Just get an Official Entry Blank at the store where you buy your ice cream. Fill in the name you pick for the ice cream dessert shown above, and mail your entry before August 30th. Be sure to enclose a Sealright Emblem (or facsimile) from any Sealright Sanitary Paper Container.

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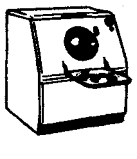

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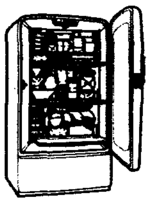

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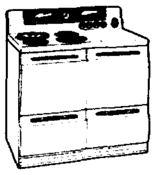
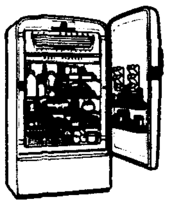


2 Westinghouse Electric Ranges (Model EBA-74)



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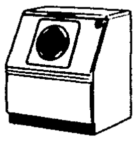
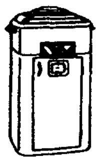


2 Westinghouse Clothes Dryers (Model D-3A)



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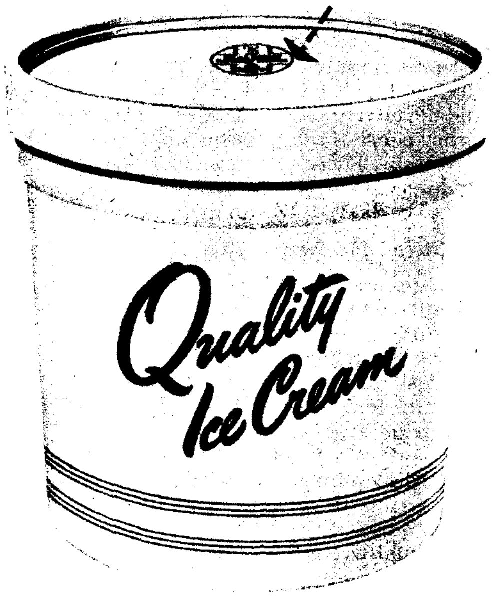

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face—rounded, friendly and shrewd—that turns up often at church, Kiwanis Club luncheons, and bowling matches. Of the 18 employees in his auto shop, three are former DPs; another DP works for Mrs. Van Metre at home. But Van insists gruffly that there is nothing altruistic about this.

"We always need auto mechanics," he says. "These fellows are good ones. I can depend on them."

The Boy Who Went to College

There is more to the story, however. Van became interested in DPs through the missionary zeal of Miss Bryan. Four years ago he agreed to employ the first DP in Ripon—Reinhard Bets, a Latvian boy who had lost both his parents. Reinhard also became one of the first DPs to enter an American college, and is now a senior at Ripon. He has earned his way by working nights and summers at the garage, and has had a thorough grounding in all angles of the auto business. Now that he has his degree, Van wants to take him to the General Motors school in Detroit, where he himself started his career. But the draft board may decide otherwise.

"If he goes in the Army," says Van, "it will be just as though we were sending a son of our own."

While I was in Ripon, I watched Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Herlin get ready to receive a new DP couple they have sponsored for work in their home. Stan Herlin is vice-president and sales manager of the Ripon Knitting Works, which does a business of $7,000,000 a year; his wife Jean is a charming hostess who has converted their old stone house into an early Victorian show place. The Herlins were planning to go to Chicago for a week-end dinner party and to see the musical, South Pacific, when word came that their DPs were arriving soon. So they stayed home and worked until 2:00 A.M. Sunday nailing down broadloom carpet in the three-room duplex servants' apartment in the back of their house.

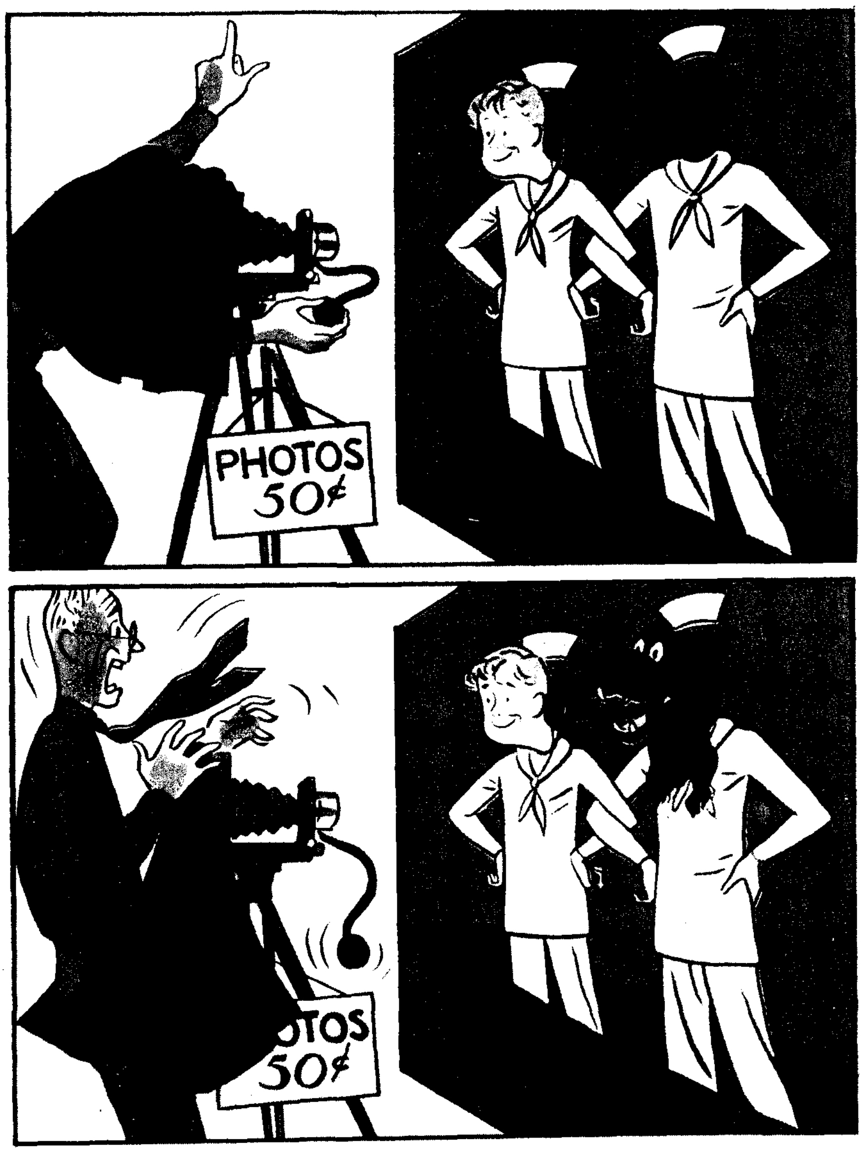
On the night the DPs were due, Stan drove 21 miles to Fond du Lac to meet them at the railroad station. The train was late and it was almost midnight before they got back to Ripon. In the meantime Stan discovered, to his great relief, that both his new charges could speak tolerable English. The man, Alfred Lasmanis, had been in the lumber business in Latvia and had handled correspondence with English firms; later he was chief cashier at the city hall in Riga. He and his wife Julija are both in their sixties, but the Herlins took a chance on them after reading a letter Miss Bryan received, with their pictures, from Germany. The letter said, "Sometimes these older ones are better than the young ones."

And in this case it proved to be true.

As they crossed the threshold of their new home for the first time Lasmanis, who had been chattering gaily in the station wagon, suddenly drew himself up, put his heels together, and bowed in European fashion to Stan. His voice choked as he delivered a little speech which he had evidently rehearsed for a long time. "I thank you for bringing me here," he said. "I will do everything to be worthy of you as my sponsor. *I will do my best.*" His wife was leaning on Mrs. Herlin's shoulder, struggling hard to keep back the tears of sheer joy. For them—as for all the DPs who can get here—it was the end of a long and desperate journey.

Jean broke the tension by inviting everyone to the kitchen for a late supper of soup and sandwiches. Stan got out some bottles of Wisconsin beer, which Lasmanis de-

CLANCY



COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

clared was better than any he had tasted in Germany. Then the new couple went up to their rooms, where Jean had put out a bowl of apples and grapes, and a dish of chocolates. (All DPs arrive with a craving for fruit and candy, which are scarce in their camps in Germany.) There were flowers on the dresser and clean towels in their shiny private bathroom. But the thing that held the Lasmanises' eyes was the big double bed with its fresh candlewick spread.

It was the first real bed they had had in six and a half years.

Not all DPs, of course, get such a luxurious reception. But they usually find that their sponsors have provided comfortable living quarters, with furniture, bedding, and a change of clothes. Lowell Tavs, a dairy farmer near Ripon, spent a week fixing up his tenant house with new linoleum, curtains, electric lights and a radio for the DPs who moved in last year. He gives them all the meat, eggs, milk, vegetables, coal and electricity they need, on top of a cash salary, and drives them to town when they want to shop or attend church.

"How do you get it?" they wanted to know. "Does it grow on a tree? Or do you make it out of flour?"

Tavs found that his DPs did not care for salted butter or white bread, so he gets them sweet butter and rye flour to bake their own dark bread. Their meat supply was also a problem. Tavs had a lot of home-frozen beef and steaks, but the DPs (who have been starved of fats for years) invariably prefer pork and sausage. So this year Tavs is going to freeze more pork and less beef.

The DPs, as a whole, have not done so well on farms as at town jobs. When the program first started in 1948, American farmers, plagued by a chronic shortage of help, eagerly sponsored thousands of DPs and put them to work milking cows and running tractors. But most DPs, it turned out, were never real farmers. Some had grown up on farms and left as soon as they were old enough; others had once owned farms, as country gentlemen, but were not used to doing the hard work themselves. Weakened as they were by years of poor food and the terror of their war experiences, they broke down physically, or complained of the long hours.

"You just can't make them believe that a cow has to be milked twice a day, 12 hours apart, seven days a week," one disillusioned dairyman remarked.

When Polish Barber Was Hired

In Ripon itself, only one sponsor has expressed complete dissatisfaction with his DP experience. Svend Hollerup, who came from Denmark in 1940, now has the town's busiest barbershop. Having made good as a new American himself, Svend was psychologically prepared to help someone else. Besides, he sorely needed another barber. He signed up for a Polish DP whose record seemed just right.

But Svend and the newcomer didn't hit it off at all. Both were temperamental men with all the outspokenness of their profession. The new barber claimed that his razors were sharper than Svend's, and that if a razor was sharp enough there was no need for lather. He had never used lather in the DP camps, he said. He proceeded to shave astonished Riponites without lather, to prove his point. Nor did he take any back talk from the customers. If a man asked him to cut his hair long he trimmed it down to the scalp, and vice versa.

Eventually, this man and his wife departed for Chicago, and Svend—and his patrons—breathed a sigh of relief. "It was just about the worst experience of my life," Svend says feelingly.

The battle of the barbers had its comic aspects, and Ripon enjoyed them. But there was nothing funny about the anonymous letter which appeared about the same time in the weekly Ripon Commonwealth.

"I have wondered why the Commonwealth makes so much over these DP people," the letter read. "If ever we face another depression, and chances are we will, these people will become public charges or they may hold jobs that lifelong Americans could hold. I feel, and many of the men who work with me agree, that these people would be best off where they were. Let's feed them over there and keep them over there instead of importing them to take our jobs and add to our relief rolls."

The letter was signed, "A Working Man."

When she read it, Miss Bryan hastily checked with her board of strategy, including Van Metre, the auto dealer, and Jack and Nellie Murray, who sponsored the Reke family. They advised her to ignore the letter and see if any organized movement developed against the DPs. None has, perhaps because the unpublished answers were so effective.

"I run two bus lines as far as 50 miles away to bring workers in to our factories," Van told me. "Nobody can tell me that the DPs are causing a job scarcity here."

Night Foreman Settles Feud

There is still some underground agitation against the DPs in Ripon. This has shown up most seriously at the Ripon Foods plant, where a number of DPs work on the night shift. Some of them have found the distributors missing from their cars when they went out to drive home at midnight. One night a DP struck an American who had been tormenting him about his pronunciation for weeks. Herb Brandt, the night foreman, fired them both on the spot. But the next day he took them back when the whole line promised there would be no more fighting.

Brandt's comment on this affair is probably the best reply that could be given to the arguments of "A Working Man."

"I just don't understand how anybody who knows the history of this country can talk against the DPs," said Brandt. "My grandparents came over from Germany 40 years ago and made it possible for me to be a free man and hold the job I have. When you come right down to it every American has a DP in his family background somewhere. The people who landed on Plymouth Rock were DPs in their time, and I don't think they were any better than these fellows that are working here."

The DPs have many friends like Herb Brandt in Ripon, and they have won them in other ways than working hard and staying out of trouble. Their interest in sports, their sense of humor, and their sincere religious faith have earned them the hearty respect of the community. So has their love of literature and art. The poorest DP home has its shelf of books, including poetry, plays and novels in several languages. President Clark E. Kuebler of Ripon College is a warm advocate of the DPs and has arranged, through private donors, to supply free tuition to all who can attend his institution.

"I believe in having people from all countries here," he says. "It keeps us from getting stodgy and provincial."

Alfred Reed, president of the Ripon Knitting Works and a pillar of Ripon society, also believes in the mixing process. He and Mrs. Reed have a DP couple working for them, and last Christmas they turned over the holiday party-giving to them. Fifty DPs turned up at the big Reed home on Watson Street, with an accordion and concertina, and the festivities went on till almost dawn.

"I know darned well I had five times as much fun at that party, dancing and singing those Latvian folk songs, as I get out of putting on tails and a starched collar and going to the Military Ball," Reed told me, referring to Ripon's big winter social function.

"Those people have been a real revelation to me. How they can find so much joy in living after all they've lost is hard to understand. I think they have discovered something that a lot of us could afford to discover—that just breathing the air of freedom is the greatest thing in the world."

THE END

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Our Firetrap Hospitals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Board estimated it would take a trained lawyer a minimum of two months to build a general picture of state law coverage.

The metropolitan situation is even more confused. Outside of the states of California and Wisconsin, almost without exception, municipal fire chiefs can inspect private hospitals only on invitation. As a result, the vast majority of general hospitals had never been thoroughly checked until the recent survey. The National Board estimates that two trained men would have to work full time the year around just to keep informed on the municipal laws covering hospital fire protection. Municipal statutes frequently cover "hotels and like structures," and only a court decision can determine whether this means hospitals.

The National Board emphasizes the fact that absence of state control has produced a national picture that is in no way determined by state or regional lines. There are, again with the exception of California, neither good nor bad states but rather good and bad hospitals. The few minor regional patterns result from natural geographical or cultural differences.

In the Far Western part of our country, the rank growth of shrubbery makes unsupervised fire escapes useless. Hospitals in the Southwestern states, notably Texas, and the Pacific coastal states make greater use of a highly flammable insecticide with a petroleum base—simply because the product is manufactured in that general area and merchandised more extensively there.

Dangers in Old Buildings

In the East and the Midwest, hospital doors are frequently blocked by congested parking. The Eastern hospitals are the oldest in the country and, in common with most old buildings, are not fire retardant. Too, many of the older hospitals in the South still use old-fashioned kitchen stoves that char the floors of hospital kitchens and present a constant menace.

"By and large, however, it is the human factor which determines whether a hospital is safe or a firetrap," says Colonel Perrin C. Cothran, of Hartford, chairman of the National Board's Special Committee on Hospitals. "Hospital conditions are bad because of human ignorance, neglect and carelessness. New hospitals or even expensive structural changes in old buildings are usually not so important to safety as good administration in existing facilities. A new fire-resistive or so-called fireproof hospital is only as safe as safe practices make it."

Colonel Cothran says that bad practices are at the root of most hospital fires. National Fire Protection Association records indicate that carelessness with matches and cigarettes heads the list, causing one fire in five. During the latter part of February this year, a nurse in a New York City hospital was removing adhesive tape and bandages from a patient who was ready to go home. Like many nurses in many hospitals she used benzene for the cleanup job. Along came a smoker. The fumes ignited and within a few seconds the man was a mass of flames. He died and the nurse's hands were badly burned when she tried to put out the fire.

Ether, benzene and alcohol are notoriously dangerous around fire. Actual tests show that fumes may flow 20 feet or more and ignite in the presence of a spark or intense heat. Yet inspecting engineers found hospital employees smoking in rooms where these volatiles were stored.

Eight out of ten of our general hospitals store combustibles improperly, and some instances of hazardous storage uncovered during the survey are truly fantastic. The main pharmacy of a large Connecticut hospital located in one of the biggest cities of the state is in the wooden dome of the center portion of the building. Set down into the floor and protected only by a flimsy railing is a big glass light well. Just above it are stored 200 gallons of alcohol. One carelessly handled match could ignite the fluid and turn the hospital into an inferno.

According to National Fire Protection Association figures, more than half of all fatal hospital fires have started in service quarters: closets, laundries, boiler rooms, kitchens, workshops.

Hospitals have a sacred trust to protect their patients. Yet not one in ten conducts effective fire drills or has formulated adequate emergency plans. There are scientific reasons why careful plans must be made before a catastrophe strikes. Fires generate five gases that affect the higher brain centers and interfere with clear thinking. Nurses, doctors and general personnel must be trained to do the right thing automatically before there is a fire.

On January 30th of this year, a fire started in the clothes-drying room of a hospital basement in Hoquiam, Washington. Flames soared up the stairs. Frantic staff members, untrained to meet the emergency dashed around helplessly. Doors were opened that should have been closed. Transoms were not shut. Patients were not evacuated at the proper time or in the proper order. In the general confusion and panic, 14 patients were burned to death in their beds and seven who were rescued too late died later.

PAUL IRRERA

Matter of Course

The woman driver
Who frightens me
Is not in an auto
But on a tee.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Not a single hospital in the District of Columbia had worked out an effective evacuation plan at the time the survey was made. Washington administrators explained that they were not allowed to have fire drills. If they fear that the commotion will frighten their patients, they have not considered the fact that drills can be conducted with light signals and without the knowledge of patients. In the light of survey revelations, patients generally will be relieved, not frightened, to learn a drill is in progress.

In some instances, hospital administrators were found violating basic rules of safety by turning their hospitals into prisons at night. One big-city hospital in New Jersey is surrounded by an iron picket fence and a high wall of masonry. The institution covers an entire city block, and yet all gates were locked at night. Not even the watchman had a key. The inspectors found that the congested carpenter shops of the hospital were full of flammable materials.

Many of the dangerous conditions are due to flaws in original construction combined with a lack of protection facilities.

In a big hospital in the state of Washington the beds are 36 inches wide—doorways to the rooms are 33 inches wide. Mattress tabs which would admit rods and allow the mattresses to be carried like stretchers had been removed. There were only a handful of stretchers in the whole institution. Survey reports record a duplication of this situation in hospital after hospital.

Narrow doors effectively imprison regulation hospital beds in at least 30 per cent of all hospitals constructed before 1900. In an overwhelming majority of these hospitals there is no effective way of getting immobile patients out in a hurry.

Past Mistakes Are Repeated

Hospital architects continue to incorporate old mistakes in new buildings. Recently members of the X-ray staff moved into their new quarters in a hospital erected but a short time ago in the District of Columbia. The floors were uncomfortably warm and, on investigation, the staff members found that their department, housing radioactive materials, was directly over the boiler room, the steam pressure reducing station alcove and the incinerator. Hospital executives are still looking for a practical solution.

Nurses at big, sprawling Bellevue Hospital in New York City threatened mass resignation after an epidemic of fires—five fires during the month of December, 1949. The nurses made a declaration to the effect that they couldn't cope with the fire and disease hazards. Bellevue beds are jammed together in narrow halls with hardly an inch between. The only escapes for the 560 patients on the eight floors of the medical building are a stairway and a rickety elevator. There are two elevators in the building but one is almost always out of commission.

The nurses decided to stay but they put their awareness of the hazards on record.

In drawing up a Master Plan for Manhattan's hospitals, Dr. John B. Pastore, president of the Hospital Council of Greater New York, admitted last year that 8,883 of that city's more than 44,840 beds are unsafe from fire; he feels this condition is primarily due to overcrowding, and recommends building more hospitals. He points out that in some cases only a few beds in a hospital are hazardous. The National Board says that one dangerous area can mean a dangerous building or group of buildings.

An official of the New York Fire Department says that there are only three hospitals in New York City where a parent could feel safe about leaving a child overnight. Overcrowding and other hazards make the rest unsafe. And the inspecting engineers believe that the final tabulations for New York City will back up the official's statement.

Basic construction is sometimes difficult and expensive to alter, but even bad construction can be given protection. Hospital safety and construction engineers all agree that hospitals of combustible materials need—as a minimum protection—well-placed automatic sprinklers. More than 8 out of 10 of our general hospitals are not fire resistive, and at least 8 out of 10 of all general hospitals lacked adequate sprinkler protection at the time of the survey. Sprinklers put out small fires before they get out of control and, if they are functioning properly, they help to contain big fires until help arrives and patients can be moved to safety.

A Mrs. Willson, of Los Gatos, California, was recuperating at Green's Hospital in Los Gatos a few months ago. One morning at three o'clock she was awakened by a shower from the sprinkler directly over her bed.

Despite the fact that the fire was traced to an electric blanket on the bed she had been occupying, the patient didn't have the slightest trace of a burn.

The sprinkler is an important adjunct to human vigilance, but neither sprinklers nor fire-resistive construction nor any other material factor makes a hospital safe. Human beings make them safe by instituting good practices within whatever framework is available. Good conditions in a hospital or hospitals are usually the direct results of the efforts of one individual.

California is the only state that enforces safe hospital practices, and it is the only state that maintains a high level of hospital safety.

Joe Yockers, when he became State Fire Marshal in 1943, surveyed the hospitals and institutions in California and reported, "If an architect had set about to design model firetraps, we doubt that our conditions could have been worse."

Yockers condemned 47 state-owned mental hospital buildings caring for 4,000 patients. He said that he didn't know where the people would be put, but they couldn't stay in the condemned buildings. Governor Earl Warren backed Yockers to the limit.

By attacking the state-owned hospitals and institutions first, Yockers was in a good position to make demands on the administrators of privately owned hospitals. State licenses of hospitals with dangerous hazards were withheld pending compliance with safety standards, and licenses were not released until inspection showed the hazards had been removed. On December 31, 1950, 680 of the private hospitals had been given fire safety clearance, and, now, the worst hazards in most of the remaining 171 hospitals have been eliminated. All of this work has been accomplished without one arrest or court case.

Yockers feels that the California program was successful because of the close co-operation between the state and the California and Western Hospital Associations, and because of the liberal five-year period allowed for financing.

Chicago's One-Man Campaign

The only other island of hospital safety found in the survey was Cook County, Illinois, which comprises the metropolitan area of Chicago. The inspecting engineers found Chicago's 100 hospitals in good condition—again the result of a one-man campaign.

After 61 guests and employees died in the Hotel La Salle fire on June 5, 1946, Anthony J. Mullaney, then Chief Fire Marshal, began a crusade to remove the fire hazards from every building in the Chicago area serving a large number of people. He made drastic demands on virtually every hospital administrator in the city, and saw to it that his demands were met. The 175 Illinois hospitals beyond the borders of Cook County are no better than the poor national average.

Here and there over the country, inspecting engineers found a few hospitals that were almost free of hazard. One of these exceptions to the generally grim picture was the John Gaston Hospital at Memphis Tennessee.

The official report read: "The operation of this hospital is such that we feel no feasible recommendations can be made for its improvement . . ."

Hospital administrators can go a long way toward giving us safe hospitals by making the best use of facilities at hand. Initiative and gumption are inexpensive. Beyond reducing the margin of human failure, the administrators and all friends of hospital safety can urge Congress to amend the Hill-Burton Act. As it stands, the Hill-Burton Act provides federal assistance to communities for the building of new hospitals. The act should be amended to provide funds also whereby existing hospitals can be made safe.

Wherever your community, your general hospital has received recommendations for improvements that will minimize the fire hazards to which you or your family will be subjected. The officials of your hospital will need public support and encouragement to carry them out. THE END

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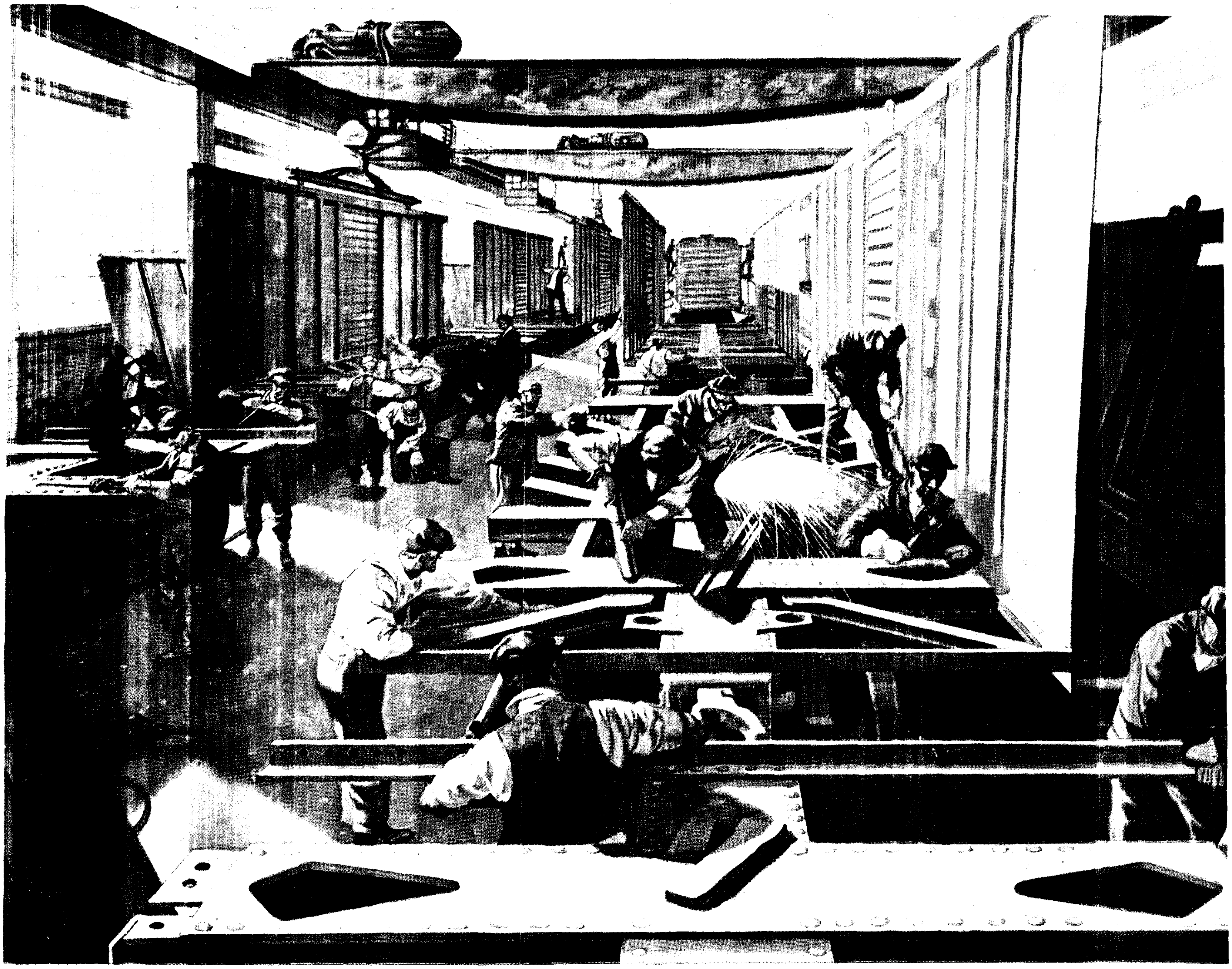

ASSEMBLY LINE FOR DEFENSE!

Off the assembly lines and onto the tracks, new and rebuilt freight cars have been rolling into Pennsylvania Railroad service at a record rate . . . all part of the Pennsylvania's $534,000,000 equipment program to be completed this year.

Before the end of 1951 the Pennsylvania will have more than 200,000 freight cars in top condition to meet the ever-increasing transportation demands of industry and defense.

These will include more than 6,000 new cars built in the Pennsylvania's shops, 34,000 rebuilt cars and 20,000 new cars for which purchase orders were placed with car builders last year.

The estimated annual hauling capacity of these new and rebuilt cars is over 62,000,000 tons. That's 15 times the total tonnage of all of the 925 ships that made up the U. S. Navy in 1949.

Besides its extensive program for new and rebuilt cars, the Pennsylvania ordered more than 1,000 new Diesel-electric locomotives, nearly all of which have been delivered and are now at work.

Thus the Pennsylvania's "Assembly Line for Defense!" from which a new or rebuilt car has been rolling into service every 2½ minutes of the working day, is doing its share to make certain we shall be ready for any transportation demand.

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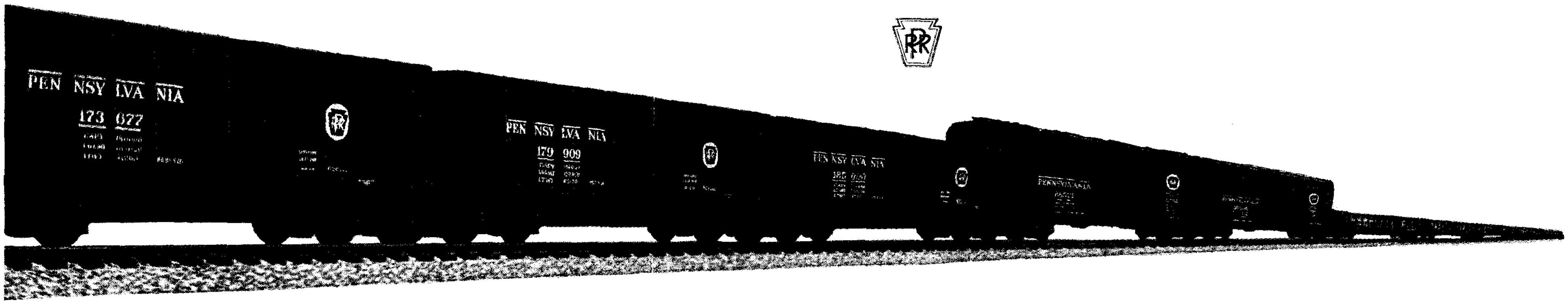

Little Orphan Island

By BILL STAPLETON

Cheju-do, Korea

THIS is a small story that comes out of the blood and terror of the war in Korea. But it has big meaning. It is the story of Air Chaplain Lt. Colonel Russell L. Blaisdell of Fort Worth, Texas, who came to Korea to help servicemen keep faith with God, and wound up by proving His existence to war-scarred kids.

A Presbyterian chaplain attached to Fifth Air Force Headquarters in the Korean theater, Colonel Blaisdell is largely responsible for taking hundreds of hurt and homeless kids out of the city of Seoul when it was ravaged last December for the second time in the Korean war. Starting with almost nothing but his own courage, he got them to the safety of Cheju-do—an island about 70 miles off the west coast of battered Korea.

Before the Chinese Communists drove American forces out, Blaisdell and Colonel Wallace I. Wolverton, senior chaplain of the Tenth Air Force, with the help of the mayor of Seoul, set up a municipal aid center for orphans. Everybody helped: the American and Korean Red Cross, the Catholic and Protestant missions, and Fifth Air Force personnel. The center was soon handling 50 children a day. But, suddenly, the evacuation order came. Blaisdell and his Korean waifs had to get out.

"By December 15th," says Colonel Blaisdell, "I had 950 children and 110 workers with 30,000 pounds of provisions sitting on the shore at Inchon waiting for a boat. It never came. I called the already overburdened Fifth Air Force, and in one almost miraculous half hour, they arranged for 16 C-54s to fly us to Cheju-do. But the trucks I needed to get us to Kimpo airfield never came, either. I was really scared."

The gentle chaplain wasn't too frightened to steal trucks from dock details though. With them he moved his kids to Kimpo and got them to Cheju-do just as Red guns were barking across Seoul.

On Cheju-do a woman entered the picture. Mrs. On Soon Whang was appointed director of the new orphanage. In short order, this quiet, firm woman, whose husband and son were both killed in the Korean fighting, was saving the kids from hunger, sleeplessness, filth, disease and fright.

Today, there are beds for all on the island of Cheju-do—though they are only wooden slats barely raised above the floor. And there are quilts—one for each group of five children. There is food and water—though water on this little 15-by-40-mile island is scarce and precious. And packages of food and medicine are arriving daily from U.S. donors. All in all, Cheju-do brings comfort and happiness to children who would otherwise have been sacrificed on their own doorsteps.

Maybe the reward for all of this is hearing the Korean kids sing Jesus Loves Me. Maybe it is in seeing sickness disappear and fright calm into playfulness. Maybe it is in realizing that God is in His Heaven after all. THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

In an old schoolroom on Cheju-do, Lt. Col. Blaisdell and On Soon Whang hold kids for regular check-up by Korean Dr. Chai Ok Kim

Scared eyes, battered faces, listlessness characterized children of Seoul when they came to Cheju-do. Today they are happier

In hospital, Korean nurse holds back tears as she tries to comfort a little girl who was facing death from bronchial pneumonia

Says Lt. Colonel Blaisdell: "Most of the children in an age group from infancy to 14 years still vividly remember the exciting day at Kimpo airfield, when 16 C-54 Skymasters of the U.S. Air Force lined up to carry them to what has become a child's wonderland of sympathy"

On Cheju-do all Americans now rate kisses. O. M. Izquierdo, major in Civil Assistance Command, gets full payment from one orphan

Sergeant Houck

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

his horse to drop back alongside Private Lakin. "Kids don't need tying," he said. He reached out and plucked the boy from in front of Private Lakin and laid him, face down, across the withers of his own horse and smacked him sharply. Then he set him back on the pillow. The boy sat still, very still. Sergeant Houck pushed his left hand into his left side pocket and pulled out a fistful of small hard biscuits. He passed these to Private Lakin. "Stick one of these in his mouth when he gets restless."

Sergeant Houck urged his horse forward until he was beside the woman once more. She had turned her head to watch and she stared sidewise at him for a long moment, then looked straight forward again.

They came to the settlement in the same order: the woman and Sergeant Houck side by side in the lead, Private Lakin and the boy tagging behind at a respectful distance. Sergeant Houck dismounted and helped the woman down and handed the boy to her. He saw Private Lakin looking wistfully at the painted front of the settlement's one saloon and tapped him on one knee. "Scat," he said and watched Private Lakin turn his horse and ride off, leading the other two horses.

Then he led the woman into the squat frame building that served as general store and post office and stage stop. He settled the woman and her child on a preserved-goods box and went to the counter to arrange for their fares. When he came back to sit on another box near her, the entire permanent male population of the settlement was assembled just inside the door, all eleven of them staring at the woman.

". . . that's the one . . ."

". . . an Indian had her . . ."

". . . shows in the kid . . ."

Sergeant Houck looked at the woman. She was staring at the floor and the blood was leaving her face. He started to rise and felt her hand on his arm. She had leaned over quickly and clutched his sleeve.

"Please," she said. "Don't make trouble account of me."

"Trouble?" said Sergeant Houck. "No trouble." He stood up and confronted the fidgeting men by the door. "I've seen kids around this place. Some of them small. This one needs decent clothes and the store here doesn't stock them."

The men stared at him, startled, and then at the wide-eyed boy in his clean but patched skimpy cloth covering. Five or six of them went out through the door and disappeared in various directions. The others scattered through the store. Sergeant Houck stood sentinel, relaxed and quiet, by his box, and those who had gone out straggled back, several embarrassed and empty-handed, the rest proud with their offerings. Sergeant Houck took the boy from the woman's lap and stood him on his box. He measured the offerings against the small body and chose a small red checked shirt and a small pair of overalls. He set the one pair of small scuffed shoes aside. "Kids don't need shoes," he said. "Only in winter."

WHEN the coach rolled in, it was empty and they had it to themselves for the first hours. Dust drifted steadily through the windows and the silence inside was a persistent thing. The woman did not want to talk. She had lost all liking for it and would speak only when necessary. And Sergeant Houck used words with a natural economy, for the sole simple purpose of conveying or obtaining information that he regarded as pertinent to the business immediately in hand. Only once did he speak during these hours and then only to set a fact straight in his mind. He kept his eyes fixed on the scenery outside as he spoke.

"Did he treat you all right?"

The woman made no pretense of misunderstanding him. "Yes," she said.

The coach rolled on and the dust drifted. "He beat me once," she said and four full minutes passed before she finished the thought. "Maybe it was right. I wouldn't work."

They stopped for a quick meal at a lonely ranch house and ate in silence while the man there helped the driver change horses. It was two mail stops later, at the next change, that another passenger climbed in and plopped his battered suitcase and himself on the front seat opposite them. He was of medium height and plump. He wore city clothes and had quick eyes and features that seemed small in the plumpness of his face. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his face and took off his hat to wipe all the way up his forehead. He laid the hat on top of the suitcase and moved restlessly on the seat, trying to find a comfortable position.

"You three together?"

"Yes," said Sergeant Houck.

"Your wife then?"

"No," said Sergeant Houck. He looked out the window on his side and studied the far horizon.

THE coach rolled on and the man's quick eyes examined the three of them and came to rest on the woman's feet.

"Begging your pardon, lady, but why do you wear those things? Moccasins, aren't they? They more comfortable?"

She shrank back further in the seat and the blood began to leave her face.

"No offense, lady," said the man. "I just wondered—" He stopped. Sergeant Houck was looking at him.

"Dust's bad," said Sergeant Houck. "And the flies this time of year. Best to keep your mouth closed." He looked out the window again, and the only sounds were the running beat of the hoofs and the creakings of the old coach.

A front wheel struck a stone and the coach jolted up at an angle and lurched sideways and the boy gave a small whimper. The woman pulled him onto her lap.

"Say," said the man. "Where'd you ever pick up that kid? Looks like—" He stopped. Sergeant Houck was reaching up and rapping against the top of the coach. The driver's voice could be heard shouting at the horses and the coach stopped. One of the doors opened and the driver peered in. Instinctively he picked Sergeant Houck.

"What's the trouble, soldier?"

"No trouble," said Sergeant Houck. "Our friend here wants to ride up with you." He looked at the plump man. "Less dust up there. It's healthy and gives a good view."

"Now, wait a minute," said the man. "Where'd you get the idea—"

"Healthy," said Sergeant Houck.

The driver looked at the bleak, impassive hardness of Sergeant Houck and at the twitching softness of the plump man. "Reckon it would be," he said. "Come along. I'll boost you up."

The coach rolled along the false-fronted one street of a mushroom town and stopped before a frame building tagged Hotel. One of the coach doors opened and the plump man retrieved his hat and suitcase and scuttled into the building. The driver appeared at the coach door. "Last meal here before the night run," he said.

When they came out, the shadows were long and fresh horses had been harnessed. As they settled themselves again, a new driver, whip in hand, climbed up to the high seat and gathered the reins into his left hand. The whip cracked and the coach lurched forward and a young man ran out of the low building across the street carrying a saddle. He ran alongside and heaved the saddle up on the roof inside the guard-rail. He pulled at the door and managed to scramble in as the coach picked up speed. He dropped onto the front seat, puffing deeply. "Evening, ma'am," he said between puffs. "And you, general." He leaned forward to slap the boy gently along the jaw. "And you too, bub."

Sergeant Houck looked at the lean young man, at the faded Levis tucked into high-heeled boots, the plaid shirt, the amiable competent young face. He grunted a greeting, unintelligible but a pleasant sound.

"A man's legs ain't made for running," said the young man. "Just to fork a horse. That last drink was near too long."

"The Army'd put some starch in those legs," said Sergeant Houck.

"Maybe. Maybe that's why I ain't in the Army." The young man sat quietly, relaxed to the jolting of the coach. "Is there some other topic of genteel conversation you folks'd want to worry some?"

"No," said Sergeant Houck.

"Then maybe you'll pardon me," said the young man. "I hoofed it a lot of miles today." He worked hard at his boots and at last got them off and tucked them out of the way on the floor. He hitched himself up and over on the seat until he was resting on one hip. He put an arm on the window sill and cradled his head on it. His head dropped down and he was asleep.

Sergeant Houck felt a small bump on his left side. The boy had toppled against him. Sergeant Houck set the small body across his lap with the head nestled into the crook of his right arm. He leaned his head down and heard the soft little last sigh as drowsiness overcame the boy. He looked sidewise at the woman and dimly made out the outline of her head falling forward and jerking back up and he reached his left arm along the top of the seat until his hand touched her far shoulder. He felt her shoulder stiffen and then relax as she moved closer and leaned toward him. He slipped down lower in the seat so that her head could reach his shoulder and he felt the gentle touch of her brown hair on his neck above his shirt collar. He waited patiently and at last he could tell by her steady deep breathing that all fright had left her and all her thoughts were stilled.

The coach reached a rutted stretch and began to sway and the young man stirred and began to slide on the smooth leather of his seat. Sergeant Houck put up a foot and braced it against the seat edge and the young man's body rested against it. Sergeant Houck leaned his head back on the top of the seat. The stars came out in the clear sky and the running beat of the hoofs had the rhythm of a cavalry squad at a steady trot and gradually Sergeant Houck softened slightly into sleep.

SERGEANT HOUCK awoke, as always, all at once and aware. The coach had stopped. From the sounds outside, fresh horses were being buckled into the traces. The first light of dawn was creeping into the coach. He raised his head and he realized that he was stiff.

The young man was awake. He was inspecting the vast leather sole of Sergeant Houck's shoe. His eyes flicked up and met Sergeant Houck's eyes and he grinned.

"That's impressive footwear," he whispered. "You'd need starch in the legs with hoofs like that." He sat up and stretched, long and reaching, like a lazy young animal. "Hell," he whispered again. "You must be stiff as a branding iron." He took hold of Sergeant Houck's leg at the knee and hoisted it slightly so that Sergeant Houck could bend it and ease the foot down to the floor without disturbing the sleeping woman leaning against him. He stretched out both hands and gently lifted the sleeping boy from Sergeant Houck's lap and sat back with the boy in his arms. The young man studied the boy's face. "Can't be yours," he whispered.

"No," whispered Sergeant Houck.

"Must have some Indian strain."

"Yes."

The young man whispered down at the sleeping boy. "You can't help that, can you, bub?"

"No," said Sergeant Houck suddenly, out loud. "He can't."

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The woman jerked upright and pulled over to the window on her side, rubbing at her eyes. The boy woke up, wide awake on the instant, and saw the unfamiliar face above him and began to squirm violently. The young man clamped his arms tighter. "Morning, ma'am," he said. "Looks like I ain't such a good nursemaid."

Sergeant Houck reached out a hand and picked up the boy by a grip on the small overalls and deposited him in a sitting position on the seat beside the young man. The boy sat very still.

THE sun climbed into plain view and now the coach was stirring the dust of a well-worn road. It stopped where another road crossed and the young man inside pulled on his boots. He bobbed his head in the direction of a group of low buildings up the side road. "Think I'll try it there. They'll be peeling broncs about now and the foreman knows I can sit a saddle." He opened a door and jumped to the ground and turned to poke his head in. "Hope you make it right," he said. "Wherever you're heading." The door closed and he could be heard scrambling up the back of the coach to get his saddle. There was a thump as he and the saddle hit the ground and then voices began outside, rising in tone.

Sergeant Houck pushed his head through the window beside him. The young man and the driver were facing each other over the saddle. The young man was pulling the pockets of his Levis inside out. "Lookahere, Will," he said. "You know I'll kick in soon as I have some cash. Hell, I've hooked rides with you before."

"Not now no more," said the driver. "The company's sore. They hear of this they'd have my job. I'll have to hold the saddle."

"You touch that saddle and they'll pick you up in pieces from here to breakfast."

Sergeant Houck fumbled for his inside jacket pocket. He whistled. The two men turned. He looked hard at the young man. "There's something on the seat in here. Must have slipped out of your pocket."

The young man leaned in and saw the two silver dollars on the hard seat and looked up at Sergeant Houck. "You've been in spots yourself," he said.

"Yes," said Sergeant Houck.

The young man grinned. He picked up the two coins in one hand and swung the other to slap Sergeant Houck's leg, sharp and stinging and grateful. "Age ain't hurting you any, general," he said.

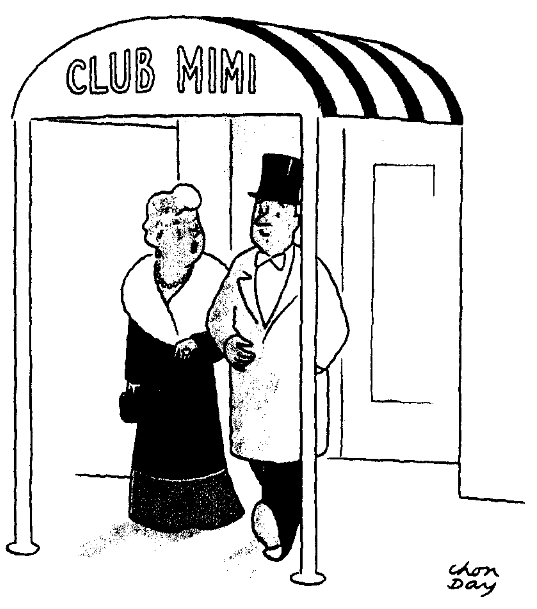
The coach started up and the woman looked at Sergeant Houck. The minutes passed and still she looked at him.

"If I'd had brains enough to get married," he said, "might be I'd have had a son. Might have been one like that."

The woman looked away, out her window. She reached up to pat at her hair and the firm line of her lips softened in the tiny imperceptible beginnings of a smile. The minutes passed and Sergeant Houck stirred again. "It's the upbringing that counts," he said and settled into silent immobility, watching the miles go by.

It was near noon when they stopped in Laramie and Sergeant Houck handed the woman out and tucked the boy under one arm and led the way to the waiting room. He settled the woman and the boy in two chairs and left them. He was back soon, driving a light buckboard wagon drawn by a pair of deep-barreled chestnuts. The wagon bed was well padded with layers of empty burlap bags. He went into the waiting room and picked up the boy and beckoned to the woman to follow. He put the boy down on the burlap bags and helped the woman up on the driving seat.

"Straight out the road, they tell me," he said. "About fifteen miles. Then right along the creek. Can't miss it."



"I'd think they could afford a few more feathers"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

He stood by the wagon, staring along the road. The woman leaned from the seat and clutched at his shoulder. Her voice was high and frightened. "You're going with me?" Her fingers clung to his service jacket. "Please! You've got to!"

Sergeant Houck put a hand over hers on his shoulder and released her fingers. "Yes. I'm going." He put the child in her lap and stepped to the seat and took the reins. The wagon moved forward.

"You're afraid," he said.

"They haven't told him," she said, "about the boy."

Sergeant Houck's hands tightened on the reins and the horses slowed to a walk. He clucked sharply to them and slapped the reins on their backs and they quickened again into a trot. The wagon topped a slight rise and the road sloped downward for a long stretch to where the green of trees and tall bushes showed in the distance. A jack rabbit started from the scrub growth by the roadside and leaped high and leveled out, a gray-brown streak. The horses shied and broke rhythm and quieted to a walk under the firm pressure of the reins. Sergeant Houck kept them at a walk, easing the heat out of their muscles, down the long slope to the trees. He let them step into the creek up to their knees and dip their muzzles in the clear running water. The front wheels of the wagon were in the creek and he reached behind him to find a tin dipper tucked among the burlap bags and leaned far out to dip up water for the woman and the boy and himself. He backed the team out of the creek and swung them into the wagon ruts leading along the bank to the right.

The creek was on their left and the sun was behind them, warm on their backs, and the shadows of the horses pushed ahead. The shadows were longer, stretching farther ahead, when they rounded a bend along the creek and the buildings came in sight, the two-room cabin and the several lean-to sheds and the rickety pole corral. A man was standing by one of the sheds and when Sergeant Houck stopped the team he came toward them and stopped about twenty feet away. He was not young, perhaps in his middle thirties, but with the young look of a man on whom the years have made no mark except that of the simple passing of time. He was tall, soft and loose-jointed in build, and indecisive in manner and movement. His eyes wavered as he looked at the woman, and the fingers of his hand hanging limp at his sides twitched as he waited for her to speak.

She climbed down her side of the wagon and faced him. She stood straight and the sun behind her shone on her hair. "Well, Fred," she said. "I'm here."

"Cora," he said. "It's been a long time, Cora. I didn't know you'd come so soon."

"Why didn't you come get me? Why didn't you, Fred?"

"I didn't rightly know what to do, Cora. It was all so mixed up. Thinking you were dead. Then hearing about you. And what happened. I had to think about things. And I couldn't get away easy. I was going to try maybe next week."

"I hoped you'd come. Right away when you heard."

His body twisted uneasily while his feet remained flat and motionless on the ground. "Your hair's still pretty," he said. "The way it used to be."

Something like a sob caught in her throat and she started toward him. Sergeant Houck stepped down on the other side of the wagon and walked off to the creek and kneeled to bend and wash the dust from his face. He stood drying his face with a handkerchief and watching the little eddies of the current around several stones in the creek. He heard the voices behind him.

"Wait, Fred. There's something you have to know."

"That kid? What's it doing here with you?"

"It's mine, Fred."

"Yours? Where'd you get it?"

"It's my child. Mine."

There was silence and then the man's voice, bewildered, hurt. "So it's really true what they said. About that Indian."

"Yes. He bought me. By their rules I belonged to him. I wouldn't be alive and here now, any other way. I didn't have any say about it."

There was silence again and then the man spoke, self-pity creeping into his tone. "I didn't count on anything like this."

Sergeant Houck walked back to the wagon. The woman seemed relieved at the interruption. "This is Sergeant Houck," she said. "He brought me all the way."

The man nodded his head and raised a hand to shove back the sandy hair that kept falling forward on his forehead. "I suppose I ought to thank you, soldier. All that trouble."

"No trouble," said Sergeant Houck.

The man pushed at the ground in front of him with one shoe, poking the toe into the dirt and studying it. "I suppose we ought to go inside. It's near suppertime. I guess you'll be taking a meal here, soldier, before you start back to town."

"Right," said Sergeant Houck. "And I'm tired. I'll stay the night, too. Start in the morning. Sleep in one of those sheds."

The man pushed at the ground more vigorously. The little pile of dirt in front of his shoe seemed to interest him a great deal. "All right, soldier. Sorry there're no quarters inside." He turned quickly and started for the cabin.

THE woman took the boy from the wagon and followed him. Sergeant Houck unharnessed the horses and led them to the creek for a drink and to the corral and let them through the gate. He walked quietly to the cabin doorway and stopped just outside.

"For God's sake, Cora," the man was saying, "I don't see why you had to bring that kid with you. You could have told me about it. I didn't have to see him."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, now we've got the problem of how to get rid of him. Have to find a mission or some place that'll take him. Why didn't you leave him where he came from?"

"No! He's mine!"

"Good God, Cora! Are you crazy? Think you can foist off a thing like that on me?"

Sergeant Houck stepped through the doorway. "Thought I heard something about supper," he said. He looked around the small room, then let his eyes rest on the

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man. "I see the makings on those shelves. Come along, Mr. Sutliff. A woman doesn't want men cluttering about when she's getting a meal. Show me your place before it gets dark."

He stood, waiting, and the man scraped at the floor with one foot and slowly stood up and went with him.

THEY were well beyond earshot of the cabin when Sergeant Houck spoke again. "How long were you married? Before it happened?"

"Six years," said the man. "No, seven. It was seven when we lost the last place and headed this way with the train."

"Seven years," said Sergeant Houck. "And no child."

"It just didn't happen. I don't know why." The man stopped and looked sharply at Sergeant Houck. "Oh. So that's the way *you're looking at it.*"

"Yes," said Sergeant Houck. "Now you've got one. A son."

"Not mine," said the man. "You can talk. It's not *your* wife. It's bad enough thinking of taking an Indian's leavings." He wiped his lips on his sleeve and spat in disgust. "I'll be damned if I'll take his kid."

"Not his any more. He's dead."

"Look, man. Look how it'd be. A damned little half-breed. Around all the time to make me remember what she did. A reminder of things I'd want to forget."

"Could be a reminder that she had some mighty hard going. And maybe come through the better for it."

"*She* had hard going! What about me? Thinking she was dead. Getting used to that. Maybe thinking of another woman. Then she comes back—and an Indian kid with her. What does that make me?"

"Could make you a man," said Sergeant Houck. "*Think it over.*" *He turned* away and went to the corral and leaned on the rail, watching the horses roll the sweat-itches out of the dry sod. The man went slowly down by the creek and stood on the bank, pushing at the dirt with one shoe and kicking small pebbles into the water. The sun, holding to the horizon rim, dropped suddenly out of sight and dusk came swiftly to blur the outlines of the buildings. The woman appeared in the doorway and called and they went in. There was simple food on the table and the woman stood beside it. "I've already fed him," she said and moved her head toward the door to the inner room.

Sergeant Houck ate steadily and reached to refill his plate. The man picked briefly at the food before him and stopped, and the woman ate nothing at all. The man put his hands on the table edge and pushed back and stood up. He went to a side shelf and took a bottle and two thick cups and set them by his plate. He filled the cups a third full from the bottle and shoved one along the table boards toward Sergeant Houck. He lifted the other. His voice was bitter. "Happy home-coming," he said. He waited and Sergeant Houck took the other cup and they drank. The man lifted the bottle and poured himself another drink.

The woman looked quickly at him and away. "Please, Fred."

The man paid no attention. He reached with the bottle toward the other cup.

"No," said Sergeant Houck.

The man shrugged. "You can think better on whisky. Sharpens the mind." He set the bottle down and took his cup and drained it. Sergeant Houck fumbled in his right side pocket and found a short straight straw there and pulled it out and put one end in his mouth and chewed slowly on it. The man and the woman sat still, opposite each other at the table, and seemed to forget his quiet presence. They stared everywhere except at each other. Yet their attention was plainly concentrated on each other. The man spoke first. His voice was restrained, carrying conscious patience.

"Look, Cora. You wouldn't want to do that to me. You can't mean what you said before."

Her voice was determined. "He's mine."

"Now, Cora. You don't want to push it too far. A man can take just so much. I didn't know what to do after I heard about you. But I was all ready to forgive you. And now you—"

"Forgive me!" She knocked against her chair rising to her feet. Hurt and bewilderment made her voice ragged as she repeated the words. "Forgive me?" She turned and ran into the inner room. The handleless door banged shut behind her.

The man stared after her and shook his head and reached again for the bottle.

"Enough's enough," said Sergeant Houck.

The man shrugged in quick irritation. "For you maybe," he said and poured himself another drink. "Is there any reason you should be noseying in on this?"

"My orders," said Sergeant Houck, "were to deliver them safely. Both of them."

"You've done that," said the man. He lifted the cup and drained it and set it down carefully. "They're here."

"Yes," said Sergeant Houck. "They're here." He stood up and stepped to the outside door and looked into the night. He waited a moment until his eyes were accustomed to the darkness and could distinguish objects faintly in the starlight. He stepped out and went to the pile of straw *behind one of the sheds and took an armload* and carried it back by the cabin and dropped it at the foot of a tree by one corner. He sat on it, his legs stretched out, his shoulders against the tree, and broke off a straw stem and chewed slowly on it. After a while his jaws stopped their slow slight movement and his head sank forward and his eyes closed.

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

SERGEANT HOUCK woke up abruptly. He was on his feet in a moment, and listening. He heard the faint sound of voices in the cabin, indistinct but rising as the tension rose in them. He went toward the doorway and stopped just short of the rectangle of light from the lamp.

"You're not going to have anything to do with me!" The woman's voice was harsh with stubborn anger. "Not until this has been settled right!"

"Aw, come on, Cora." The man's voice was fuzzy, slow-paced. "We'll talk about that in the morning."

"No!"

"All right!" Sudden fury made the man's voice shake. "You want it settled now! Well, it's settled! We're getting rid of that damn' kid first thing tomorrow!"

"No!"

"What gave you the idea you've got any say around here after what you did? I'm the one to say what's to be done. You don't be careful, maybe I won't take you back."

"Maybe I don't want you to!"

"So damn' finicky all of a sudden! After being with that Indian and maybe a lot more!"

Sergeant Houck stepped through the doorway. The man's back was to him, and he spun him around and his right hand smacked against the side of the man's face and sent him staggering against the wall.

"Forgetting your manners won't help," said Sergeant Houck. He looked around, and the woman had disappeared into the inner room. The man leaned against the wall, rubbing his cheek, and she came out, the boy in her arms, and ran toward the outer door.

"Cora!" the man shouted. "Cora!"

She stopped, a brief hesitation in flight. "I don't belong to you," she said and was gone through the doorway. The man *pushed out from the wall and started after* her and the great bulk of Sergeant Houck blocked the way.

"You heard her," said Sergeant Houck. "She doesn't belong to anybody now. Nobody but that boy."

The man stared at him and some of the fury went out of his eyes and he stumbled *to his chair at the table and reached for* the bottle. Sergeant Houck watched him a moment, then turned and quietly went outside. He walked toward the corral and as he passed the second shed, she came out of the darker shadows and her voice, low and intense, whispered at him.

"I've got to go. I can't stay here."

Sergeant Houck nodded and went on to the corral. He harnessed the horses quickly and with a minimum of sound. He finished buckling the traces and stood straight and looked toward the cabin. He walked to the doorway and stepped inside. The man was leaning forward in his chair, his elbows on the table, staring at the empty bottle.

"It's finished," said Sergeant Houck. "She's leaving now."

The man shook his head and pushed at the bottle with one forefinger. "She can't do that." He looked up at Sergeant Houck and sudden rage began to show in his eyes. "She can't do that! She's my wife!"

"Not any more," said Sergeant Houck. "Best forget she ever came back." He started toward the door and heard the sharp sound of the chair scraping on the floor behind him. The man's voice rose, shrilling up almost into a shriek.

"Stop!" The man rushed to the wall rack and grabbed the rifle there and held it low and aimed it at Sergeant Houck. "Stop!" He was breathing deeply and he fought for control of his voice. "You're not going to take her away!"

Sergeant Houck turned slowly. He stood still, a motionless granite shape in the lamplight.

"Threatening an Army man," said Sergeant Houck. "And with an empty gun."

The man wavered and his eyes flicked down at the rifle. In the second of indecision Sergeant Houck plunged toward him and one huge hand grasped the gun barrel and pushed it aside and the shot thudded harmlessly into the cabin wall. He wrenched the gun from the man's grasp and his other hand took the man by the shirt front and pushed him down into the chair.

"No more of that," said Sergeant Houck. "Best sit quiet." He looked around the room and found the box of cartridges on a shelf and he took this with the rifle and went to the door. "Look around in the *morning and you'll find these.*" He went outside and tossed the gun up on the roof of one of the sheds and dropped the little box by the pile of straw and kicked some straw over it. He went to the wagon and stood by it and the woman came out of the darkness, carrying the boy.

THE wagon wheels rolled silently. The small creakings of the wagon body and the thudding rhythm of the horses' hoofs were distinct, isolated sounds in the night. The creek was on their right and they followed the road back the way they had come. The woman moved on the seat, shifting the boy's weight from one arm to the other, until Sergeant Houck took him by the overalls and lifted him and reached behind to lay him on the burlap bags. "A good boy," he said. "Has the Indian way of taking things without yapping. A good way."

The thin new tracks in the dust unwound *endlessly under the wheels and the waning* moon climbed through the scattered bushes and trees along the creek.

"I have relatives in Missouri," said the woman. "I could go there."

Sergeant Houck fumbled in his side pocket and found a straw and put this in his mouth and chewed slowly on it. "Is that what you want?"

"No."

They came to the main-road crossing and swung left and the dust thickened under the horses' hoofs. The lean dark shape of a coyote slipped from the brush on one side and bounded along the road and disappeared on the other side.

"I'm forty-seven," said Sergeant Houck. "Nearly thirty of that in the Army. Makes a man rough."

The woman looked straight ahead and a small smile showed in the corners of her mouth.

"Four months," said Sergeant Houck, "and this last hitch's done. I'm thinking of homesteading on out in the Territory." He chewed on the straw and took it between a thumb and forefinger and flipped it away. "You could get a room at the settlement."

"I could," said the woman. The horses slowed to a walk, breathing deeply, and he let them hold the steady, plodding pace. Far off a coyote howled and others caught the signal and the sounds echoed back and forth in the distance and died away into the night silence.

"Four months," said Sergeant Houck. "That's not so long."

"No," said the woman. "Not too long."

A breeze stirred across the brush and she put out a hand and touched his shoulder. Her fingers moved down along his upper arm and curved over the big muscles there and the warmth of them sank through the cloth of his worn service jacket. She dropped her hand in her lap again and looked ahead along the ribbon of the road. He clucked to the horses and urged them again into a trot and the small creakings of the wagon body and the dulled rhythm of the hoofs were gentle sounds in the night.

The late moon climbed and its pale light shone slantwise down on the moving wagon, on the sleeping boy and the woman *looking straight ahead, and on the great* solid figure of Sergeant Houck. THE END

Parade Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

than the others just to show that he was the boss. They swung into another narrow street and halfway along there was an opening into another long street, which went away from the sun.

On either side this street was bounded by two-story half-bricked houses with their doorsteps right on the narrow paths flanking the macadam. They were nice houses and you knew from the appearance of them that their owners were poor and maybe honest, but clean in the main, because the curtains behind the windowpanes were of white starched lace shown off by a bowl of the inevitable geraniums.

THE street was remarkable for only one thing: that was the figure of the small boy who stood in the center of it, halfway up and watching from his distance the colorful conglomeration passing him below. His hair was red and his eyes were blue and his face was very pale. Everybody knows that people with red hair have pale complexions if they haven't very red ones. There is no in-between with red hair. But even allowing for that, the boy's face was much paler than nature had intended it to be. The face was thin and the shoulders in the red gansey were narrow. It was only when you allowed your eyes to travel down that you noticed the heavy bandage where the kneecap should have been and the steel brace with the bright new straps. You understood then, perhaps, why he was so thin and looked so pale.

It was one of Mico's junior satellites who drew his attention to the figure in the street, just before the band had passed by the opening.

"Mico! Mico!" he screamed. "It's Joe! Lookit Joe! He's out! They musta let 'm out!"

Mico glanced at him. He couldn't hear. "What is it, Snitch?" he asked, his hand to his ear.

Snitch, despairing of making himself understood by word of mouth, pointed frantically to the fast disappearing opening. Mico screwed his head around to take a look, spotted the figure of Joe and left the procession with a leap.

"Hey, fellas," he roared, "it's Joe! Joe is back!" and he dived into the throng, promptly followed by seven or eight of his fellows. The band watched their departure with relief in their eyes, and as they passed on, you could almost hear a sigh of relief being squeezed from the instruments.

Joe, his eyes shining a little, was soon surrounded by boys; by Mico, taller than any of them except poor, skinny Joe, and Snitch the smallest of them, his jerseyed arm rising constantly to wipe a freely running nose. Then Pakey, Padneen, and John Willie, the three brothers whose eventual death on the gallows was predicted by harassed parents in the neighborhood; and Yank, so called because he still wore the trousers of a sailor suit which a fond aunt in America had sent him for Christmas; and a small, very fat boy known as Dripping for obvious reasons.

All talking at once they were: "Jay, Joe, what did they do t' y'? Whin did they let y' out, Joe? Jay, Joe look at the yoke on the leg! What's it for, Joe? Jay, isn't it a wonder?"

Joe felt good. It seemed a long time ago that he had gone to hospital. It was only six months, but it was like that many years. He had been the leader of them then, with Mico number two. Now Mico was the big noise. But Joe didn't mind. Just to be out again. To see them. Their faces excited with seeing him. It was great. It was all past. The pain in the knee that he couldn't understand; going to hospital with fear in his heart—he had seen so many people from the street going to that hospital, and the next thing you were walking behind them and they stiff in wooden boxes being carried in a hearse with the horses in front and white yokes around their necks and their hoofs polished. He had been waiting all the time to be carried out in the wooden box so that when they told him they would have to take off his kneecap and after that he would be all right, he didn't mind. Anything at all, so that he wouldn't die and not see the fellas any more.

He was as good as new now. Just that it was a bit of a nuisance to have your leg in the brace, so that you couldn't run very fast, or walk very fast for that matter. It was funny to think that you would never have a knee like other fellas, that your leg would never bend in the middle again, but it didn't matter now, with the fellas around him. It was worth it all to see them. Forget the pain in the white bed and the smell of stuff all around you that never went away, so that even the scent of the flowers outside seemed to be tainted with it. Now, with the sun shining out of the blue sky and the fellas all around asking questions and carrying on, what did it all matter? Divil a thing really.

He walked about a bit to show them how the brace worked.

"See the way it's stuck into the heel of the boot, fellas," he pointed out. "It comes upta here on your leg and y' strap it. See!" He pulled up the leg of his trousers to show it to them.

"Jay" and "Jayney" and more colorful words issued from them in a splurge of admiration and envy. "Jayney, isn't it well for you, Joe?" Mico said with his voice wistful. "None at all of the fellas this side of the town has a brace. Have yeh no knee at all, Joe?"

"No," said Joe proudly. "They cut off me knee altogether."

"Jaykers!" they chorused again.

"Walk about a bit'll we see it workin', Joe," suggested Mico.

So Joe took his steps, having to lift the brace a little in the air and swing it in a circle to get his bad leg ahead of the other. They were thrilled with this and proceeded to imitate him, stiffening one leg at the knee and swinging it in a semicircle. The band, whose music had faded into the distance, was forgotten as they went around in a ring after Joe.

But Joe suddenly felt very tired, and the sweat which broke out on his forehead was cold, so he stretched his bad leg in front of him and sat on the edge of the hot concrete path. They squatted around him and plied him with questions. Was it bad havin' his knee cut off? No, it wasn't, because they put a yoke over your kisser and you breathe in and you go to sleep and when you wake up the job's done, and there y'are. After, it's a bit sore. What did he get to eat? Was it good stuff or bad stuff? Oh, good! Eggs and milk and every day a sweet after dinner. A what after dinner? A sweet—y'know, the sort of stuff big shots have, red jelly in a sort of saucer plate and white stuff with it that melted in your mouth. Jay, imagine that! And apples and oranges every day near, and fellas in the ward with him that made him presents of this and that, sweets and chocolate and things. Oh, terrifico! Jay, they wished they had to go to hospital and get their knees cut off and get jelly and the white stuff and all the other rackets. And a grand steel brace at the end of it all. All for nix, too.

Joe felt very good. He hadn't been expecting this at all. Here he was a sort of hero to be envied, and he half expecting to be a bit jeered at, as a sort of unfit person who was defective in the body. He knew from experience in this neighborhood what it meant to have weak eyes, say. "Four eyes" you were called, and they would pinch your steel-framed glasses and jeer at your fumbling around to find them, and when they had reduced you to weak tears you would get them back again. If your legs were defective you would be called "Hoppity," and if you had a squint you would be called "Gunner." Now, here he was, his fears laid at rest, the hero of the hour, and the fellas practically jealous of the evil that had befallen him.

Half an hour at least they were sitting there, closely questioning him and surmising and telling him the news of things they had done since he went away, and then faintly in the distance could be heard the sound of the band returning from the parade.

It was Snitch was the first to notice it.

"Whist, lads," said he, stopping the talk. "Is that the band comin' back again?"

They listened.

"That's it, all right," said Pakey.

"Are they goin' t' come back the same way?" Yank asked.

"Sure," said Mico, "they always do. Don't they, Joe?"

"They always did," said Joe, picturing to himself hearing the band at home when he might be sitting down to his tea, maybe, stuffing bread and jam into his mouth, and he would swallow off the scalding tea, his mother berating him and saying: "Time enough, time enough you'll be out to see the damn' band. Eat your bread slow! Drink your tea slow! You'll end up with a bad stomach like your father, so you will!" But he wouldn't have the patience to finish anything. He'd be out the door and flying down the street, twisting around the corner, chewing the last bit, and out of the other houses the other kids would be coming, stuffing their mouths, roaring through it, "Hi, Joe, wait for me, Joe, wait for me!" But Joe couldn't wait. He was very fleet and he'd always be the first there to join the band or watch a dogfight or a man fight or two cats fighting on a tin roof.

A restlessness came over the boys as the strains of the band became louder and louder. Joe could feel it and he could feel his own heart thumping. They all rose to their feet and instinctively turned their heads toward the end of the street where at any moment the band would appear. Then Snitch started running without a word. You couldn't blame Snitch in a way. He was so small that he had to have a good head start of the others if he wanted to end up anywhere near them.

"Hi, Snitch!" Mico yelled, but Snitch just dug his chin deeper into his neck and ran on.

"After'm, fellas!" roared Padneen, taking the lead.

The others whooped and chased after Padneen. All except Mico.

"Hey, what about Joe?" Mico yelled after them.

They paid not the least attention.

Mico looked at Joe.

"Come on, Joe, run!" he said.

"All right, Mico," said Joe, lifting his braced leg and swinging it in a semicircle. He hopped a few steps at a fast pace. Mico, ahead of him, half turned, running sideways, looking back at him. Joe halted. He felt his heart thumping and he knew his face was paler.

"Run, Joe, run!" said Mico more urgently, sensing the imminent appearance of the band.

"All right, Mico," said Joe, starting up again. A few steps at a fast pace.

"That's it, Joe," Mico encouraged him. "Faster! Faster!"

Joe stopped. His strained eyes looked at Mico and there was an appeal in them.

"I can't, Mico," said Joe, "I can't run."

"You can, a course," said Mico, still moving away, turning his head to see how close the band might be. "Come on, Joe, you can do it, so you can!"

Joe just stood there in the center of the road and shook his head.

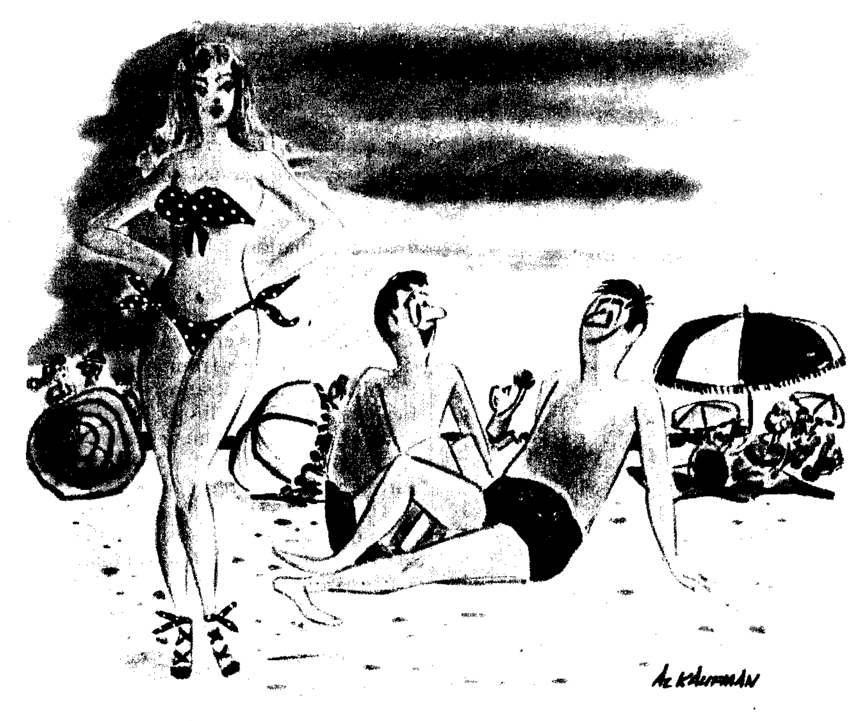
"Ah, come on, Joe, for God's sake!" said Mico impatiently. He looked toward the end of the street. The head of the band parade was already appearing around the corner. Mico gave Joe a last look. "Are y' comin', Joe?" he asked, and then he turned his head away finally and bolted down the street.

MICO'S back became smaller and smaller, as Joe watched. He saw the mouth of the street being filled with the bodies of the children, and the sun reflecting blindingly from the polished instruments. He saw the tall figure of Mico pressing and pushing until he had reached the head of the procession, where he arched his body and swung an imaginary baton.

The noise and the hoots and the cheers and the singing passed by and left only the echo behind them.

Joe stood there a little longer and then he sat painfully on the path. He was alone. He couldn't check the hotness behind his eyes, the empty feeling in his wasted body. He pressed the palms of his almost transparent hands into the sun-heated pavement and he prayed desperately. Very deep inside himself with his eyes tight shut, he prayed: "Please, Jesus Christ, don't let them call me Hoppity. Please don't let them call me Hoppity."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I bet she'd be a knockout in a bathing suit" AL KAUFMAN

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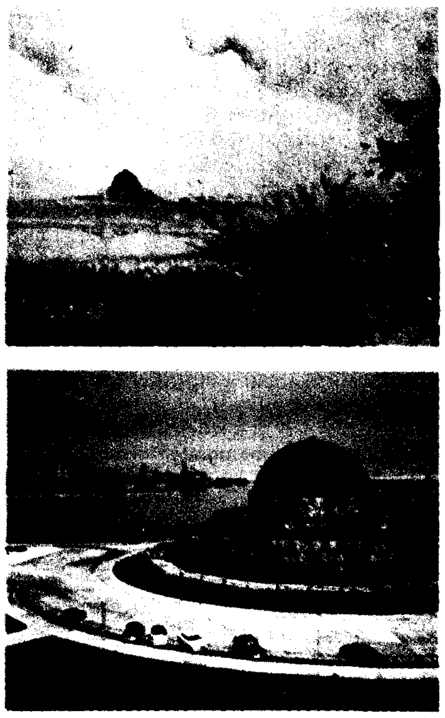
Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

(May 26th), illustrated by the excellent pictures by Chen Chi. I have heard favorable comments from a number of friends and feel that you should know that this type of illustration and article is of real interest to your readers.

I hope that you will give us more Chen Chi in succeeding issues.

ROLAND ELLIOTT, New York, N. Y.



Planetarium: Chen Chi vs. camera

. . . I enjoyed Chen Chi's excellent paintings of Chicago except that, to my literal mind, the Adler Planetarium seemed a little too fanciful. It looks as if it were floating in mist above a swampy meadow. Actually, its surroundings are quite citified.

KARL H. BAUER, Chicago, Ill.

. . . COVER PICTURE THIS WEEK BEST I HAVE SEEN I STOOD THERE YESTERDAY BUT HOW CAN VESSELS FADE THROUGH MICHIGAN AVENUE BRIDGE PLEASE EDIT.

DR. L. B. KRATZ, Cincinnati, Ohio

Tom Fransioli's cover was well edited. The excursion boat doesn't go through the Michigan Avenue bridge—but it could if it wanted to. Like the other 15 Chicago bridges, the one shown on the cover opens in the middle, permitting passageway for boats.

Wanted in Washington

EDITOR: To say that I am puzzled about the actions and the attitude of our State Department, is putting it rather mildly. But in the article by Seymour Freidin The Man Who Says No to Stalin (May 26th), I find the answer to all our problems insofar as the State Department is concerned. Why not import Karl Gruber, Austria's Foreign Minister, and make him our Secretary of State? Here is a man among the puny statesmen of the world! Honest, bold and uncompromising in the very midst of his enemies, this man is such a man as America needs. When we compare him with the "yes-men" and "fancy pants" in our government, it should make you, as it does me, blush with shame.

REV. WILLIAM M. REED, Salisbury, Md.

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

just as well that Captain Homer O. Bringle didn't show up. The Captain, five times a runner-up but never a winner, announced that he'd win this time or eat the man who beat him. Mr. Wally Haenel won—134 fried smelts—and not only departed under his own power but shook hands all around and delivered a ringing patriotic address. Mr. Haenel might have stopped at 115, one better than the record, but a television camera arrived as he downed the 110th and he obligingly polished off another platter.

★ ★ ★

There was so much applause in Cleveland, Ohio, when the United Automobile Workers came out flatly against organized gambling that an equally vigorous and virtuous declaration seems to have been overlooked. The UAW also denounced polygamy. We phoned our UAW man who explained that this was done while the delegates were drawing up resolutions condemning inflation. "Polygamy," he told us, "is inflation too."

★ ★ ★

Whenever a government agency wants to stall on anything—from a note from the Kremlin to a denunciation by Congressman Featherfinder at a Lions luncheon in No Lady Junction, Wyoming—it announces it is "studying" the matter. In the State Department they were "studying" a recent survey of the Minnesota Poll of Public Opinion. Minnesota had found that only 51 per cent of her adult population could locate Korea on the map; 53 per cent managed to find Germany, but only 46 per cent knew where Formosa was. China was more familiar, 64 per cent being able to locate that perishing country. After "studying" this discouraging state of affairs for some time, a striped-pants conferee sighed: "If Minnesota reflects the situation in the rest of the country, what's *everybody* been yelling about for the past year?"

★ ★ ★

Think you're tough? Think you can take it? Okay. Our money is on Mr. Demetrius H. Pitchonis, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. There's a man who can stand up under punishment and like it. Mr. Pitchonis keeps 300 birds in his bedroom—parakeets, Japanese nightingales, Brazilian cardinals, finches, blue jays, parrots, thrushes and 17 varieties of canaries. Mr. Pitchonis permits some to fly about his room at will. Others prefer the privacy of their cages. Mr. Pitchonis is a calm, well-preserved man of sixty-three, a condition he ascribes to getting plenty of sleep and having a pleasant hobby. We, weakling that we are, couldn't get to sleep for hours just thinking of Mr. Pitchonis and his 300 roommates. And then we dreamed about them.

★ ★ ★

If they said it once, they've said it a thousand times. Patrolmen J. D. Stevenson and M. J. Wise, of the Dallas Police Department, were convinced that their churches could do much more about crime prevention. Said so, too. Dallas will soon see exactly what they meant. Both have resigned to become Baptist ministers.

★ ★ ★

We almost forgot to tell you we met a man in Washington who, having been cleared by the FBI, had been working for the government for a month when the FBI called on him again. They were very nice about it, but said that in checking the form he made out before going to work he had overlooked answering one question. The question: "Are you able to lift heavy packages?" He's in the Treasury Department.

General Ike's Miracle Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Somehow he managed to maintain his usual poise during those days, even when it looked as though the fugitive government and everyone with it would be caught in the Nazi-Soviet nutcracker.

The only precaution he took was to carry his revolver—a .38-caliber police positive—in a specially made shoulder holster tucked under his pin stripe.

A Telegram with Good News

One day, in a primitive village of southern Poland, Biddle went to call on Foreign Minister Jozef Beck, who had set up his office in a stable. The ambassador had good news—a telegram from President Roosevelt offering the Poles $50,000 worth of sorely needed medical supplies.

Just as he stepped into the stall where Beck had his desk, a shell exploded outside and the blast blew the telegram out of Biddle's hand. Both men bent down to pick it up—and the American Ambassador's gun fell on the floor.

"The Foreign Minister looked a bit startled," Biddle recalls, "and I must say I was rather nonplused myself."

Smiling, Beck returned the gun, then reached into his hip pocket and drew out his own pistol.

"It's a bit awkward wearing it back there," he told Biddle. "Do you suppose I could borrow your holster for a day and have one made like it?"

Biddle no longer packs a gun to work; he keeps it at home—a two-story house near Ike's recently completed headquarters a few miles west of Paris. There he's settled down for as long as necessary with his young Canadian-born wife, Margaret, and their two children. Their son, named after his father, but better known as Antonio—is two and a half, and Margaret, Jr., is still in the cradle.

Mrs. Biddle shares her husband's knack for handling delicate European sensibilities. During the war, when still in her twenties, she was Canadian representative on General Eisenhower's civil affairs staff; later as a director of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in Germany, she was responsible for sending the first group of displaced persons back to America. Biddle met her in 1945 and married her a year later.

It was at Eisenhower's request that Biddle became one of the nucleus of handpicked officers assigned to SHAPE last winter. He'd been serving in Washington as the Department of the Army's Foreign Liaison Officer when he was suddenly ordered to fly to Europe on three days' notice, to prepare the way for Ike's dramatic inspection trip of the Allied military forces.

An enormous job confronted Biddle when he landed in Paris last January 5th. There was a twofold purpose to Eisenhower's trip: he wanted to see whether Western Europe had the physical and moral resources on which to build a common defense force; and he hoped to stiffen our Allies' will to resist by imparting his own confidence to peoples and statesmen alike. At the time, the free world's morale was at a low ebb. A wave of defeatism had swept over Europe like a clammy fog in the wake of the first massive Chinese offensive in Korea. The Reds seemed unbeatable and anxious millions were toying with the concept of "neutralism" as a means of appeasing the Kremlin.

Biddle's task was to work out all arrangements for Ike's whirlwind, businesslike tour without giving any nation the feeling that it was being slighted. In the prevailing atmosphere, it was not an easy assignment.

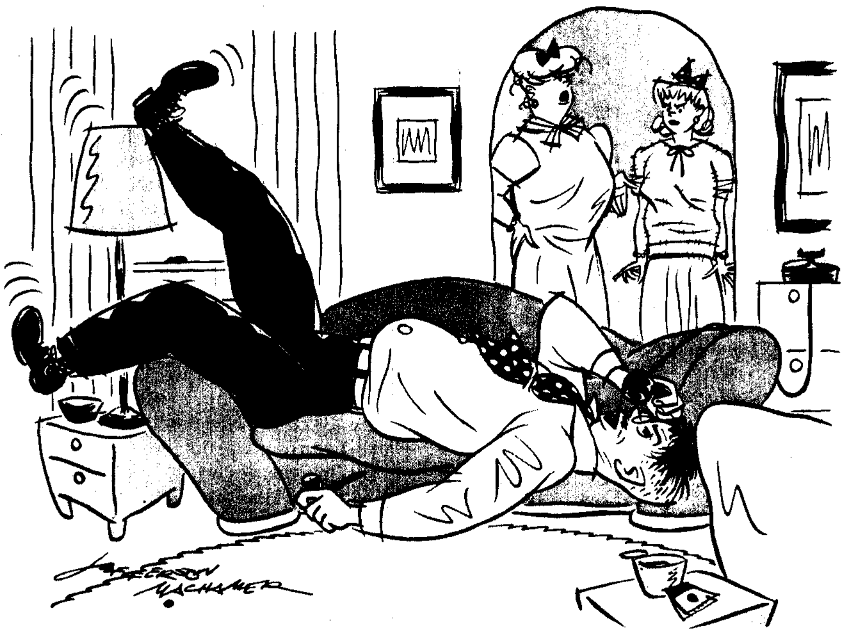
"We had to be very careful of national sensitivities," one of the advance party recalled later. "The least brush-off, which might result from natural pressure, could easily have ruined General Ike's conferences before they got under way. Thank Heaven Tony was with us. I hate to think of what might have happened."

Cutting Down on Ceremony

The problem was complicated by the necessity for speed. "General Eisenhower told me in Washington he wanted to make every minute count on his trip," Biddle explained. "That meant cutting down official parties and ceremonies to a minimum. I had to make this plain to all sorts of officials in Europe who wanted to give him the usual VIP treatment."

Biddle makes the assignment sound casual. But take it from the officers who accompanied him, this was a delicate, harassing and potentially explosive mission.

At every airport where the Army C-54 bearing Biddle and his contingent alighted, groups of men and women rushed forward when the door opened. As Biddle came down the stairs, he'd be surrounded by old friends happily pumping his hand and embracing him. Government officials, civic leaders and ordinary citizens who had met him once or twice—all were delighted to



COLLIER'S "You simply *must* set a better telephone example for your father!" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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see Biddle again and they wanted to show their enthusiasm by showering invitations on him for Eisenhower.

"The requests came like a storm," Colonel John Virden, a member of the inspection team, told us. "This society and that group were all waiting to hear General Ike. They stood around with such hopeful expressions that I didn't know what to say. If we accepted one twentieth of all those invitations, General Ike would never have got any work done."

Then Biddle intervened. Informally, and with hearty good fellowship, he accepted virtually every invitation—with reservations. It would be a pleasure, he told all the prospective hosts, if there was time. They had to remember, though, that time was most important and General Eisenhower wanted to use it all to discuss mutual defense.

"Tony, you just tell us what you want and we'll do it," was the invariable reply.

So sensitive feelings were spared, old friendships were strengthened and General Eisenhower was able to proceed to each Atlantic Pact nation to talk business with only the barest minimum time out for ceremony. The trip was a great success.

"General Ike," Biddle tells you, "has given all of us a sense of urgency without anxiety. He has inspired Europe with a sense of confidence and reassurance. General Ike hasn't just made allies. He's made good friends."

That's something at which Biddle is a past master—making and keeping friends. In his years of service as soldier and diplomat, Tony Biddle has made more friends for the United States than perhaps any other man at a comparable level in public service.

"Chalk it up to his charm and his calm," a tough combat officer explained. "Tony isn't a socialite smoothie. He's rugged in a rugged situation and he has a tremendous sense of right and wrong."

Fistic Skill Acquired Early

Biddle started out making friends early in life. By the time he progressed to St. Paul's school in Concord, New Hampshire, he was the idol of small boys in Philadelphia because he was so handy with his fists. His father, the fabulous Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, who was teaching Marines jujitsu when he was sixty-seven, saw to it that he learned the hard way.

When Biddle was ten, his athletic father had him mix with the heavyweight champion, Bob Fitzsimmons. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, a frequent visitor at the Biddle home, coached the youth and acted as the elder Biddle's second in bouts the colonel staged with leading professionals at garden parties. At St. Paul's, where his formal education ended, Tony Biddle acquired lifelong friends by licking every bully in the school. He's still a fine boxer and likes a few fast rounds occasionally to keep trim.

He emerged from World War I a captain, but never got overseas. Between graduation from St. Paul's and the war he was married to Mary Duke of the tobacco family. They had a son, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle III (who got so tired of being confused with his father and grandfather that he changed his name to Nicholas), and a daughter, now Mrs. Josiah Trent.

In the roaring twenties, Biddle acquired the gloss, graceful charm and easy approach that have since distinguished his manner. He joined 22 clubs and was a director of 11 corporations simultaneously. Before the depression hit, he also bought and managed a Belgian middleweight, Rene DeVos, who fought in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Biddle started his public service career in earnest 20 years ago when he toured Europe and reported on police systems to J. Edgar Hoover. His analysis of European methods contributed importantly toward the reorganization of the FBI.

Following his second marriage to the daughter of Colonel William Boyce Thompson, a Montana millionaire, Biddle turned on his charm for Franklin D. Roosevelt's first campaign, shocking most of his Republican family. His diplomatic career began modestly enough as Minister to Norway in 1935. Members of the Norwegian Labor government were soon on first-name terms with him, and King Haakon would call and leave word that "Haakon telephoned."

In 1937, Biddle became Ambassador to Poland, which was even then being squeezed in the vise of Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. When war came, throngs in Warsaw demanded that he show himself, although the United States was then neutral. Biddle solved the delicate neutrality issue by appearing on a balcony with his hands clasped above his head, like a main-eventer in a prize ring. The crowd loved it.

The tragedy of total war forced Biddle and his embassy staff to flee with the Polish government. A year later he was again fleeing the Nazis, this time as envoy extraordinary to the French government on its hasty retreat from Paris to Bordeaux.

Technically neutral, Biddle tried by every dodge he could think up to bolster the French government's will to carry on. He would be seen with Premier Paul Reynaud and would deliberately stop and chat with French ministers. Meanwhile, he was working round-the-clock to get thousands of war-stranded Americans passage home. With the co-operation of the American Embassies in Spain and Portugal, Biddle worked out a program whereby American refugees went over into Spain, and thence to Portugal, where they were put on ships.

His amazing vitality carried him through that grueling period. Some months after the fall of France, Biddle was back in the U.S., reporting to the State Department.

Embattled Britain was then fighting alone and helping to sustain resistance in occupied countries by offering facilities to governments-in-exile. No career diplomat volunteered to serve these governments. Through remarkable coincidence Biddle was the only man proposed for the job and the only one who wanted it. By the time he returned to Britain and had the feel of his new post, he was America's busiest envoy. Every day for three years he talked with Norwegians, Dutch, Czechs, Belgians, Yugoslavs, Greeks, Luxembourgers and Poles. So closely did Biddle identify himself with the exiles' problems that a State Department official complained: "Biddle sounds as if he's the Greek Foreign Minister one hour, the Belgian the next."

Early in 1944, Biddle quit the diplomatic service and went on active duty as a colonel with Eisenhower's headquarters—Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force (SHAEF)—as deputy chief of the European Allied Contact Section.

After the successful invasion of France, Biddle's myriad friendships paid off. Allied lines of communication, fluid with the rapid advances, were tying down at least three combat divisions for guard duty. Biddle sounded out his exiled Polish friends. Together they organized 50,000 Poles to police communications, thus releasing combat divisions badly needed for the offensive within Germany.

After the war, Biddle stayed in Germany as chief of the Allied Contact Division for American Headquarters. DPs, victims of both the Russians and the Germans, sought his help and he divided his time between aiding them and watching conniving Soviet delegations who tried with threats and force to repatriate people they wanted back in the Soviet Union.

Once, a group of men appeared at his offices, presented themselves as a repatriation team and wanted to go off immediately on a tour of the U.S. zone. Biddle welcomed them, asked them to sign a register and excused himself briefly. He checked the names with a file, learned that about half were Soviet MVD officers and packed them off to the Russian sector of Berlin.

"He did it so well that even the Russians didn't know what happened until they were back in their territory," one of Biddle's friends recalled.

In his present job, Biddle no longer meets Russians, even socially. They give SHAPE a wide berth.

Biddle is as trim and vigorous as ever. He weighs 183 pounds, the same as when he was boxing for the Liberty Loan drive 34 years ago. Officers 20 to 30 years his junior remark wryly that Biddle is apt to run them into the ground before he realizes the kind of pace he sets.

BATHS
FORWARD

COLLIER'S "I said chocolate!" HERBERT GOLDBERG

"I'm terribly sorry," he said one night to a National Military Representative who was working on a report. "I hadn't realized it was eight o'clock and we've been here since eight this morning. I'll finish that myself."

Two hours later, after dinner, the NMR looked into Biddle's office out of curiosity. He was chatting away and reminiscing with two Belgians who had dropped by to visit their old friend. Biddle is scrupulously careful not to ignore anybody, especially Atlantic Pact nationals.

The Medal He Failed to Wear

That's why he wears nine rows of ribbons on his tunic. To the casual observer that may appear ostentatious. Biddle, however, doesn't indulge in showmanship. Once General Anders, Polish Resistance hero, stared at the decorations on Biddle's uniform. The medal awarded Biddle by the pre-Communist Polish government was missing.

"Don't you love us any more?" Anders asked. It's the only time on record that Biddle ever blushed, and he has since worn all his decorations to avoid any more gentle reprimands from his friends.

Biddle's working day sometimes begins long before he ever reaches his office. Often a visitor from any one of a dozen or more countries can be found seated in Biddle's home in the morning, waiting for him to waken. Quite frequently the visitor has nothing to do with SHAPE, but just knew Biddle somewhere in Europe.

That starts the procession of visitors. Biddle listens to all the house callers, makes notes of their needs and then goes off to headquarters. A flustered junior American officer, spotting him, will come in with a question that needs a quick answer. Lieutenant Colonel Vincent Usera, of New York, who has served with Biddle in the past, heads the officer off.

"I've got to find out the exchange rate between French francs and Dutch guldens," the man tells Usera. Consulting the morning papers on his desk, Usera gives him a quick answer.

Next comes Italy's Colonel Sforza, speaking in the volatile English slang that he acquired while a prisoner of war in Georgia.

"Gotta see General Biddle," Sforza says excitedly. "Left some duplicates with him."

Usera fishes the dupes out of a desk. "Came within a whisker of losing them, eh?" comments Sforza, proudly emphasizing the colloquialism. In walks Norwegian Colonel Wettre from an office next door. SHAPE's Plans & Operations Division has asked for maps of artillery units in Norway.

Usera sends the Norwegian into Biddle's office. Biddle is talking to two French officers but greets Wettre as if he hadn't seen him for years. Sforza says hello and Biddle replies: "My dear Francesco." Wettre asks if Biddle has seen the P&O request.

Biddle has. All staff requests for information from the member nations are routed through Biddle, to the proper NMR. Wettre says the maps are expected momentarily. They will be brought by courier from Oslo and turned over to Wettre, who in turn will give them to Biddle. Then Biddle sends them to Plans & Operations.

"So it goes," Biddle told us later, "with every request. They all come through here. Certainly, it's lots of work, hard work, but it's worth every ounce of energy."

We asked him if he believed that another war in Europe was unavoidable.

He leaned forward, suddenly earnest. "I'm sure of one thing," he replied, "if *anything* can prevent war, SHAPE will—with all the military, economic and moral power it commands.

War or no war, SHAPE's become a living, working example of how free nations can co-operate against a common danger. And it's men like Tony Biddle who will keep it living and working until the danger is past.

THE END

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Reel Sport—Pike, Pickerel and Musky

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

and a minimum of skill. The wooden plug sailed about 75 feet out into the lake, but no backlash resulted, which seemed to leave him surprised but pleased. He began retrieving the lure; it had moved only a few feet when there was a heavy, underwater swirl, the rod tip snapped sharply downward, and the reel handles began drumming a tattoo on his knuckles.

"I say!" He paused to suck a burned thumb, the result of too much pressure on the whirling spool. "They *do* have large bass here. This one seems to be entangling itself in the weeds. I shall probably get wet trying to maneuver him into the clear."

I reserved my opinion on the species of the fish, for the strike had seemed far too heavy for a local bass. Probably a large northern pike or a small musky.

A Skillful British Angler

My British friend waded out until the water lapped his knees and began putting pressure on the fish. He may have been a stranger to that particular tackle, but the man was an accomplished angler. The fish was taking an erratic course through a thick weed bed, and too much pressure by the angler would have parted the line. After five minutes the fish halted, still in the weeds, so the angler's only recourse was to move toward it. He waded out until he was hip-deep, spooling in line as he moved.

When the Britisher reached the tangle of the weeds near the fish, I saw him peer into the water and part the submarine growth with his landing net. An instant later he threw the rod from him, cast the net high into the air, and churned for shore.

"A monster!" he gasped. "Several feet long, head like a crocodile, and a mouth full of teeth. I thought barracudas were found only in warm waters."

I pointed out that he had probably hooked either a musky or pike.

"Now that I recall," he panted, "John did mention something about pike and muskies, but I assumed they were small fish. I've fished only for salmon."

The disturbance in the weed bed started up again, indicating that the fish was still hooked. When my guide—who had watched the proceedings with something bordering on hysteria—had recovered, I suggested he accompany the Briton to the weed bed and try to recover the rod with his gaff hook. After a brief period of probing, the rod was recovered, and although the fish had peeled off more line, the hooks had held. Once out of the weeds, the musky made a long run, then cleared the water in a twisting leap. The Britisher managed to keep a fairly tight line, and eventually he worked the fish within reach of my guide's gaff.

The "monster" proved to be a 26-pound musky—certainly no record-breaker, but one many a hapless seeker would have considered a real prize.

The Briton's uncertainty over the identity of his fish reflects a somewhat similar situation that exists among anglers who should know better. A number of them confuse the musky with the big northern pike, and some carry this confusion to the ultimate by also calling a large pickerel a pike. Much of this chaotic terminology is traceable to the Ojibway Indians who gave the musky its name; the word stems from their "mashkinoje," meaning "great pike." The big fish is properly called the muskellunge, but it also has a number of other Indian and local variants which add further to the confusion—including mascalonge, maskinonge, musquellunge, tiger musky, blue pike, Allegheny River pike, Chautauqua pike, great pike, lunge, jack pike and Ohio River pike.

The pike, in turn, is variously known as the giant pickerel, grass pike, great northern pike, jackfish, lake pickerel and spotted pike—and the pickerel is sometimes called the banded pickerel, barred pickerel, chain pickerel, black pike, duck-billed pike, grass pike, green pike, jack, snake pike and red-finned pike.

POISSON LANDRE

2 lbs. pickerel
1 tomato
2 tablespoons melted butter
2 tablespoons flour
pinch of dried basil
pinch of dried marjoram
½ clove garlic, minced
1 cup white wine

Make a sauce by blending butter, flour, basil, marjoram, garlic and wine. Place pickerel in a buttered casserole, pour the wine sauce over it, then cover with slices of tomato. Bake for 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven, then serve.

While all three of these fish are close relatives, being members of the Esox family, they are distinctly different. There is a very simple rule to follow in making an accurate identification, as the painting accompanying this article illustrates. The pickerel's scales cover its cheeks and gill covers; the pike has scales on the cheeks, but on only the upper half of the gill covers; on the musky, both the cheeks and gill covers are only half scaled.

Of course, these differences are not always easy to detect at a glance. In habit, habitat, appearance and appetite, the difference between the musky, pike and pickerel is primarily one of size. The pike is inclined to range more than the musky in its search for food, and the pickerel wanders more widely than the pike. The common feeding ground of all three, however, is the weed bed. While the pickerel and pike often lie in the shallows, the musky normally likes to have from 10 to 15 feet of water over him, especially in the summer, when surface water is too warm for his taste. During the warm weather, when musky fishing is unproductive inshore, live bait or an artificial lure, fished 20 to 30 feet deep, will often bring results.

The pickerel is more widely distributed than his cousins, being found in lakes and rivers from Canada to Florida, as far west as central Texas, and thence up the Mississippi Valley. Both pike and muskies seem to prefer the colder waters of the North, and pike are taken in numbers as far north as Alaska. Needless to say, they are more unpopular than the other two, for in Alaska they eat both salmon eggs and young salmon. On the broad, flat prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there are sections where a bounty is paid on pike, for they are waterfowl predators. This is the important continental nesting ground for waterfowl, and a pike can gobble up a half-grown duckling. In fact, all three of these fish will eat practically anything that moves—including frogs, swimming rodents and turtles.

The fish, in turn, are eaten by humans. The pike and muskies are not as popular with the gourmet as the pickerel, which can be a real delicacy when properly prepared. Many years ago, while duck shooting on Lac St. Pierre in Canada, I stayed at a small inn operated by a Frenchwoman whose culinary feats attracted as many Americans as the wild-fowling.

One evening, after a long, cold day on the marsh, we were served a fish course that caused every wild-fowler at the table to forget the roast duck he had anticipated. I invaded the sacred precincts of the kitchen to obtain the name of the fish and the recipe. The "poisson Landre" turned out to be pickerel, and for those anglers who fancy themselves as two-fisted cooks (and most of them do) the recipe is printed with this article.

Although the pickerel is the most delectable of the three, the muskellunge is the one most sought after by anglers. With the possible exception of a big bluefish, a salt-water scrapper, no fish exhibits greater fury over so long a period of time as the hooked musky.

The fish's first reaction to restraint usually takes the form of a crashing surface leap, for the musky is the only member of the Esox family who is inclined to battle on the surface. This initial leap may merely be the first of a series, but often the fish follows the first jump by a long run, which is as likely to be straight toward the angler as away from him. When assorted runs, leaps and underwater contortions have failed to free the fish from restraint, it may go to the bottom and sulk. If there happens to be a fallen tree under the water the musky often seeks sanctuary in this tangle.

As in all other forms of angling, the first rule is a tight line, but it is not always possible to follow this precept during the course of a long fight with a big musky. The angler is alternately thumbing the spool of his reel, to slow down the fish and avoid losing all his line, and reeling frantically to keep the line tight.

Both the musky and the pike share another characteristic of the bluefish—they do not relax and quit merely upon being hauled into a boat or onto the shore.

To quell one of these twisting, thrashing, snapping fighters after it has technically been "landed," many anglers carry along a "persuader" or "priest." This is a stout blackjack with a lead core, with which they can quiet the fish with a blow just behind the head.

At one time it was common practice among musky enthusiasts to carry a .22-caliber pistol, for quelling a big fish when boated or beached. Fish killed in this manner are outlawed for entry in contests or for "record," so the practice has been abandoned by most anglers. Also, many discovered that while the bullet does a quick job, it does not always stop in the musky, but often continues on through the bottom of the boat. There are times when a hole of this nature can be something of a problem.

Canoe Sustained Most Damage

A friend, fishing one of the Wisconsin lakes last summer, managed to heave a fine musky into his canoe without the aid of a gaff. But while the fish was thrashing around in the frail craft, the fisherman realized he had forgotten to bring along a persuader. He did have a long-bladed sheath knife, however, so he threw himself on the big fish and began stabbing at its head. In his eagerness and excitement he was rather erratic in his stabs, and in the process of quieting the fish he put a half-dozen holes in the bottom of the canoe. The fact that he had to swim for the shore, towing the canoe with the musky inside, assumed minor importance when he watched the pointer on the scales climb to the 40-pound mark.

Although the muskies are distributed through the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence watershed, and a subspecies is found in New York's Chautauqua Lake, they are not sufficiently plentiful to be termed "abundant" in any wide area. Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and New York provide the most productive musky fishing in this country, and Ontario is the center for Canadian angling.

The largest musky on record is the 102-pounder netted from Minocqua Lake, in Wisconsin, 50 years ago. The rod and reel records, which have been moving upward for the past 15 years, have a 69-pound 11-

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ounce fish in first place. These records have been hotly contested during the past few years, with two enthusiasts, Percy P. Haver, of Detroit, and Louis Spray, of Rice Lake, Wisconsin, providing much of this heat.

In June, 1938, Haver set a new record with a 56-pound 7-ounce fish, but in August, 1939, Spray landed a 59½-pounder. In October of that year, another angler upped the record to 60½ pounds. The following August, Spray proved his persistence by bringing in a 61-pound 13-ounce musky; but Haver topped this with a 62½-pounder. In July, 1949, Cal Johnson, of Ashland, Wisconsin, landed a 67½-pounder, but was able to hold the record only until October, when Spray edged him out with a fish 2 pounds and 3 ounces heavier. To provide a clear picture of the size of this fish, it was 63½ inches long and 31¼ inches in girth. That is a big fish on light tackle, whether taken from fresh *or* salt water.

Few Big Muskies Are Landed

Not many muskies scaling over 40 pounds are taken in the course of a year. A number of small ones are landed, but thousands of anglers who devote several weeks each season to the specialized pursuit of these fish have never passed the 30-pound mark. Despite the pressure of this fishing, and the large number of fish taken, no apparent inroads have been made on the musky population. Like other members of the Esox tribe, the musky is a prolific parent, and an adult female will provide from 100,000 to 300,000 eggs each year.

A large percentage of these eggs are devoured by other predatory fish and, as one musky angler pointed out, "It's a good thing, too; otherwise all of us would be up to our hips in muskies."

Pike, although they are one of our largest fresh-water game fish, drop well below the musky in weight. The record for northern pike is held by a New Yorker, Peter Dubuc, who was as surprised as the rest of the angling world when he hauled a 46-pound 2-ounce fish out of the Sacandaga Reservoir in New York in 1940. Pickerel, the small cousins, usually range from one to three pounds, but the record fish (at first thought to be a pike) was the 9-pounder produced from Green Pond in New Jersey.

The general fishing season for pike and muskies ranges from mid-May to November. Pickerel, of course, are fair game all year round, and millions are taken through the ice.

During the heat of the summer, with its resulting high water temperatures, all three of these fish seem less responsive to the angler's offerings, whether in the form of bait or lures. At one time, the prevalent explanation for the poor midsummer fishing was that the teeth of the fish were loose during this period. While this has been exploded another reason has been advanced which may be backed up by logic.

The musky specialists concentrate their efforts in areas where the fish are likely to be found. They know the musky, being a "lurker," is inclined to hole up in a shadowy cavern on the edge of a weed bed, alongside a sunken log, or under a ledge. There he rests quietly, awaiting his dinner. Under normal conditions, the rim of a weed bed seems to be most attractive to both muskies and pike, and not without reason.

Weed beds are the rearing grounds for millions of tiny insects and other minute organisms that provide food for minnows. The minnows go there to feed, the larger fish go there to feed on the minnows, and the pike and muskies hide there in wait for these fish. During the hot weather the minnows often move to deeper water during the day, so it is natural that the predators would follow them. This is, at least, a reasonable explanation for the absence of the pike and muskies from their normal haunts. The fact that they are often caught in deep water during this period offers additional support for the theory.

Once an angler locates a big musky, he can be almost certain to find it again in that general area a week or a month later, or even the following year, provided some other angler has not hooked and landed the fish first. A musky hooked is not a musky landed, and many of the big ones have scars or even embedded hooks as testimony of this. One Ontario guide admitted he knew the approximate location of at least a dozen big fish, knowledge which he employed as a stock in trade.

"After one of my sports has fished a couple of days without results, and is beginning to show signs of discouragement," he explained, "I decide his spirits need a tonic. I take him to one of the spots where I know a big musky is hiding out, and tell him approximately where to cast and how to handle the lure. Naturally, the fish are not always in a feeding mood, so at times I have to move on to one of my other secret spots. Usually, out of five or six places I get at least one musky to provide my sport with some excitement. This not only encourages him, but gives me quite a reputation as a guide. If a few of the sports happen to be lucky or especially skillful, I have to hunt up some new spots."

Almost any type of fresh-water tackle, including the fly rod, is adequate for handling pickerel; but for the big pike and muskies a heavier rod and stouter line are preferred. The pickerel provides more sport on a three- to five-ounce fly rod, and tends to make a sporting contest of what might otherwise be a routine heave-and-haul.

Even the musky fishermen turn to the fly rod on occasion, but most of them will admit that it is far from a satisfactory outfit for taking big fish. In the first place, even a nine-foot seven-ounce fly rod is inadequate for casting a large lure any distance, and if the hooked fish happens to run for a thick weed bed or a submerged tangle of limbs, the angler is placed at a definite disadvantage. Also, both pike and muskies are more inclined to grab a lure that is retrieved fast and steadily, a procedure which is almost impossible with the fly rod.

A few anglers are inclined toward the other extreme. I have seen some trolling rods and reels that would have been adequate for landing 200-pound tuna. Such outfits lose few fish that are hooked, but the anglers using them lose much of the pleasure which more sporting tackle provides.

The experienced anglers seem to favor a five- to six-foot bait-casting rod, either of the traditional split bamboo, or of one of the new materials, such as processed glass or beryllium copper. With this, they use a regulation bait-casting reel loaded with 20- to 30-pound test line. In recent years, new, light reels equipped with a star drag have been developed and are widely used for this angling. The patent brake on these reels has saved many an angler a burned thumb during the long run of a big fish, and it has the further advantage of permitting the angler to keep his fingers on the reel handle. This insures an instant retrieve when the fish decides to reverse its course.

Old-Timers Favor Heavy Lures

The spinning outfit, with its fixed-spool reel, has become increasingly popular for this fishing, and is especially adaptable for pickerel, but most of the old-timers insist that the regulation bait-casting outfit is more satisfactory. While it is important to get a long cast with a light lure in some fishing, they point out that both pike and musky like big lures, which are heavy enough to make a long cast possible using a conventional reel.

The time-honored theory concerning a "big bait for big fish" has some application in this fishing, and some of the lures used are as large as those favored by surf casters for taking big striped bass and channel bass. Many anglers insist that a large spoon, with a feather or bucktail-trimmed tail hook, will tempt one of the tigers to strike when other lures fail. Regardless of the bait or lure used, an eight- or 10-inch leader of thin cable or stainless steel wire is essential, for the large, sharp teeth of these fish will saw through the stoutest line.

Although many of the specialists prefer artificial lures, most of them will resort to bait when these bring no response, and it is generally acknowledged that no bait so attracts a big pike or musky as a fresh 10-inch sucker, fished alive or trolled. This bait often proves productive during midsummer, when lures are unable to coax a response from the big fish.

If you watch a bass fisherman, you will see him retrieve his lure slowly and in sharp jerks. The man with experience in pike and musky fishing will use a straight, fast retrieve under most conditions. Often these fish will follow a lure until it is almost at the boat or shore, then grab it with a smashing lunge that can be very disconcerting to the angler who does not anticipate it. This typical, vicious strike may cause the hooks to engage, but the veteran will always set up sharply on the fish, for they are known for their hard, bony mouths. If the hook has not been set past the barb, the fish may throw it on its first frantic flurry.

In playing these fish, the first rule—as in other fishing—is to keep a tight line and put on all the pressure the tackle will bear, without "horsing" the fish. When the fish is played out and brought within a few feet of the angler there is often a final burst of activity when the fish realizes the proximity of its enemy. This has cost many an angler a prize fish.

Danger of Hand Injuries

With the big fish defeated, a gaff is preferable to a net for the landing process, and it is not unsporting if a companion handles the gaff. It may happen that neither gaff nor net is handy; although some fish can be handled by slipping the fingers under the gill covers, you'd better not try this with a musky or pike. You not only risk losing a lot of skin from your hand, but you may find yourself impaled by some of the gang hooks on the lure when the fish shakes its head. There is but one safe-and-sane method of grasping one of these big scrappers—by placing the thumb and middle finger in the eye sockets. This procedure is advisable whether the fish is alive or dead.

I once watched an angler beach a 35-pounder. He had fairly stout tackle, so he took advantage of the musky's twisting contortions to bring it five or six feet above the water's edge. He then proceeded to throw common sense and caution to the winds by grasping the big fish with both hands just above the tail. That man was determined, and he hung on, but it almost shook his teeth loose. His guide, who should have been handling the gaff, was beaching the boat, and apparently was too surprised by the spectacle to lend a hand. After watching the angler drag his vibrating prize 20 feet inland, the guide sat down, rested his head on his knees, and sobbed with laughter for five minutes. (It's a safe bet that there was one guide who received a very meager gratuity at the end of that day's fishing.)

In waters where muskies or pike are plentiful, there is not much point in trying for other species of fish. Both of these Esox have tremendous appetites, and it takes a lot of food to keep them happy. Bass and walleyes seem to survive in fair numbers under such conditions, apparently because they have learned to avoid the "lurking areas" of the tigers. But many an angler, fishing for lesser quarry, has hooked a bass or walleye only to have it grabbed by a pike or musky while he was bringing it in. Occasionally, the angler will be using tackle sufficiently stout to handle the big fish, and will possess the knowledge or skill necessary to cope with the situation, but too often the result is a broken rod or a reel stripped of line.

But whether he makes his catch intentionally or by accident, no angler who has ever had the experience of hooking a large pike, pickerel or musky will complain that these fish are lacking in spirit. Any one of them promises the fisherman an exciting afternoon. And there is another angle to be considered: you probably can find some sport right near home—if you cast for the fresh-water sharks.

THE END

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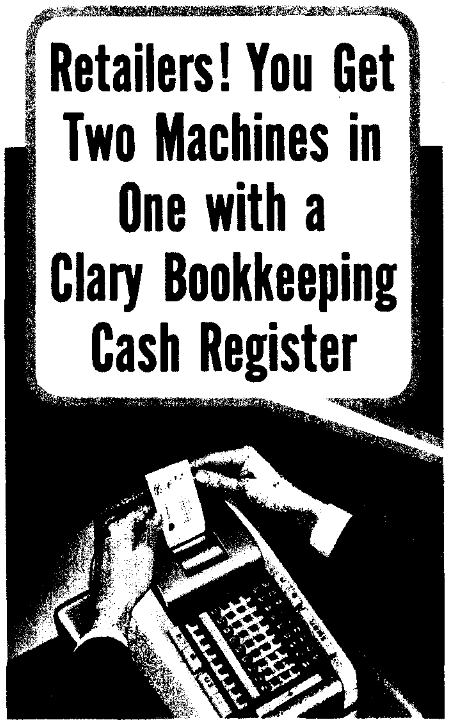

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The Bermuda Shorts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Urban, the Florentine Blouse ads, and she arranged the lower part of her face into a set of photogenic dimples and her eyes into speculative appraisal.

"Publishing?" Linda said. "Do you know Fred Cooper at Wittright? Or Buddy Malone at Moncrief? I think Buddy's a terror. I saw him at the Stearns Ranson party just last week with Cynthia . . ."

Ted wrestled Jeff Boyer for the heaviest bags.

"I met Malone once," he said. "I'm at Moncrief, too. But I don't know the others. I'm in the textbook end, you see. I sell them to colleges and places. You know."

"Textbooks!" Linda said. "I never knew Moncrief published them. How really wild. Think of Buddy Malone and Algebra for the Second Grade. Marvelous. And you sell them! I never even knew they were sold. You just go to school and there they are. You'll have to tell me all about it."

SHE turned to Helen Boyer and began an animated discussion of what somebody named Bennett had said about somebody named Lichen or Moss or something, to somebody named Quent.

Ted felt a little less off balance as Jeff pointed out the houses of celebrities on the drive from the station and he liked the remodeled barn, where he was assigned a cellar bedroom with a dresser made from an old wine press.

He liked the Boyer children. He liked the huge field-stone fireplace with a comfortable couch in front of it. He liked, very much, the cool but comfortable elegance of Linda in a pair of gray slacks and a blouse of warm brick orange, but when she and the Boyers combined their stores of small talk, and were joined by the Traynors, a neighboring commercial artist and his textile-weaving wife who came over for dinner, his defensiveness returned.

"Ted Morrow?" Sandy Traynor, the textile-weaving wife, said. "You are the one who writes those television shows?"

"No," Ted said. "I'm a book salesman."

"He's in publishing," Helen Boyer said.

Through dinner, and after dinner over drinks, the talk was divided between expressions of love for lower Connecticut and anecdotes about a loose agglomeration of people whom Ted knew vaguely or felt he ought to know at least vaguely. It was an article of faith, like the sanctity of motherhood or the fidelity of dogs, that southeastern Connecticut was paradise.

"Don't you love it up here, Ted?" Sandy Traynor asked. "Country all around and only an hour from New York."

"If you fly," Jeff Boyer said. "Nobody up here ever mentions the time to and from the station, Ted. Still, say even an hour and a half, and it's still wonderful."

"Say about an hour and twenty minutes from our place," Henry Traynor, the commercial artist said. "And if you don't go through the village, Jeff . . ." He and Jeff were off on a discussion of mileage and short cuts. Helen and Sandy and Linda were shrieking about a misadventure that a girl they knew had suffered at a party.

Ted swirled the diluted bourbon in his glass. He could pay lip service to Connecticut quite sincerely, but he felt uncertain about betraying the fact that the reason he liked it so much was that it reminded him sharply of eastern Ohio.

It was a relief when the Traynors left, after the sixth shocked look at their watches and the fourth worried dissertation on baby sitters.

"I'm about ready to fold, myself," Jeff Boyer said. "But don't let that stop anybody else."

"I'm dead," Linda said. "Honestly, it's been such fun. And I want to rest up for tomorrow. If it isn't swimming weather, I'll spit."

They all had a last nightcap in the kitchen, and Helen pulled Ted aside to find out how he had liked Linda.

"She's lovely," he said, inadequately.

"I knew you two would get along," Helen said. "Linda was up before, but there was only that horrible Bassett boy. The one that married Cora What's-her-name last week. From Philadelphia.

"Both of you," Helen said, raising her voice and speaking to both Ted and Linda, "get up any time you feel like it. Mrs. Bogulyubov will be in early to get breakfast and start her cleaning, so you can eat any time, but actually we sleep forever on Saturdays, so don't stomp."

Ted found the ancient four-poster in his bedroom soft and inviting. He had time only to wonder if this was the kind of week end he had heard about where a diaphanously clothed Linda would come tapping at his door, before he was asleep.

He was on the defensive again, but in a simpler and more human fashion, at seven fifteen the next morning when a scuttering at his door woke him up. Through a bleary eye he could see the door swing wide enough to reveal Kristi and Michael Boyer.

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"You're the dumbest secretary I've ever had. I'd fire you right this minute if we weren't engaged . . ."

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Hello, man," Kristi said.

"You wad see our kitty cat?" Michael said. A ginger cat, dangling from one of Michael's arms, added a plaintive mewing to the soft sounds of the rural morning.

Ted said good morning, as distinctly as he could at that early hour, to Kristi, Michael, and the ginger cat. Then he rolled over and tried to close his eyes tightly enough to shut out the sun that streamed, only slightly filtered, through the monk's-cloth curtains. He was aware of a scrabbling sound under his bed.

"Kitty cat's got mad's socks," Michael said happily.

"Here kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty," came Kristi's voice in a high, monotonous chant. It, like the scrabbling, came from under Ted's bed. Ted opened his eyes.

"Hello, mad," Michael said. "Kitty got your socks. Kristi's udder bed, too."

Ted sighed and got up. He stretched and grabbed his shaving kit from the highboy at the end of the bed. As he moved down the hall to the bathroom he was aware of Michael, Kristi, and the ginger cat trailing him. He darted into the bathroom and slammed the door.

When he was shaved and fully awake, the uncrowded morning took on a solitary charm. There was nobody to talk to, or to talk at him, or to worry about. He exchanged good mornings with Mrs. Bogulyubov, the square Yugoslav in the kitchen. "Coffee soon," Mrs. Bogulyubov said.

Ted nodded thanks and wandered out to the Boyers' sloping lawn, where you could almost taste the morning sun. He sprawled on the grass and closed his eyes. This was the life, the wonderful drowsy life. He was suddenly aware of a nearby sound, and then a furred, shrieking mass was deposited on his stomach. The ginger cat. There were cries of muffled merriment from Michael and Kristi.

Ted's eyes were still sightless from sun bathing, but now he was on the defensive in a reassuringly tangible way. He lashed about him savagely with both arms. His right arm struck something soft and movable and the morning was split with howls.

"Hitting a child " a cool voice said. "A small child. Really!"

Ted looked around. He saw a happy Kristi, a bewildered ginger cat, an anguished Michael, and a girl in a striped T-shirt and blue jeans with a formidable bundle of books under one arm.

"Really!" the girl repeated. Her hair was blonde, and the blue jeans fitted her marvelously well. She was probably Therese Trelawney, the Viennese slacks ads.

"I'm sorry," Ted mumbled. "I didn't know who it was. Had my eyes closed. Might have been a dog, or Jeff pulling a gag—anything. C'mere, Mike." Michael redoubled his caterwauling and ran to the girl, burrowing his head against her thigh.

"Tell the man you're sorry, Mike," the girl said. "He's sorry and he won't hit you any more."

Michael looked thoroughly unconvinced, and Ted was cynical of the girl's appeal. But Michael, still snuffling, after a whispered conversation with the girl, marched over and held out his hand.

"Sorry," Michael said. "Sorry, poddeder."

"What is this—magic?" Ted asked the girl. Michael had retreated again and the girl came close enough to whisper to Ted: "I told him you were Hopalong Cassidy's buddy. Play it up." Then, in a normal voice, she said, "It's compensation for any lack of struggle they have. For food and affection and all that, you know. Mussorki says, 'There are no bad children; there is only unequal distribution of facilities for healthy action and reaction.' "

"Yes?" Ted said. Her speech was a little more comprehensible than Linda's and Helen's, but still specialized.

"I'm Mary Lee Tate," the girl said. "I suppose you're a guest of the Boyers. Some of them are very interesting. I help with the kids. I have four sisters and we have a sort of sitters' monopoly around here. Come along, Mike, Kristi. Let's see what Mrs. Bogulyubov has for breakfast."

"I'm heading for that coffee smell myself," Ted said. The company of an average and attractive girl looked promising.

In the sunny kitchen he found the week end's tension leaving him. Coffee, eggs, and bacon helped. So did listening to Mary Lee's and Mrs. Bogulyubov's small talk of local events and personalities.

"What did you mean about the Boyers' interesting guests?" he asked Mary Lee. "Do you think I'm one of them?"

"I just meant that—well, the guests usually have to be something. Or not so much that as that the Boyers have to place them properly in their orbit," Mary Lee said. "I didn't mean anything penetrating, but you just looked a little more comfortable, less self-conscious lying there on the grass. That is, until the cat landed."

"You watched them do it!" Ted said indignantly. "You just stood there!"

"It was their idea," Mary Lee said. "They were entitled to see the results."

Helen Boyer, Jeff and Linda arrived then, Linda looking cool and ravishing in white shorts and a man's yellow shirt.

"What an early bird," Helen said to Ted. "I see you've met Mary Lee. Ted's in publishing. Mary Lee, this is Linda Urban. She models. Mary Lee's our total treasure. Her father is a simply wonderful painter. But fine art, not commercial."

The newcomers settled themselves around the table.

"You can take the children out, Mary Lee," Helen said. "Michael's found an animal hole of some sort back of the garage and he's dying to show it to you." Mary Lee closed the book she had been looking at, and went to collect the children.

"What a wonderful figure that girl has!" Linda said after Mary Lee and the children had left. She said it with professional and unaffected appreciation.

"She's an amazing child," Helen said. "Her mother's dead and I'm sure Papa Tate doesn't have a sou. He persists in painting very academic things. Woodsy, you know. But she and the other four girls flourish—scholarships and all that. And Mary Lee's grand with the children. I think she majors in them. The Traynors'll be over in less than an hour. And then the lovely beach."

The feeling of the evening before came back to Ted as the others talked. Abby had said this and Lou had said that and Herman was going to do Alan's next play and wasn't it a shame about CBS and Walter?

"I think I'll change into something a little more beachy," Ted said finally, pushing his chair back. "Just be a sec'."

Back in his bedroom he rummaged through his suitcase and got out the Bermuda-bought shorts. He had bought them in Hamilton on the last day of his last vacation before becoming a working citizen. He pulled the trunks over legs just pink from last week end's visit to Jones Beach.

AND now, his entrance in the shorts into the Boyers' living room seemed to be a culmination of the nagging ineptitude that had started as far back as Grand Central. Maybe not that bad, but the shorts had been anything but successful. Sitting beside Linda on the couch, he felt more out of place than ever.

"Colorful is the word for them, not Bermuda," Linda said firmly. "I'll bet you got the idea from one of your book jackets."

"Not from a textbook anyway," Ted said. "I can't see something like this on Misapplications of Green Belt Planning, or on Sibling Relationships."

"You don't mean Schmid on Sibling Relationships?" Mary Lee cried from the floor, where she was playing with Kristi.

"That's the one, but—" Ted said.

"Mr. Morrow's in publishing," Helen said.

"You mean *you* publish Schmid?" Mary Lee said.

"*I* don't publish it," Ted said. "Moncrief does. *I just work for them.*"

"But it's absolutely my favorite," Mary Lee said. "We use it in Child Psych and Guidance. You know the chapter where he explains the relationship of the youngest child in the family of more than three to his older sisters as being Oedipal rather than brotherly?"

Ted, with the background of many sales conversations, did remember something of the sort. "That's sort of oversimplifying it," he said. "What Schmid really says—"

Mary Lee abandoned the children and took Ted to herself. He looked vaguely for help from Helen and Linda or Jeff, but they were cantering off on a discussion of whether somebody named Dan really had as much money as he pretended to have. And Ted, engrossed in what had promised to be a dull conversation, soon found himself less interested in their help.

He and Mary Lee were through three chapters of Schmid before the honking of a horn announced the Traynors.

"We'll go with them," Helen said to Ted. "You and Linda take the jeep and follow

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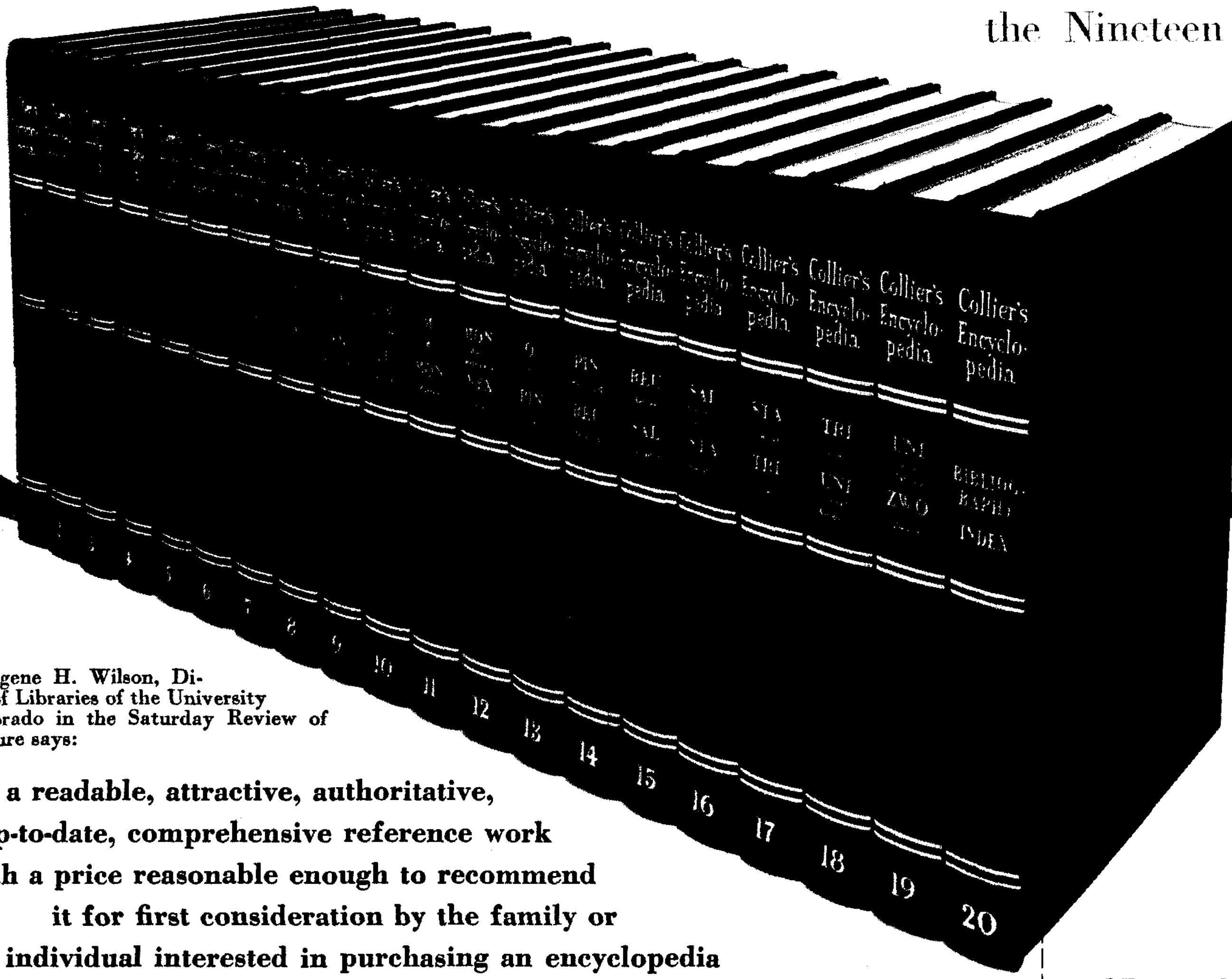

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us. Linda knows the way if you lose us."

"Uh, yes," Ted said. To Mary Lee he said, "But really, you're missing the difference between family life in the city and in the suburbs. He makes it very clear—"

"Come along, professor," Linda said, tapping his shoulder. "Let family life in the suburbs wait. The beach won't."

"I'll tell you what I mean some other time," Ted said. He grabbed the towel Helen had given him and followed Linda to the jeep.

"What was all that?" Linda asked as they headed down toward the Sound. "You were miles away."

"Just one of our books. I guess I got kind of involved. Child psychology stuff."

"*Child* psychology," Linda said. "I just can't get interested. Analysis, now, I think is fascinating. I've never been analyzed myself, of course. But I know this one analyst, and the things I could tell you about him—personally, I mean—would freeze your blood. Left, here, and then just beyond those trees."

THE Boyers and the Traynors were established in a comfortable clutter of blankets, hampers, sun-tan oil and towels and dark glasses and magazines.

"You know those Ryans," Sandy Traynor was saying to Helen. "Hello, kids. The new ones on the highway just beyond the turnoff. Well, he's the Bob Ryan who was mixed up with Honey Hunter two years ago. The one who made all the money with some plastic thing. For toilets, I think it was."

Jeff and Henry were off on a discussion of *their own*. "Wanted *thirty-four fifty* for it," Jeff said. "So I told him what he could do with it. And then I bought it."

"You going in?" Ted asked Linda. He felt the conversational snare closing in again.

"Of course," she said. "Race you."

Linda had removed the shirt and the cotton pants to reveal a sleek bathing suit. A photograph of her running down the beach toward the surf would undoubtedly have sold muffins, bulldozers, wine, gasoline, clinical thermometers, soap, gargle, axle grease, or even bathing suits to millions of stimulated customers. Ted ran after her, and caught up with her just as they hit the water.

The first impact of the cold waves had them breathless. They shouldered into deeper water together, laughing and spluttering, then dived shallowly and were swimming.

Once they were in, the water seemed almost warm. Linda was a good swimmer and followed Ted out beyond the raft and within hailing distance of the small sailboats that plowed along the shore.

"This is good," Ted said. They both floated on their backs, paddling and kicking lazily.

"Wonderful. Oof!" Linda choked on a tiny wave. They swam some more, floated again, dived, and ducked each other, and Ted felt happy and almost at peace with the world.

"I'm an inland boy," he said. "I guess I said last night. Ohio. But I love this salt-water stuff. Only kind of swimming there is."

"Only kind," Linda agreed. "And up here. Not Florida or hot places. I like it when it makes you tingle. Hey!" Another, larger wave caught her.

"Want to go back after some of Helen's food?" Ted asked.

"I'm about ready." Linda said. "Just one more quick swim. Try and catch me."

She took off in a flurry of white foam and Ted moved quickly after her. Head down and arms flailing, he didn't hear her shout and would have swum on past her if she hadn't grabbed his foot. He spluttered to a stop.

"I said, 'It's Arthur Raleigh!'" she boomed in his ear, then waved at a trim catboat sailing near them. "Hey! Hey! Art!"

Ted emptied his mouth of water and regained his breath. "Who's he?" he said.

"Art director. Advertising," Linda said. "Hey! Art! Art!"

The boat changed direction and bore down on them. A tousled blond man in Basque trousers and a pale-blue shirt leaned over the side to look at them.

"By all that's holy, Linda Urban!" he cried. "Heave to. Hard aport. Whatever you're supposed to say. Come on over." He headed the catboat into the wind, and Linda, followed by Ted, swam over to the side.

"Haven't seen you since the Charmure account," Raleigh said. "You're looking very good." It was said in the same professional tone as Linda's earlier remark about Mary Lee.

"*Still the most attractive cheekbones in* America. Anyway in the East," Raleigh said.

"This is Ted Morrow," Linda said. "We're staying with the Boyers. You know, Helen and Jeff."

"Hiya," Raleigh said.

A wave caught Ted and he nodded, or bobbed, acknowledgment.

"I hear you're doing Taffyes now," Linda said. "I think the layouts have improved a million."

"Yeah, got rid of all that chi-chi of Gordon's," Raleigh said.

"He's gone over to Brewer-Bayer," Linda said. "With Rudi."

"Oh, Rudi," Raleigh said. "I suppose you haven't seen Schnitzel?"

"My God," Linda said, and she and Raleigh laughed themselves into a state.

And Ted found his comfortable, companionable sea transformed into the Boyers' living room, or some other secret society.

"Come aboard," Raleigh said. "You can scramble up okay. It's a little close company but we can make it. We've got a lot to catch up on."

Linda grasped the side of the boat and Raleigh gave her a hand. Glistening and handsome, she climbed aboard, shaking her short hair back from her forehead. Ted clambered after her and managed to get his left leg over without tipping the boat.

AS HE moved his right leg up to consolidate his position, disaster struck. The tiny, rending noise was lost in the sound of the luffing sail, but to Ted it sounded like the trumpets of doom. The Bermuda shorts were giving way, and giving way in the least tenable of strategic positions, the unprotected flank.

Ted splashed his left leg back into the water. "Hey!" he cried.

"Marlowe's back at B.V.G.D. & R.," Linda was saying to Raleigh. "What's that, Ted?"

"I've had an accident," Ted explained. "My trunks. They split."

"Well, of all things," Linda said. "Climb aboard and let's see."

"I don't think I better climb aboard," Ted said. "The accident's rather extensive —uh—and I'm sort of afraid to swim."

"Dear Lord," Linda said. Her expression held the unblaming but annoyed rancor of a dog owner when his puppy misbehaves. "Art, what do we do?"

Raleigh looked both amused and annoyed. "We'll just have to tow him as close to shore as we can and signal the Boyers to come and rescue him with a towel," he said. "You hang on to the stern, son."

Their progress to shore was successful and humiliating. Jeff Boyer swam out with a peach-colored towel and laughed dutifully when the disaster was explained.

"I'm stealing Linda from you for a little while, if you don't mind," Raleigh said to him. "We're having an old home week—a lot to talk about."

The Boyers and Traynors were relieved when Ted was sure he remembered the way home and could take the jeep back and change. He hardly interrupted the *salon* in progress.

Driving the jeep, he was alone with his self-disgust, a feeling which was tinged with a mounting anger at himself, but also at Linda, at the Boyers, at Raleigh, the Traynors, and the week end. After all, it was an accident. It was even funny in a way. But it wasn't funny at all, when it happened to you; it was just clumsy, like stumbling on a dance floor or spilling soup at a formal dinner. Ted felt at one with all the nervous people in the ads for self-improvement courses. He turned the jeep into the Boyers' drive, parked on the gravel, and, clutching the towel about his midriff, stalked heavily into the living room.

BEFORE the open picture window, Mary Lee and the children were building a village of blocks. Michael looked up, saw the towel, and crowed delightedly.

"Fuddy mad!" Michael said.

"Mama's towel!" Kristi said.

"Shut up, both of you," Ted said.

"What on earth happened?" Mary Lee asked.

"My shorts, or trunks. Ripped them climbing on a lousy art director's boat. Rudis and Gordons and Schnitzels. Pfui. Most attractive cheekbones in America. I'm going to throw them out. The shorts. Only an hour from town. James Melton lives just down the road." He strode toward the stairs leading to his bedroom.

Mary Lee stopped him.

"You shouldn't throw them away," she said. "They're wonderful material. I could tell that the first time I saw them. Don't be so upset. Why don't you just take them off and let me sew them? Please. After you put something else on," she added with a smile.

"Well, all right," Ted said.

He went down to the bedroom and put the gray flannels back on. He really felt like throwing the trunks away, but the girl was right. It would be childish. There wasn't anything wrong with the trunks, and before this noon he had liked them. He slung them over his arm and went back upstairs.

"If you're sure it's not too much trouble," he said. "I'll borrow a pair of Jeff's trunks to go back to the beach."

"This'll only take a minute," Mary Lee said. "Kristi, you and Michael go on with the firehouse. *I* think you ought to make it bigger, so more firemen can live in it."

She already had Helen Boyer's sewing bag open and was examining the rip carefully.

"Just along the seam," she said. "It'll be as good as new. You must have been a sight." She looked at him candidly and giggled. Ted found himself laughing a little, too.

"I had camouflage," he explained. "The whole Atlantic Ocean, or the Sound. And then Helen's towel." He told the story of the accident, somewhat exaggerating his own nonchalance, and it became much less tragic as Mary Lee laughed with him.

"I know Raleigh," she said. "He's quite nice, really, but very much one of the local mob. How long have you known the Boyers?"

Ted thought. "About three weeks. It was swell of Helen to ask me up. Why?"

"Well, you're not typical," Mary Lee said, biting off an end of thread. "Of the mob, that is. I like the Boyers, but I see them a lot and a lot of their guests, and they run pretty much to a pattern. Like I said this morning. And you aren't it."

"I don't know if I get you," Ted said, uncomfortably. "You mean I'm not smart, or I dress funny, like the shorts?"

"Don't be silly. It's just that they're all so sort of mass-produced, but for the quality trade, and they're always so busy giving each other the right answers, and not so much even showing off as going through the approved motions. You're yourself, I think. You seem slower alongside them, but that's only because you're not so mechanical. Slower, but in a nice way." Her head was bent over the sewing, and she glanced up at Ted.

"That's a backhanded compliment," he said. "I haven't been in New York long and this is the first time I've been up here. It takes a while to get used to a new crowd."

Mary Lee let the trunks drop. "You moron," she said. "You don't understand a thing I've been saying. You don't *want* to be like them, do you? It's good the way you are. Not being slow, but being yourself. They're just like people who repeat radio jokes, only they get their jokes and funny stories from cocktail parties and special columns and things. Secondhand, instead of third or fourth, but no more original. You can see that, can't you?" She forced Ted to look at her and kept a challenge in her eyes.

"You're right," he said, and suddenly he knew she was. "You know, the funny feeling I've had all week end, I thought was my fault. Now I see it isn't anybody's fault. It's just that I don't care too much about the things they talk about. I was being bored, instead of out of place."

"Whoa! Now don't start getting all superior," Mary Lee said. She picked up the shorts, gave the seam a few finishing stitches, and tugged it to test her handiwork. "It's like the children in the psych book. It isn't that one group is better than the other, it's just that they aren't the same. And why should that worry anybody? Here, these ought to be okay now."

Ted took the shorts and tugged at them dubiously. "You think they'll hold?"

"Of course they will. They'd hold an elephant."

"Well, thanks," Ted said. "Thanks a lot. I guess I'd better change and get going before Jeff and Helen think I'm lost." He turned hesitantly to go back to the bedroom. "You'll be around, won't you?" he asked. "When we come back from the beach. And tomorrow." A lot of things he wanted to talk about, and not to the Boyers and Linda, crowded his mind.

"Look," Mary Lee said, "I just had an idea. Could you give me a lift to the beach? I can call one of my sisters to take care of the kids. We often switch shifts. And we have a boat, an old sailing dinghy, down there, if you'd like to try a sail. I got it after the last hurricane. Found it on the beach and claimed it according to the laws of salvage. That is, if you'd like to."

"It's a great idea," Ted said. "D'you think the Boyers would mind?"

"Oh, they like it informal—the more so the better," Mary Lee said.

"Good," Ted said. "You call your sister while I change."

A few minutes later, the cowbell at the door clanged and Mary Lee called, "Come in, Ceel." A younger Mary Lee came through the door. She too wore blue jeans and carried a bundle of books under one arm. Ted could detect his own firm's edition of Manscheim's Mineralogy. "This is Ted Morrow. My sister Lucille," Mary Lee said.

"He the one you were talking about?" Lucille asked, and Mary Lee blushed.

WELL out in the Sound, the dinghy rolled in a trough of the waves, sail slack. Mary Lee, sleek and comfortable as a wet seal, curled at Ted's feet.

"And if the Boyers don't ask you up next week end," she said, "why, you can come up and stay with us. There's so many of us that there's always room for guests. And I know Father will love you because you don't talk Art. And be sure to bring the shorts with you." . . .

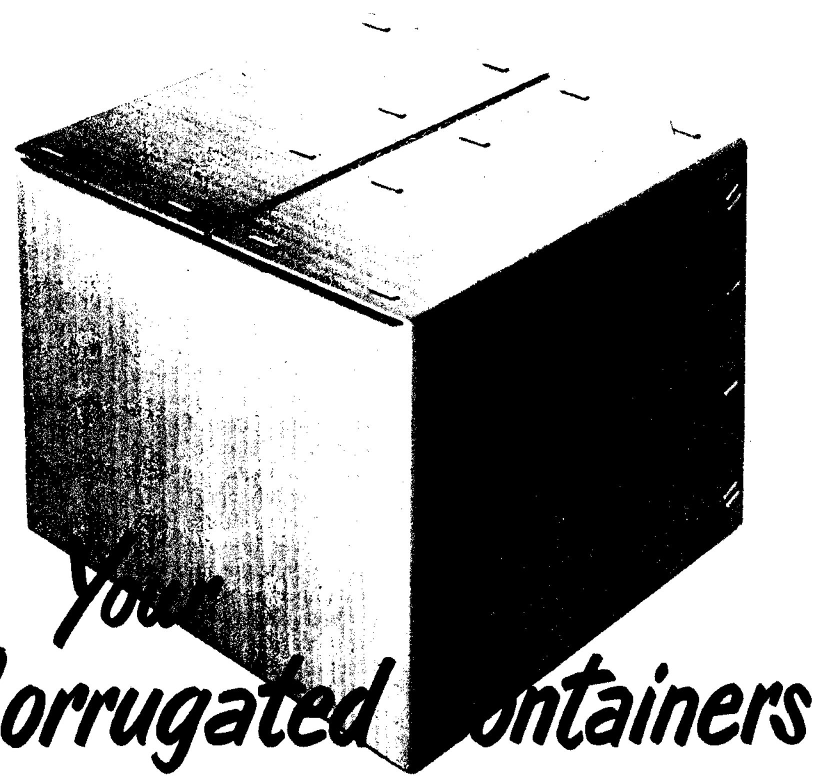
On the beach, Helen Boyer reached for a sandwich in the wicker hamper. "I think it's just perfectly right," she said to Sandy Traynor. "Mary Lee and Ted. He was beginning to worry me a little. We can have him up week end after next. But it still leaves Linda at a loose end. What do you think of Howie Sickles?"

"Nyah," Sandy said. "Too brokerish. But how about Ed Marks?" They put their heads together happily under the beach umbrella, deaf to Jeff's and Henry's continuing discussion of the black market. . . .

Ted, in the stern of the dinghy, let his eyes close. Mary Lee's head rested against his bright, beautifully repaired trunks.

"How long does it take—actually, I mean—to commute to New York from here?" he asked in a happy mumble.

THE END



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SCHNOZZOLA!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"Frank," said Clayton, "you and I are not going to have any words about this. I'm going to cut this pot up just the way you want it, and we're going to pay you for the apartment. But as far as I'm concerned, I'm backing out of the combination."

Durante interposed, "Not without me, you're not, Lou. Wherever you go, I go." And Eddie Jackson said, "I'm going too."

"Well, then," said Clayton, "I'll tell you right now. This combination stays as Clayton, Jackson and Durante—and from here on we're going to move and move big."

The team wasn't long out of work. The next day, Clayton left a floating dice game and walked up Broadway for a bit of air.

Dickering with the Quaker

Somewhere near the Astor, he chanced to hear a greeting thrown his way by "the Quaker," a man so called because he shook like a bowl of gelatin whenever rough lads threatened to muss up his face. The Quaker owned a controlling interest in the Dover Club at Fifty-first Street and Sixth Avenue.

"We'll sign your trio up for two weeks as a tryout," the Quaker offered, after some preliminaries.

Clayton asked for three thousand dollars.

"Don't make me laugh!" said the Quaker. "We only do three thousand business, tops." Then he countered, "I'll give you seventeen hundred and fifty a week and fifty per cent of all over ten thousand."

"That's a pretty good spread you're taking for yourself," Clayton said. "But I like the combination, and I'll take a draw."

When a Broadway gentleman said he would "take a draw," it meant he would commit either his bank roll or his personal safety, or both, to a hazardous undertaking.

Clayton later said of the Dover Club venture: "The first week we did seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. That meant seventeen hundred and fifty salary for the trio, plus thirty-seven hundred and fifty of the business over the ten-grand guarantee—in all, over five thousand for the week."

The Quaker called the trio to his office. "You first ast for three thousand a week. So, I'm giving you the three."

"Oh, no!" Clayton replied. "Now that I see the kind of business we're doing, I'd like a different proposition."

"Well," said the Quaker, "how would you like fifty per cent of the place?"

"There's three of us," Clayton said. "There's only one of yourself. Instead of taking fifty per cent, we'll take sixty per cent of the place, with a drawing account of two hundred dollars apiece, nobody ever to touch the big pot till the first of each month; and I'm to be president and treasurer. I'll take the receipts out of that cash box every morning. And I'm going to hold out five thousand in case we take a fall."

The Quaker surrendered. "It's a deal."

Clayton, Jackson and Durante stayed at the Dover Club for a season and a half. To use Clayton's phrase, the four partners "cut up" a total of $258,000 the first year.

The comedy at the Dover Club might be described as catch-as-catch-can. There was hat throwing, piano breaking, and general pandemonium centering around the mad little clown with the big nose and the prowling walk, ably abetted by his two partners. Clayton looked like an Indian. He would affix feathers to a hatband, and together with Jackson, also dressed up as an Indian, would scream, "The Americans are coming!" The velvet portieres then would part at the entrance to the club to reveal additional "Indians" in ludicrous poses. Sometimes, such celebrities as Paul Whiteman, Ted Lewis, Eddie Cantor and George Jessel would take part in these tableaux, and Jimmy would flap his arms in mock mortification and cry out hoarsely: "Everybody's trying to get into the act!"

Durante and Clayton had earlier worked out a routine that they used whenever a young couple entered the room; the two men would dash off the dance floor, and Jim would seize the fellow's arm while Clayton grabbed the girl's. Instead of leading them to one table, they would separate the pair; Durante would sit down with the man, then exclaim in sudden astonishment: "What happened? I come *in* here with a *girl!*"

As at the Club Durant, the clientele at the Dover occasionally posed a problem. Headwaiter Leon Emken (later of the Manhattan night club Leon & Eddie's) made sure each night that warring racketeers were seated safely apart. He created barriers by assigning socialites to tables in the midst of the Rover Boys of the underworld, on the theory that the smart-set patrons would put a damper on gangland tempers.

And gangland tempers were running high in those days. One reason was the introduction of a new racket, a form of kidnaping known as "the snatch." The procedure was to capture moneyed gamblers, club owners or bootleggers, and hold them for ransom under threat of torture or death. The victims very seldom reported the facts to the police. Their friends paid off and then waited until matters could be rectified in consonance with their own code: a set of teeth for a tooth.

One day, Durante got a note threatening him with kidnaping unless he paid $25,000 to "someone who will get in touch."

"There was only one way you could kidnap Jimmy Durante," Clayton said, recalling the incident years later. "That was you'd have to get me out of the way, because I'd have to die first. So when Jimmy would drive home from the Dover Club I would tail him in my own car. And I said, 'Don't worry, Jim. I'll be behind you right up to your door in Flushing.' "

Street Blocked by a Sedan

Then, one night Clayton stayed home with a severe cold. When, early next morning, Jimmy drove his car into the Flushing street on which he lived, a sedan went past him, then halted on the road, broadside.

Durante is an excellent driver. He put on his brakes, quickly shifted the gears to reverse, backed away, then turned and raced off, his horn going full blast, toward the Queensborough Bridge. He had glimpsed three men in the sedan. They did not follow him, perhaps because it was broad daylight and traffic was growing thick. After half an hour of cruising, Jimmy went on home.

When Durante told Clayton of this, Lou made inquiries along Broadway. He became satisfied that Vincent Coll had been in this car.

Broadway knew "Mad Dog" Coll, a member of the Dutch Schultz bootlegging mob, as the most irresponsible, unpredictable and desperate outlaw of them all—a savage man-killer. Although he had "the frozen stare," he was on the whole a good-looking fellow, barely twenty years old, with pompadour hair and even white teeth.

Clayton, furious at the attempt to kidnap Durante, wanted at first to kill Coll. Jimmy made him promise not to try this and advised him to stay away from the Mad Dog. Clayton ignored the advice. One afternoon, unarmed except for his spring-blade pocketknife, he invaded Coll's hangout in the Bronx; he found the Mad Dog playing pinochle in a back room.

Clayton, ignoring the other players, looked Coll in the eye, and asked quietly, "Do you know anything about that sour bid to snatch Jimmy Durante?"

Perhaps ten seconds went by as the men stared at each other. Then Clayton said, "Maybe you're hard of hearing."

Coll affected a smile. "I got no way of knowing what's on your mind, Lou."

"Here's what's on my mind," Clayton said. "Anybody that merely touches Jimmy Durante will be beaten to death by these." He held out his strong hands. "And if that certain party has got good white teeth, that person won't ever eat again with their own teeth. Clayton will nail him, by appointment or otherwise."

He then stalked out of the cardroom, his back to the Mad Dog and his gorillas.

Broadway bubbled over with the news that Lou Clayton had faced down the killer. A few days later, Coll saw Clayton in front of Lindy's and approached with a toothy smile. "Lou, you got me all wrong."

"Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't," Clayton replied shortly.

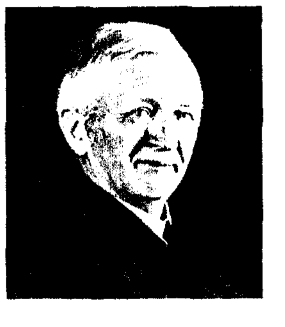
Coll put on his most charming manner. "Lou, I just happened to see Benevolent Charlie, and he told me to tell you he wants to see you right off about something. I got my car right acrost the street."

"Benevolent Charlie always knows where to find me," Lou said. "If he wants me, the telephone has been invented a long while."

Clayton turned away contemptuously and hailed a taxicab, first making sure, as he always did, that he knew the driver. At the Dover Club he telephoned Benevolent Charlie, who informed him, "Why, no, Lou, I never saw the Mad Dog today whatsoever, and I didn't say I wanted to see you, which of course I'm always glad to. What he wanted was to take you for a ride, to save his pride from the other day. Watch your step." But neither Clayton nor Durante was ever troubled by Coll again.

Nevertheless, Jimmy seemed destined to get into jams—on his own hook when no other way was available.

It Can Only Happen Here



Students felt sorry for the "poor old fellow"—Friends took up a collection to help pay his funeral expenses—Yet, in his will George Miller, a $6,000-a-year mathematics professor at the University of Illinois, left $1,000,000 to the school.

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Two Cops After Evidence

One night, two Broadway detectives, a Lieutenant W. and a side-kick known along the Main Stem as "Camera Eye," walked into the club and seated themselves at a table. Lieutenant W. had gone to grade school with Durante, and liked him. Nevertheless, he was a police officer with a job to do. On this night, he called Clayton over. "I want to buy a drink."

"What will it be?" Clayton inquired. "Ginger ale, sarsaparilla?"

The officer rose from his chair, furious. "You know I want whisky!"

"You must know we don't serve whisky," replied Clayton. "It's against the law."

The lieutenant pointed to one of the waiters. "What's that he's serving?"

"Oh," replied Clayton, "that's ginger ale."

"I want to see Durante," said the cop.

Clayton signaled everyone to be on the alert, and went off, ostensibly to find Durante. In the kitchen he said to his partners, "Look, that copper is going to cause trouble; don't let anyone, under any conditions, serve him a drink."

Durante objected to this. "Now look, Lou, I went to school with the guy. Why don't we be nice to him?"

"Because he's out to get us."

"But," said Durante, "we were pals when we were kids. He couldn't! This time you're dead wrong."

Jimmy went out to see his old schoolmate. The lieutenant complained bitterly about Clayton's rudeness. He said all he wanted was a bracer for himself and Camera Eye. Schnozzola personally got two drinks and served them. Whereupon his former schoolmate brought a bottle from his pocket. Into it he poured the drinks for evidence. "All right, Jim, get your hat and coat. We're going to headquarters."

Durante was aghast at this disloyalty. Accompanied by Clayton and the two cops, he went to police headquarters, where he was booked. Clayton, who had stuffed $4,000, the night's receipts, in his pockets, asked the sergeant not to lock up Jimmy but to let him out on bail. The sergeant fixed bail at $2,000 and Clayton peeled that amount from his roll.

Next day Jim was tried in special sessions court. Sentence was suspended, but it was ruled that if he ever was caught serving another drink, he would have to go to jail.

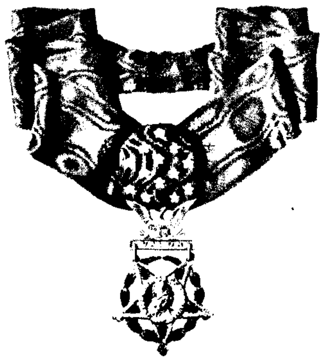
"I'm brandied as a criminal!" moaned Durante.

The Schnozz never served another drink—except in his home, and then only after prohibition had been repealed. He said, "Lou, that's twice I've been a sap. I'll never go against your judgment again."

In the summer of 1926, the Durantes headed for their favorite haven, Clear Lake in California. They spent a restful few months there and started back to New York much refreshed. However, a certain amount of confusion is always present in the cheerful Durante; on the eastbound train he sighted a firebreak—a pathlike clearing blazed across a mountain to minimize the danger of forest fire—and commented to his startled fellow passengers: "Can you imagine anybody driving a car up those steep roads?"

The embarrassed Jeanne promptly got up

Medal of Honor



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from her chair and left the Schnozz to talk his way out of that predicament as best he could. Jimmy, now aware that he had erred, rose to the occasion nobly.

The blunder was understandable, he explained to those sitting near him. "You see, us perfessors don't get out of the chemical lavatory too often."

The 1926 fall season at the Dover Club was fated to be the team's final one there. It opened auspiciously, with the club rapidly becoming one of the city's most prosperous, but it ended catastrophically in a New Year's Eve brawl that lasted for one incredible hour and left the place a total wreck.

Gangdom Hobnobs with Society

That evening started as a great one for the club. Society folk and underworld denizens, admitted at a cover charge of $25 a head, jammed the floor and grew more and more merry as the grape flowed. Among those present were a towering, powerful, easygoing gambler called Great Pete; the notorious money-man and fixer Arnold Rothstein; and Mr. and Mrs. Legs Diamond.

Diamond was a rough chap who during a short lifetime had collected and retained some 32 bullets in his body, or approximately as much lead as is contained in the east window of Westminster Abbey. (It was said that he liked to swim, but never dared try it in his adult years.)

For various reasons, relations were strained between Diamond's wife, Alice, and Great Pete, who had once paid court to her widowed mother. However, overcome by the happiness of the season, Pete determined to make a nice gesture; at midnight he approached the Diamonds' table to offer his best wishes for the New Year.

His intentions were misunderstood. Mrs. Diamond said a few harsh words, and her bullet-laden husband rose to his feet to remonstrate with Great Pete. As they conversed, Alice Diamond picked up a wine bottle and shattered it over Pete's head. The battle was on.

Henchmen of the two main disputants rushed to the fray. Rothstein, who had been sitting with the Diamonds and might have prevented further disorder, ducked out (an act for which Clayton never forgave him). In a few moments there was a free-for-all. A great rose-colored wall-hanging came loose and enveloped several of the combatants, adding to their fury. Women screamed. The detectives present called for their guns, but Clayton refused to check them out of the icebox. Plates skimmed overhead and tables overturned. The cash register toppled.

There was a general stampede for the cloakroom and the street, joined—as was their custom—by Durante and Jackson.

It was after 1:00 A.M. when the last casualty was removed from the premises, and the weary Clayton found himself standing in the middle of a complete shambles looking at the empty cash register. The guests had departed without paying their checks; Lou later estimated that the club had lost $20,000 in unpaid bills alone.

So far as Clayton, Jackson and Durante were concerned, that washed up their venture at the Dover Club. "I'm quitting," Lou told the Quaker. "And when I quit, my partners quit." At Jimmy's insistence, the trio gave two weeks' notice—time enough to split up the season's take.

To Jeanne Durante, there was a lesson to be learned from the troupe's experience at the Dover. She asked her husband to promise never to buy into another speak-easy. He agreed.

Clayton went along with this decision, and laid plans to book the team for the rest of the season at an asking price of $3,000 a week, $1,000 each.

"It will only be a matter of time," he said, "till I jack that salary up."

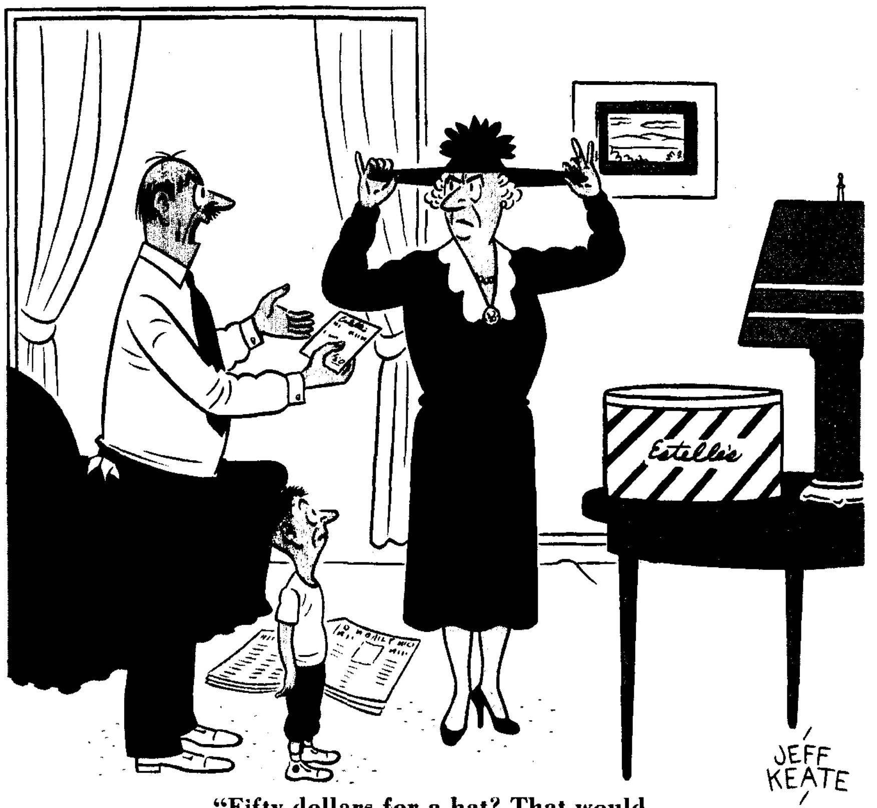
Accordingly, the Thursday after the closing of the Dover the team opened at the Parody Club on East Forty-eighth Street, at $3,000 a week. Leon Emken, the headwaiter, drummer Jack Roth and pianist Harry Donnelly went along to the luxuriously furnished basement club, which Jimmy always referred to afterward as "my upholstered cellar."

Despite the excellent salaries they were drawing and the richness of their surroundings, Jimmy and Eddie Jackson were constantly short of ready cash—not because they spent it wildly, but because their wives saw to it that they never had a chance to do so (a precaution of which Clayton thoroughly approved). As a result, both men quietly held out small sums from their wives. As this private hoard mounted, they worried about where to keep it.

One day Durante went to Jackson in some excitement. "I just read about an employee with a wooden leg out in the Denver mint," he said. "He got away with thousands in gold by sticking it in his leg!"

"So what?" asked Eddie.

Jimmy looked around carefully to make sure they weren't overheard, and then said delightedly: "Charlie Cooper, the doorman, has a wooden leg!"



"Fifty dollars for a hat? That would buy enough food to feed the family for a couple of days, Edith!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

The pair rushed to find Cooper, who worked after hours as Jackson's chauffeur. He agreed, after no little persuasion, to keep the secret money inside his artificial limb. "But," he stipulated, "it's got to be folding money. No coins."

Clayton preferred to keep his partners without funds because, among other things, they had a penchant for gambling—along with easy-mark dispositions. He laid down a flat ban against their risking any money with professional gamblers.

He was therefore a little uneasy when, after the Parody Club had closed for the summer of 1927, the team was offered a two-week engagement at $5,000 a week by Clayton's old friend Benevolent Charlie, who operated a gambling casino and restaurant at Saratoga.

"I want one thing clear," Clayton told Charlie before agreeing to terms. "Never under any circumstances are you to let Jimmy or Eddie play the wheel or shoot craps in your room. If any gambling is done, I'll do it."

"They'll be safe," said Charlie.

The Durante troupe had been at the Saratoga spa for two or three nights when Jackson met an ex-trolley car conductor known in gambling circles as Carbarn Frank. As this gentleman emerged from the gambling room, Eddie said, "How did you make out, Frank?"

"I rung up a whole lot of fares on roulette, tonight, Eddie," said Carbarn Frank. "I got a system."

"Well," Jackson said, "you and I know one another for years. How about giving me that system?"

"All right, if you won't tell a soul. You play seven, eleven, thirteen, nineteen and twenty-nine. Stick to 'em for about an hour only, and you can't miss."

Jackson informed Durante of this, and the Schnozzola became excited. "After the first show, Eddie, we'll slip away from Lou and put twenty dollars apiece on the wheel."

Strangely, the two men had difficulty getting into the gambling room; they had to bribe the doorman $10 before he'd let them by. Then they tried to buy yellow chips, and were told there weren't any. There weren't any green chips, either; or white ones. At this point, Jimmy began to feel something was wrong. "Let's go see the boss," he said to Jackson.

In Benevolent Charlie's sanctum, Durante got right to the point. "Eddie and me want to play a little roulette," he complained, "and they don't want to sell us any chips." He turned to Jackson. "Eddie, show him that forty dollars." Then he asked, "What's wrong with our money? Ain't it any good?"

Benevolent Charlie cleared his throat. "I'll tell you the truth, boys," he said. "Lou Clayton don't want you to play. I told all the dealers and the manager not to let you lose any money out there."

"But, Charlie!" the Schnozz cried out. "Jackson's got a system!"

Benevolent Charlie laughed. "Go ahead," he said.

Within an hour, Jackson and Durante had won $400. The next night they returned to the tables again and took down another three or four hundred. After their third successful evening, Durante said, "Eddie, I'd like to try my own system just once."

"You go ahead," said Jackson. "I'm sticking to a sure thing."

Almost immediately, both men started losing. By the time the night was over, they had gone through all their winnings, had lost the original $40, and had signed IOUs for $1,500.

"I only hope Clayton don't find out," mourned Durante. Then suddenly he brightened as he thought of banker-chauffeur Charlie Cooper.

They found their friend outside the casino. "Charlie," Jimmy said, "come into the washroom with us a minute."

In the washroom, Durante said, "Now take your leg off."

"In *here?*"

"Right here," the Schnozz commanded. "We want to make good on an IOU before Clayton gets wise."

"But suppose somebody comes in when I'm doing it, and . . ."

"Nix," said Jackson. "Do you want to keep your job?"

The losers withdrew enough money to pay up at the casino, and Durante decided to take out an extra five hundred. Later that morning, he knocked at Eddie's door. "Where is Charlie Cooper staying? I dropped seven hundred more, and I got to pay an IOU for two C's."

Both Jimmy and Eddie were thoroughly chastened when, the next day, Clayton got them in a corner. "Smart guys, eh? Well, I knew all about it, and I let you get roughed around on purpose. You've gotta learn, if you play long enough against the percentage the house takes on each spin of the wheel, you're bound to get knocked out. Had enough?" They had.

(It was this father-to-sons attitude of Clayton's that once prompted Bugs Baer to comment that Durante and Jackson were "scared to death" of the third partner. Today, Jimmy admits it readily. "Yeah, that's right. But there's a big 'but' there. I'd argue with him and he'd fight even when I was right. But then I'd say, 'Lou, take this deal, will you please?' And he'd say after he'd looked at me a while, 'Jimmy, if that's the way you want it, that's the way it's gonna be.' Even if he would lose fifty thousand on the deal, he'd want me to be happy. That was the main thing with Lou.")

Although the incident at Benevolent Charlie's casino taught Jimmy not to gamble, he decided he ought to handle his own money. He told Jeanne he felt "left out of things" as he watched other Broadway gentlemen peel off big bank notes in public.

Holdup in a Doctor's Office

So it was that on one October day in 1927, when Jimmy took his wife to the office of Dr. Shirley Wynne for a physical checkup, he had a thousand-dollar bill nestled proudly in his pocket. Jeanne was carrying a velvet handbag with $40 in it.

As the Durantes waited in the outer office, four armed bandits walked in and said, "Stand up against the wall!"

One of the holdup men stayed behind in the reception room while the other bandits went into the examination room, where a male patient was lying face down on a table, unclad except for his undershirt. The gang leader told Dr. Wynne to stand against the wall and warned the patient not to move a muscle. The fourth robber now herded the Durantes and the receptionist into the examination room.

Jimmy, outraged, addressed the terrified man on the table. "There's ladies present! Can't you put your pants on?"

The leader of the bandits advanced on Jim as though to shoot him. "Shut up! And stand back!"

At that point, Mrs. Durante suddenly collapsed. As Jimmy moved to help his stricken wife, he was hurled against the wall. "Another move out of you," the leader said to the Schnozz, "and I'll shoot that big nose right off your face!"

"But my wife, she may be dead!" Durante protested. Then, in a magnificent *non sequitur,* he blurted out, "And besides, this is awful unmodest as a situation."

The robbers took Dr. Wynne's valuables and Jimmy's thousand dollars, and found the patient's wallet in his pants. One of the men shook Mrs. Durante, but decided to let her stay on the floor.

After they had gone, the patient draped himself in a sheet, and Dr. Wynne prepared to minister to Mrs. Durante. She amazed everyone by springing to her feet with a giggle, triumphantly exhibiting her velvet bag. She had thrown it beneath the examination table while pretending to faint, and had hidden her rings in her mouth.

While Dr. Wynne was notifying the

police, the Schnozz looked at his wife and said, "Toots, I guess I shouldn't handle our money after all." Some weeks after the holdup, the bandits were arrested, and Durante got his money back.

Money was, in fact, becoming less and less a problem for the Durantes. Under Clayton's guidance, the team was prospering and was able to turn down engagements it once would have jumped at. At all times, Clayton held out for as much as he could get, and he would coolly penalize those who didn't accept his first offer.

The trio wanted to take a stab at vaudeville. Jimmy was especially anxious to play the Palace Theater, which was to vaudeville entertainers what the Boston Symphony is to a violin player. At an early stage of the Parody Club engagement, Clayton negotiated briefly with the Palace management, but they snorted when he asked $3,000. "Who knows you?" they asked.

"You'll find out," said Clayton.

Another Bid from the Palace

Sometime later, the theater offered Clayton, Jackson and Durante a place on the bill. Clayton upped the price to $3,500. Jimmy exploded, but Clayton held firm. "You tend to the joke department," he said. "The next time they ask, the salary will be five grand."

When the team finally broke into vaudeville it was at Loew's State Theater, three blocks north of the Parody Club—for $3,500 a week. Clayton and Jackson had had vaudeville experience, but Jimmy had none. They rehearsed diligently for their four-show-a-day stint, and during their two-week appearance broke all records.

Other offers began coming in on the basis of this showing—including one from the Palace booking agent at $3,500 a week. "The price," said Clayton, "is five grand."

Jimmy screamed, "Take it, take it!"

"Five grand," said Clayton.

Finally, the Palace management found itself in a spot. One of its headliners at that time was the late great comedienne Fanny Brice. She fell ill, and the theater, now in desperate need of a replacement, approached Clayton once again. He calmly quoted a figure of $5,500, and then said:

"I'll tell you what. We'll take a draw with you. If we go in there and do business, you give us fifty-five hundred. If we don't break your house record, then you don't owe us a quarter."

The manager nodded. "You've got a deal, except we'll pay five thousand anyhow. If you break the record held by Beatrice Lillie, we'll give you a bonus of five hundred."

The trio was billed in the spot next to closing. They were supposed to do 40 minutes, but the audiences would not let them off stage for an hour and a half. The Palace decided to cancel the last act, for no one could follow the Schnozzola and his partners. They broke all records that first week, received their bonus, and were held over for three successive weeks.

Despite Clayton's insistence that the trio get all the money he felt it deserved, there were plenty of people along Broadway ready to testify that they never sought a cent more. One of these was the celebrated impresario, C. B. Dillingham. He had sought out Lou with a suggestion that the team appear in a forthcoming musical, whose book was to be written by playwright William Anthony McGuire. Clayton agreed, and a contract was signed.

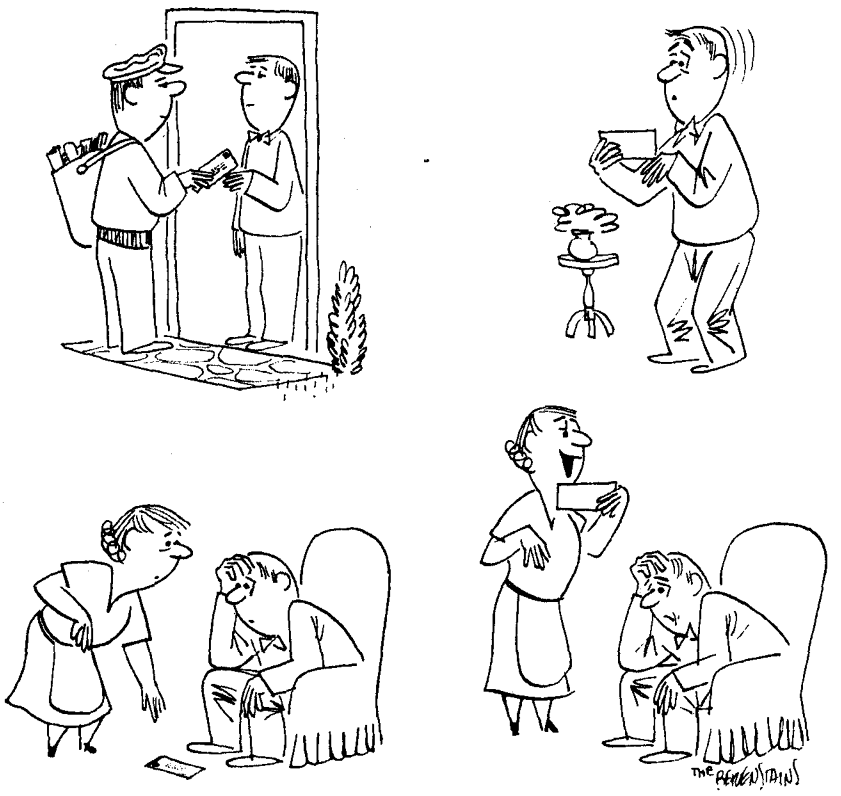
Some time later, when there was no further word about the project, Clayton paid a call on Dillingham. The producer said the show hadn't materialized. "Suppose," he said, "I give you ten thousand dollars and we tear up the contract. I don't know when McGuire's going to give me the book."

That was perfectly satisfactory to Clayton, but it troubled Durante. When Christmas of 1927 rolled around, he said, "Lou, you know that ten thousand we got from Mr. Dillingham? Well, he's such a swell guy, and we've done nothing for that dough. Suppose we give him back that check?"

Jackson agreed; and Clayton sent the money back to Dillingham, and with it a note: "Please accept this as a Christmas present from the Three Sawdust Bums of Broadway."

Dillingham, a true gentleman, spread the story all over town. Durante was relieved to be free of the money. "I like to be a giver," he said, "not a taker."

The Schnozz was still to make his mark in musical comedy and in films. Furthermore, he had yet to tour the country in vaudeville. Exciting, hilarious experiences were ahead; you can read all about them in next week's Collier's. Be sure to order a copy at your local newsstand right away



"Oh! My driver's license!"

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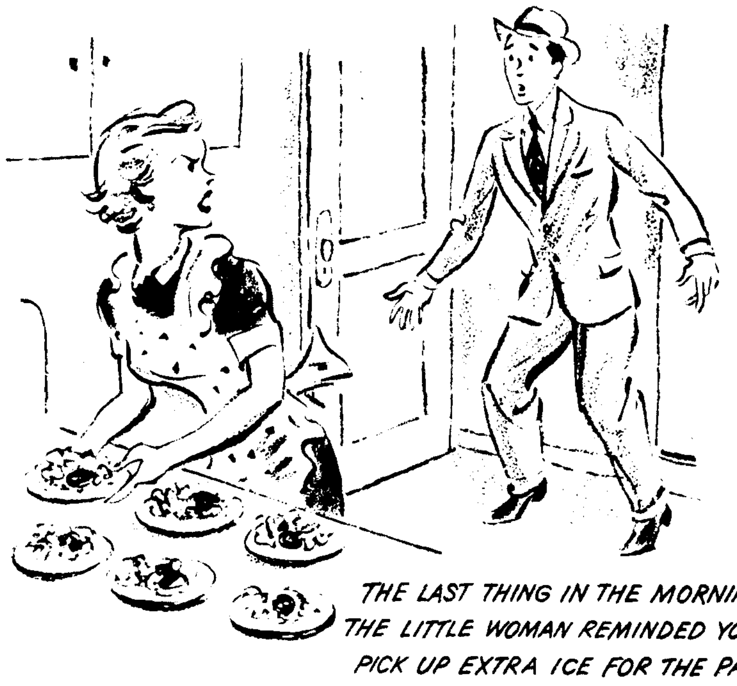

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Mask for Danger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

"Ready aft. Take her away, Lieutenant. Starboard your helm when you're clear."

It took him a moment to interpret the instructions; in the Navy the order would have been given as "Left rudder." Then the boat was moving forward and, as the stern cleared, swinging under his hand. "Course?"

"Just follow the buoys out. No tricks, Lieutenant. Turn out the cabin lights; the second switch from the top. We'll dispense with running lights tonight. You can take her up to sixteen hundred r.p.m."

"Sixteen hundred."

"Steady as you go now."

"Steady, aye-aye."

He had almost forgotten where he was and who was with him. It did not matter for the moment that a gun was aimed at his back. He was doing something he had once done well and loved doing; and it was coming back to him as if he had never been away. There had never been anything to be afraid of, he told himself; his fears had been as imaginary as the Lawrence Wilson by whom he had thought himself pursued and persecuted, a man already a week dead and buried! Then two things happened at once: as they came out beyond the shelter of the point the boat rose abruptly to a cross swell, and at the same time the cold engine hesitated and coughed. The faint jar coupled with the very minor explosion seemed to take him back over the years to a night when he had felt a great ship pause, and watched the flight deck go up in a towering column of flame, before the blast swept him off his feet.

After a while he found himself in the cockpit being very sick into the cruiser's wake. He straightened up and wiped his mouth with his handkerchief. He felt weak and shaken and bitterly ashamed. Henshaw was standing in the deckhouse doorway and Elizabeth was steering. Young noticed for the first time that they were towing the doctor's outboard-equipped rowboat astern.

Somebody spoke from the darkness by his feet: "Dramamine's supposed to cure it."

He looked down at Bonita Decker; even in the darkness he could see that she was wet and muddy.

"Seasickness, I mean," she said, and held up her hand. He helped her to her feet and she pulled distastefully at her wet clothes. "It certainly took you all of a sudden."

Henshaw, in the doorway, laughed. "The lieutenant isn't seasick. He's just frightened. He's allergic to boats. A rather peculiar complaint for a naval officer."

Young was aware of the quick glance the red-haired girl gave him.

"Let's get inside," the doctor said. "You take the wheel, Miss Decker; Mr. Young might have another attack, and Elizabeth seems to be steering us all over the Bay."

HE COULD feel the steady vibration of the engine through his body; one of the deckhouse windows rattled softly and constantly behind him. The throbbing note of the exhaust mingled with the hissing rush of water past the boat's hull; he was aware of all these noises, and he could feel himself tighten up painfully whenever there was a minute change in any of them.

He thought bitterly that he ought to be grateful; by keeping him from reporting for duty, by bringing him here, these people had at least saved him from making a fool of himself on shipboard where somebody might have been depending on him. He thought wryly that the only thing to be done with a naval officer in his condition was to take him out and shoot him; which, he suspected, was exactly what Henshaw had in mind. Somehow the idea did not terrify him particularly. You could face these simple, straightforward fears; what the hell, there was nothing wrong in being scared of getting killed, and anybody who pretended he wasn't was a liar. It was the terrors that grew out of the kinks in your own mind, set off by things that bothered nobody else, that made you feel like crawling into a hole and blowing your own brains out. When you lost your lunch when an engine backfired slightly or found yourself cringing at the smell of gasoline . . .

He saw the can, then. It had been placed handy, right inside the door; a one-gallon can painted red, the kind you might use to carry extra fuel for an outboard motor. He had to swallow hard to choke down a sudden wave of nausea, as he understood what Henshaw was planning for them; and he found himself edging along the seat away from the door and the red-painted can that seemed to glow faintly in the darkness.

"David!"

Elizabeth had been sitting on the other side of the cabin; but now she was beside him, clinging to his arm. He saw her glance uneasily forward to where Henshaw, his back turned momentarily, leaned over the small girl in the helmsman's seat.

"Stop that! When I ask for a couple of dollars, try to be a little less humorous!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

"Oh, David!" she whispered. "I declare I'm sorry. I couldn't help—!"

He realized that she was apologizing for what she had done when he first stepped inside the deckhouse. There was a curious, dreamlike quality to everything that was happening; and he was no longer shocked by her appearance, not even when he saw—what he had not had time to notice before—that her left eye was swollen almost shut, and that her lips were puffed.

"David, you've got to help! He caught me, honey!" she gasped, pitching her voice below the rumble of the motor under their feet. "He caught me; I never even got to the highway! He *beat* me to make me tell what I'd told you, honey! All day I've been lying tied up in his dirty old cellar. *Look* at me, honey! Look what he's done to *my* face! Look at *my* suit. And *my* white shoes in his filthy old boat!"

He watched her bruised mouth, pleading for sympathy, with a complete lack of concern; all over the world people were starving and dying and this girl with the beat-up face was worrying about a pair of shoes!

"Look, Mrs. Wilson," he said, "what side are you on, anyway?"

There was a laugh above them, and they looked up to see Henshaw watching them. "Don't embarrass her by asking, Lieutenant," the doctor said loudly. "She's on the winning side; but the trouble with our Elizabeth is, she's never quite sure which side is going to win." Suddenly he turned and took hold of her, seizing a handful of the front of her suit with a shockingly casual contempt. He lifted her off the seat like that. "Where's the gun?"

"What, honey?" she gasped.

"The gun you took away from him!"

"Oh—I reckon it fell in the corner when she—"

HENSHAW studied her for a moment, then gave her a quick, brutal shake. A heavy object slid out of some secret hiding place inside her clothes and bounced on the floor. Before Elizabeth could recover or Young could move, the doctor had kicked the weapon out of range. He backed away down the cabin with his own gun steady, picked up the fallen pistol, and threw it out through the cabin door. The splash as it struck the water was almost drowned by the sound of the boat's progress.

Young did not look at the disheveled girl beside him, but he knew with bitter certainty that he had missed an opportunity: she had been offering to sell out; she had just wanted a little sympathy first. She had been about to give him back the gun she had taken from him; but he had been too slow, too scornful, too concerned with his own miseries, to catch on in time.

He watched the doctor returning—a big man, but bald and a little paunchy, still in the worn brown suit with the sagging pockets that was his badge of frugal respectability. "There goes old Doc Henshaw," people would say; "he's not much of a doctor but he won't do you no harm and his people been around these parts for a long time." Out of the corner of his eye, Young saw the girl at the wheel look back over her shoulder; he thought he saw fear on her face before she turned away again.

There was something rather terrifying about the sight of this unimportant man, a relative failure in his own world, who had managed viciously to change that world in such a way as to make himself, at least for tonight, important and powerful. It made you, Young thought, wonder fearfully how many others there could be like this; not the dupes, not the misguided, fanatic idealists, but the nasty little people indulging in secret treachery against the society in which they lived, in the hope of transforming it into one in which they would be a little bigger; one in which the people they envied would be a little smaller.

What's it to you? he thought, and he could not help letting his glance touch, briefly, the red can inside the cabin door. The sight of it made his stomach knot up inside him with the knowledge of what was coming. *What's it to you? You're not going to be there!*

He licked his lips. "Dr. Henshaw?"

The doctor turned back from checking the course. "Yes?"

"I don't get it," he said. "Where does—did Larry Wilson fit in, anyway?"

The confession of ignorance made Henshaw smile in the darkness. "It's very simple," he said. "He didn't. He just happened to be married to Elizabeth."

Bonita Decker turned her head quickly. "Then you admit Larry wasn't—"

Henshaw said, "When Elizabeth's husband was refused security clearance—Well, we know who our people are, of course. And we knew that Wilson wasn't one of them. It followed that either a genuine mistake had been made—which would have been a rather startling coincidence, under the circumstances—or that he had come under suspicion, not because of any activities of his own, but simply because of his wife's affiliations. You can see that a government agency might be reluctant to employ a man, however loyal himself, whose wife was suspected of being a member of an espionage ring. We took it as a warning, and immediately curtailed all our activities here drastically, hoping to allay whatever suspicion had been aroused, in order that we might save this outlet for one final, truly important operation to which we had been assigned because of our nearness to Washington." The doctor patted his bulging coat pocket. "The mission we're on tonight, Lieutenant."

"Which is—?"

HENSHAW laughed and shook his head. "Even if I knew the details, which I don't, I'd hardly share them with you. Even though . . ."

"Even though what?"

"Even though the information would hardly do you any good," Henshaw said.

Young was aware of the red can, but did not look at it. "I can guess what you mean," he said, making his voice even. "You didn't bring us out here just to make four for bridge. Tell me, Dr. Henshaw, just what the hell were your activities?"

The doctor was ready enough to talk of this, even eager, like a man who had had to hide his cleverness too long from the world. "Do you remember the Japanese sampans that operated in Pacific waters before the last war? Little ocean-going fishing craft that had a habit of casually turning up in the neighborhood of important naval maneuvers, commanded by surprisingly well-educated officers who owned expensive cameras? Well," Henshaw said, "it occurred to, uh, certain people that the Japanese idea could be improved upon. Instead of a fishing boat of foreign registry, substitute a small, obviously American, pleasure craft complete with patent water closet and sun-tan lotion. Oh, not the gold-plated luxury yacht with captain and stewards; but the kind of battered third- and fourth-hand little family cruiser or auxiliary that makes the Coast Guard work overtime; the kind that's always running aground, or breaking down, or getting innocently lost in prohibited waters. Naturally these boats had to be given places to file their reports; places where they could also pick up messages to be delivered, say to passing freighters offshore. Such a station might be a boat yard where a workman had seen The Light; or a dockside store; or perhaps even a cove on a pleasant water-front estate where the maid or houseboy or gardener, or even the lady of the house, had, or could be persuaded to develop, the romantic habit of strolling along the beach at night. If the lady of the house was dissatisfied and resentful because of certain unfulfilled social ambitions—"

Elizabeth Wilson stirred, but did not speak.

"—it might not be difficult," Henshaw said, "for a respectable, middle-aged professional man—an innocuous sort of person, really—to suggest a way in which she might get back at all these people who had snubbed her, by discovering a passion for night air on certain nights in the week. A little hard on expensive slippers, but very good for the frustrated bitterness of a beautiful, ambitious woman. And there was nothing to it, really. After all, the old fool was too crazy about her to let anything happen to her; and he really demanded very little, and could be put off with even less!"

THE boat ran on through the night steadily. Elizabeth Wilson hid her beaten face in her hands. Henshaw cleared his throat, and turned to look at the compass dial over the shoulder of the red-haired girl at the wheel.

"East southeast, Miss Decker," he said softly. "You seem to keep working westward. I may not be a crackerjack yachtsman like you—I never had time to learn; my family lost all its money, you'll recall—but I'm quite aware that Harness Point Shoal is over to starboard. Let's stay clear of it, shall we?" Without warning he rapped the smaller girl smartly above the ear with the barrel of his revolver. "Let's," he said.

Young saw Bonita Decker sway dizzily from the blow, clinging to the wheel to keep from falling. The boat ran off course and straightened out again. And it wasn't as if the man were crazy, Young thought; any more than anybody who had ever suppressed a brutal impulse. He was just on a little jag of doing what he damn' well pleased, and this was what he pleased.

"Wilson," Young said.

"What?"

"What about Wilson, Doctor?"

"Oh, Wilson was a fool," Henshaw said, still pleased to talk. "Well, not really a fool, but reckless. Knowing himself to be a loyal and upright citizen, Lawrence Wilson apparently came to the same conclusion that we had reached: that he must have lost his job on account of his wife. He determined to find out why: to clear himself. I suppose, with the help of Miss Decker here. They had a boat built as an excuse for spending a lot of time on the water, presumably tuning up and experimenting for the races, actually keeping watch on the cove. I suppose Elizabeth's nocturnal strolls had attracted her husband's attention. We knew all about it, of course; it was pretty obvious. As I have said, we weren't doing much, so most of their time was wasted on innocent craft. However, one of our boats had not received the instructions to stay away; it came in one day toward fall. Although we got rid of it quickly, Wilson must have spotted it. He apparently traced it to a yard in the New York area. We did not realize this at the time."

The doctor leaned forward to check on the compass. "That's better, Miss Decker," he said. He sat down behind her, facing Young and Elizabeth across the narrow cabin, with the gun resting on his knees. "We had been alerted from Washington," he said, and patted his pocket again. "We had been told that this was almost ready for delivery—when into the middle of our plans, four nights ago, walked Elizabeth's husband to confront his wife with the proof of his own innocence and her guilt. He had really managed to get his hands on an amazing amount of evidence: if he had gone direct to the FBI the result would have been havoc. Fortunately, consumed with bitterness and hatred for the woman who had betrayed him as well as her own country—that was the way he put it, wasn't it, Elizabeth?—he couldn't resist the impulse to gloat. He had to *show* her the information: push it in her lovely face. I don't think it really occurred to the man that he was doing anything dangerous; you can, I suppose, be convinced that your wife is an enemy agent without really facing the fact that she might be capable of shooting you if confronted with the evidence."

"But I didn't!" Elizabeth said quickly, raising her head.

"But you called me and I did," the doctor said smoothly. "Which, in the eyes of the law, amounts to the same thing. As a matter of fact, I doubt if even Larry noticed a significant difference."

"I declare I didn't know you were going to—"

"I doubt that," Henshaw said. "You were pretty badly frightened, as I recall; you hadn't any desire to go to jail for treason. I'll grant that you probably didn't think of all the consequences: but then, you never do, Elizabeth, or you wouldn't be here in that bedraggled condition. You'd have given me credit for enough intelligence to know you'd bolt. Anyway," he said, "we disposed of the body, which had a bullet hole in it; and then had to get rid of the car in such a way as to indicate, if possible, that Larry had never been near the house that night. I drove the coupé and Elizabeth followed in the station wagon to pick me up.

"When I saw the lieutenant by the roadside, obviously willing to accept a lift, it occurred to me that he was just about the right height and coloring; and that if I could manage to wreck the car and plant in it an unidentifiable body without a bullet hole, which Elizabeth and I, as Wilson's wife and doctor, could later identify positively as that of Lawrence Wilson—"

"Only my head was a little too hard," Young said. "You're a doctor; how did you happen to miss that I wasn't dead?"

Henshaw hesitated. "Well, Elizabeth was getting ready to have hysterics and— Well, it was an oversight."

At the wheel, Bonita Decker laughed. "He was probably so scared he couldn't hear anything but his own pulse," she said.

"It was an oversight," Henshaw repeated stiffly. He stood up. "There'll be no oversights tonight."

The red-haired girl said, without turning, "No, they don't like them where you're going, do they? That's where people get liquidated for their oversights, isn't it?"

Young's hands tightened, waiting for the doctor to strike out in anger; but Henshaw only laughed. "You seem to be under a misapprehension, Miss Decker. What makes you think I'm going anywhere? I'm a fumbling, middle-aged G.P. just doing my best to keep from killing my patients with my incompetence. What have I got to do with missing objects of international importance? I was out in my boat tonight, certainly; it's common knowledge that I'm being made a fool of by the lovely, unscrupulous, young Mrs. Wilson; and that I visit her as often as she will let me.

"Tonight I, uh, drifted around to see whether she might not be willing to give her sick husband an extra dose of sedative and come down to meet me; I was startled to find the Wilson boat gone from the dock. I was even a little worried, since I knew that Mrs. Wilson was not capable of handling a boat that size, and that her husband was not really well enough, after his accident, to take one out yet. Yes, I'll admit I was a little jealous, too. I even searched around a bit in the estuary in my little outboard. Naturally, when I heard the explosion out toward the Bay and saw the flames shoot up, I, like everybody else with a boat for miles around, headed for the scene as fast as possible—"

Young said, "I see. You're going back." Something happened to him as he said it; something that had nothing to do with the fact that the doctor had at least put his fears into words.

Henshaw said, "Of course I'll be suspected, I'll be searched, I'll be questioned, my unhappy affair with Mrs. Wilson will become public knowledge, and everybody will be tolerantly pleased at the fact that old Doc Henshaw had the gumption to get himself mixed up with a pretty girl who turned out to be a spy." He laughed.

The boat ran on through the darkness, fast enough to pound a little against the light, southeasterly chop. A little odor of gasoline seemed to reach Young from the red one-gallon can by the deckhouse doorway; and his mouth went suddenly dry as he realized what he had to do, not because he cared what Henshaw had in his pocket, but because the man himself had to be stopped. He had done enough damage to enough people already.

YOUNG watched him turn to check their position, bending over the small girl in the helmsman's seat, whose short red hair was now drying in a spiky fringe about her head, but still wet enough in back to dampen the wilted collar of her jacket. Young could not see her face at all, and he had no idea what she was thinking or feeling, and didn't know whether or not she was afraid. He thought she probably was; most intelligent people were, faced with death, and she seemed like a bright kid. He hoped that she might get out of it somehow; the rest of them, including himself, did not matter.

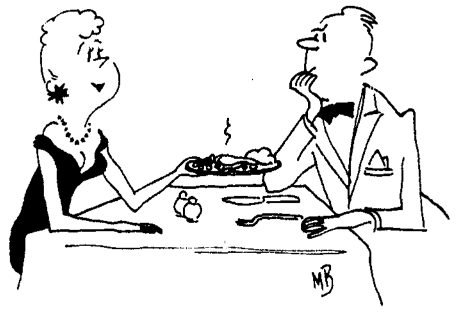
He saw Elizabeth watching him, pushing the unkempt dark hair out of her eyes to look, as he started to ease his way aft. Then Henshaw turned back to look at them, and he was still, and the girl beside him buried her face in her hands again.

Henshaw turned forward to look at the compass, and Young found the can with his foot and drew it toward him gently. It made a scraping sound that seemed to scream for attention, but the doctor did not look up for a moment; and when he raised his head it was with the same leisurely checking-up movement he had used before. Young reached down into the darkness beside him and found the cap. He waited until the doctor, seating himself, glanced down at the weapon in his hand. Then he unscrewed the cap quickly. When he looked up, Henshaw was watching him.

"What—"

The sharp gasoline smell came up to him strongly, sickening him; he gave the can a convulsive kick away from him and heard the first burping gurgle as the liquid flooded out over

MARTHA BLANCHARD



Who Dat?

Ah, my darling wife, tonight
You are a vision of delight.
I kiss your freshly powdered nose,
Admire your sleek coiffure and clothes—
And as you pass my dinner plate,
I hasten to interrogate:
O figment of my mind, fair myth,
Who's the cream-smeared, curlered,
Bathrobed dame I eat my breakfast with?

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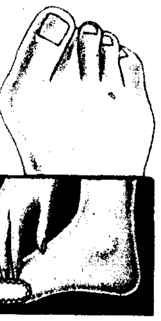

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the deckhouse floor. He heard himself shout something unintelligible to the girl at the wheel as he threw himself forward. She glanced around, and he felt her put the boat into a tight right turn that added to his momentum at the same time as it threw the doctor back into the seat on the port side of the cabin. Then he landed on top of the other man.

Henshaw threw him off onto the floor and kicked him in the chest. Young felt the pain blaze through the already bruised muscles; for a moment he could not move, but he was aware of the bigger man starting aft toward the can that had already half emptied itself. The cabin was full of the dizzying odor of gasoline; Young could feel it in his mouth and nose. He was conscious of the racket of the engine directly below him; and in his mind was a clear picture of at least six spark plugs firing steadily while the volatile, explosive fuel dripped down through the cracks onto the hot cylinders.

The girl at the wheel cut the switch and the engine stopped. Young crawled to his feet painfully.

"Decker," he gasped. "Out the forward hatch, over the side, and start swimming. Tell them—south end of Elder Island. The boat is the Marbeth. Don't pay any attention to that cap gun. If he fires it, he'll blow us all sky-high." He felt a little drunk and rather dizzy. He put himself in Henshaw's way as the bigger man started forward. "On your way, Red!"

Behind him, he heard the girl run to the forward part of the boat. Henshaw feinted with the gun barrel as if to strike at his head; then drove a left smartly into Young's ribs instead, and, as Young doubled up, threw him aside and went past. Young picked himself off Elizabeth Wilson's lap, gasping for breath. He was aware, for a moment, of the older girl's disfigured face staring up at him. She was frightened, and her terror only annoyed him. He was scared himself without having to look at fear in anybody else.

He heard footsteps on the forward deck, running; and a splash. In the companionway, Henshaw cocked the big revolver in his hand. His face was white and ugly.

"Come here. Start the motor! Head after her."

"There's a gallon of gas in the bilge, Doc!" Young said breathlessly. "The first spark will set it off; that goes for that gun of yours, too."

Too late, he realized that the other man did not believe him, or, rather, was too angry to understand what he was being told. Young threw himself desperately backward, toward the cabin doorway; he saw the gun discharge but did not feel the bullet; instead the spurt of fire seemed to grow and grow, with a swelling rush of sound that carried him back and up.

HE CAME to the surface gasping, was aware of the light and heat of the fire even before he had opened his eyes to see the Amberjack a boat length away burning fiercely amidships. Young could see nobody swimming; if the doctor or Elizabeth Wilson had managed to escape, they were on the side of the boat away from him. There was certainly nobody alive in the deckhouse now; at least, he thought grimly, you could hope for their sake that there wasn't.

The water came up to strangle him. He fought to the surface again and began to struggle out of the path of the burning hull, that was drifting down on him. He found himself thinking that a man with his experience should really know enough not to be caught downwind of a sinking vessel.

He spotted a floating kapok cushion and swam clumsily to it and clung to it, resting. He was weak and battered and rather dazed, but he was aware of a sense of accomplishment, and he felt curiously peaceful and unconcerned about his own predicament. Somebody was bound to see the fire and come out to investigate. Presently he heard the sound of a boat's bow cutting the water nearby, and the rumble of engines.

"There's one of them," a voice called. "Steady as you go."

A blinding searchlight found him. A big hull slid out of the darkness almost on top of him; he heard the engines go into reverse and instinctively drew up his feet to keep them out of the near propeller. For a moment it seemed as if a dozen people were trying to beat him to death with boat hooks from above; then he was jerked roughly upward. He was surprised to discover that there was something wrong with his arm; when they twisted it, he fainted.

He came to consciousness again almost immediately. He was lying on deck and somebody said, "This man is wounded."

"What happened, Young?" somebody else asked. "Did anybody else get off?"

He did not ask how the second man knew his name. It was difficult to speak. He licked his lips. "The redheaded kid," he whispered. "Decker . . ."

"Yes, we picked her up. What about Henshaw and Mrs. Wilson?"

"I don't know," Young whispered. "I don't think so." He remembered something. "A boat called the Marbeth. South end of Elder Island. . . ."

"Thanks. Miss Decker told us. They're being taken care of."

Young saw the girl then. She was standing by the pilothouse, watching him. She had apparently shed most of her clothes to swim; to all appearances she was wearing nothing but an oversized pea jacket somebody had lent her. She looked small and tired and cold, and a little embarrassed by having so little on.

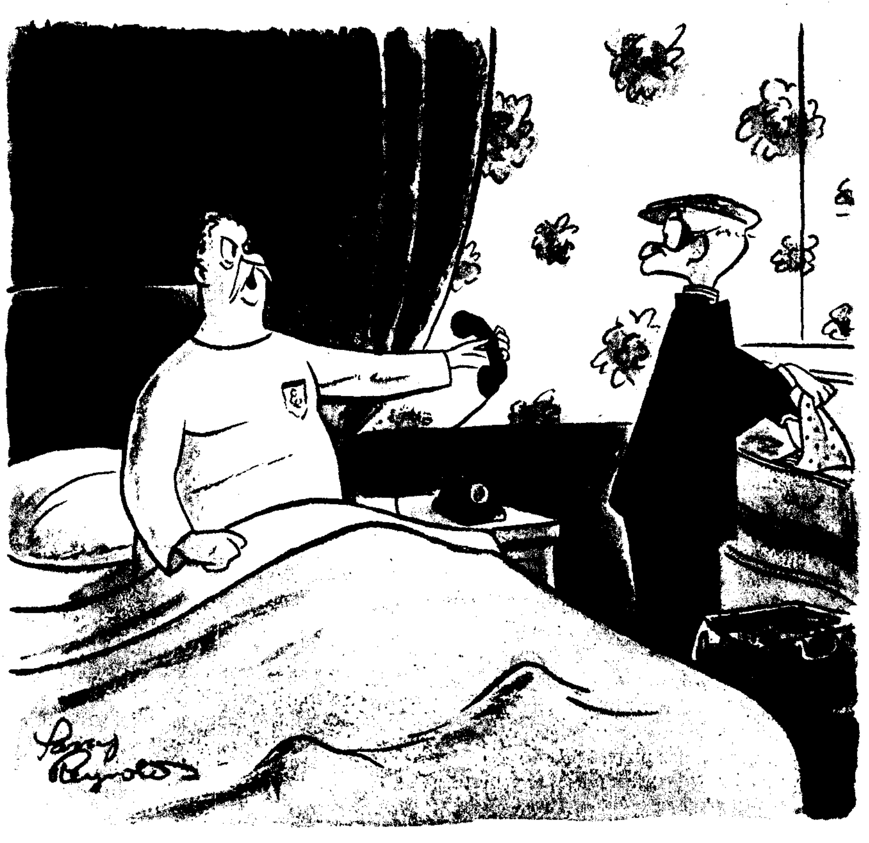
The man who had questioned Young was asking somebody if there were any chance of getting the fire under control; and the other person suggested dryly that they might try spitting on it.

"Haven't we got any fire extinguishers on board?"

"Mister, a little C-O-Two ain't going to faze that fire; and besides, the tanks are due to go any minute now."

There was a pause. Everybody seemed to be watching the burning cruiser. There were other boats around now. Young tried to sit up and the man working on his arm told him sharply to lie still. Then there was a sound and a breath of warm air, and the sky was very bright for a moment. Gradually the light died away.

BUTCH



"It's some guy who says he's your lookout man. He's been arrested for stealing cherries from my tree"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

Somebody said, "Well, if it was on that boat, it's gone now."

The man who had done most of the talking stood at the rail without moving. He swore softly. "I don't mind its burning up; it should have been burned long ago. Why do they leave stuff like that lying around, anyway? I suppose so they can raise hell with us when it gets stolen." He sighed. "But just how am I going to be *sure?* Well, get the boat raised in the morning. Make sure all three bodies are accounted for and see what you can find on them."

"Three?" Young said, startled. He glanced at the small bare-legged girl by the pilothouse, to reassure himself that she was all right. He found that he still felt kind of responsible for her.

THE man by the rail turned to look at him. "Miss Decker stumbled over a woman's body in the forward stateroom. We think it must have been a nurse named Peters who's been missing most of the day."

"She was at the house this morning."

"I know. Henshaw must have picked her up as she was leaving. He was tying up all the loose ends, I guess. He wasn't going to leave anybody around who had any suspicions. As if we hadn't been watching him for eighteen months."

"If you were watching him," Young said, "how did he manage to kill this woman without your knowing it?"

"'Watching' is a relative term, Lieutenant," the man said. "There are lots of people we 'watch' by checking up on them once a week, or once a month. Of course, if somebody had called us in time we might have saved her life."

Young didn't say anything. The man stood looking down at him; a tall man, a little older than Young was, with an athletic, competent air that was mingled, Young thought, with a faint touch of uneasiness: the man was no sailor and it worried him a little to find himself in charge of a nautical operation, although he was trying not to let anybody know it.

He said abruptly, "Well, I'm going to have to search you."

"Go ahead," Young said.

The man knelt beside him. Presently he said, "Miss Decker says you did some quick thinking on that boat, Lieutenant. She seems to think we ought to give you a medal or something."

Young did not look toward the small figure by the pilothouse. He asked, "And what do you think?"

The man glanced at him. "Frankly, I don't know. It seems to me you were in a hell of a place for an officer of the U.S. Navy, and I haven't yet quite figured out how you managed to get yourself into a mess like that. I'd say it was probably about time you did some quick thinking. I think we'll just give you credit for a good retrieve. Do you know what I'm looking for?" he asked in the same tone of voice.

Young said, "What Henshaw had in his pocket, I suppose."

"And what was that?" No particular emphasis was given to the question, yet Young was aware of a sudden sense of danger.

He said carefully and truthfully, "I don't know what it was. He wouldn't tell us. It was a big secret."

The man kneeling beside him hesitated, clearly trying to decide whether or not to believe him.

"You haven't any ideas at all about it, Lieutenant?"

Young shook his head.

The other man said, "That's fine. If you feel any coming on, sometime, take a quick drink or go for a walk. Kiss a girl. Kick your commanding officer in the pants. Anything to put it out of your mind. Okay?"

"Okay," Young whispered.

SOME days later he walked down from the big white house to which they had brought him, to the dock below. The bluff here was not as steep as it had been at the Wilson place, but it was steep enough to remind him that he was barely out of bed. It seemed to him a long time since he had been strong enough to walk down a flight of steps without having to be careful not to stumble, and it was awkward trying to maintain his balance with his right arm in a sling.

The girl had brought her boat in from its mooring. It was made fast alongside the dock, and she was working in the cockpit. Her short red hair was bright in the sun. She was barefooted and wearing only a halter and a pair of faded, paint-splashed jeans rolled above her knees.

"Hello," he said.

She looked up, the varnish brush poised in her hand. "Oh," she said. "You're up."

"Uh-huh."

She looked at him critically. "That's not a bad nose," she said. "I don't know what you're worrying about. Makes you look virile, or something."

"Am I worrying?"

"Mother said you were scowling at yourself in the mirror after Dr. Knight left. Making perfectly dreadful faces, she said. She tiptoed away so she wouldn't disturb you."

"Your mother's been swell," Young said.

"She's all right," the girl said calmly. She glanced up at him again. "Uniform and everything," she said. "Are you going somewhere?"

"Yes. I'm leaving in half an hour." There was a little pause. He gestured toward the brush in her hand. "Carry on."

"I'll be through in a minute," she said. "Take those shoes off if you're coming aboard."

Young grinned and worked his feet out of his shoes and stepped down to the shining deck of the little sloop to watch her. She was touching up a place on the varnished hatch cover where some damage had already been sanded smooth.

Bonita said without looking around, "Can you imagine anybody driving a big tack right into the middle of some brightwork? He even pounded it in with a winch handle!"

"Oh," Young said. "You mean the note that brought you to the house that night?" She did not answer; and after a moment he said, "Then you suspected it wasn't from Larry Wilson?"

"I knew it wasn't from Larry," she said. "Somebody *might* be able to convince me Larry was a traitor and a spy; but he was a sailor and he loved boats and he'd never dream of marking up a nicely varnished hatch cover just to leave a note for somebody!"

Young said, "Then it was you who called the FBI? That's how they happened to be so handy?"

She said, "I may be an idealistic sap, Mr. Young, but I *can* use a telephone."

"Then why did you come to the house at all?"

"They seemed to think it would be a good idea for me to play along with him. Besides, I was curious."

"Curious?"

"Yes," she said without turning her head. "I wanted to know where you fitted in. And what was wrong with you."

"Is something wrong with me?"

"Well, something was, wasn't it? You looked to me like a man who was just crawling with neuroses."

"How do I look now?"

"I don't know," she said, clearly a little embarrassed. "I didn't mean— I'm sorry. It's none of my business, really." She changed the subject. "I really can't believe that it happened like that. Dr. Henshaw—"

"I know," Young said.

"But it was as if he'd changed into a different person! I mean, I can remember him taking my temperature and giving me a lollipop when I was a kid and Mother brought me to his office because our doctor was out of town. Whatever happened to him to make him— Well, I suppose it's no use wondering. But it kind of scares you, doesn't it? Like somebody had lifted a lid and given you a peek into— Ugh!" She shivered. "What are you looking at?" she asked abruptly, glancing at him.

He was studying the tidy decks of the little sloop. "What the hell were you doing all that sailing for?" he asked. "Every time I looked out the window of that house, there you were, sailing by. And there was always a rat's-nest of gear on deck; it made a very poor impression on me."

Bonita flushed a little. "I—it was just an idea." She shivered again. "Come to think of it, I guess it was kind of gruesome. I had an old grapnel and a couple of coils of line. I thought—I knew they'd done something to Larry; and that chain disappearing like that—well, they wouldn't have needed the chain if they'd buried him ashore, would they? I thought if they saw me going out—if *she* thought I was looking for—for the body, she might lose her nerve." She shoved the hatch cover back and dropped the brush into a can on the bridge deck and turned to look at Young. "They found him, you know. Larry. That FBI man was just here and told me. They—picked him up while they were dragging for the other bodies. They found all of them, finally."

YOUNG found it difficult to think of these grim happenings seriously; they seemed distant and unreal. It was hard to remember that four people had died violently, and that the two of them talking together had come very close to dying too.

It was warm and pleasant on the little boat, which, in the sheltered cove, had just enough motion to let you know you were afloat. Young watched the girl begin to clean the brush she had been using. Her bare shoulders had a warm glow from the sun and were richly freckled.

"Were you in love with her?" Bonita said.

"What?" he asked, startled.

"Elizabeth," Bonita said. "Were you in love with her?"

Sometimes she said things that made her seem very young indeed. "No," he said shortly. "Were you in love with him?"

"With Larry?" She hesitated. "I don't know. I wanted to help him; somebody had to help him." After a moment she said, "It's kind of hard to—to *respect* a man who's made a sap of himself over somebody you know is just no good. I mean, it kind of makes you wonder what he sees in you."

Young said, "But we weren't talking about respect."

Bonita flushed. After a moment she began to wrap up the cleaned brush in a piece of brown paper.

"We're supposed to forget everything," she said. "That man said that as far as we're concerned it simply didn't happen. That's nice to know, isn't it?"

Young said, "Uh-huh."

"They're telling the newspapers it was just an accident. Now that they've found —Larry's body, they're making it look as if he and the others just took a midnight ride in the boat and it blew up."

Young asked, "Did the guy say if he'd found whatever it was he was looking for?"

"I think he found it. But he didn't say definitely, and we're not supposed to talk about it or even think about it. I wonder what—" She checked herself and laughed. "You know, I can't help thinking it's kind of silly. All this secrecy. Grown men running around saying hush-hush-forget-you-ever-saw-me. I'd better keep quiet, hadn't I? I sound positively subversive." She glanced at Young. "What will they do to you?"

"I don't know," he said. "The way I get it, I have a reprimand coming for being late in reporting and for getting involved in this mess. But, thanks to your build-up, they seem to think I deserve a commendation for what happened on the boat."

BONITA said rather stiffly, "I just told the truth about what you did. I wasn't trying to build you up. Why should I?"

Young said, "Well, whatever you told them, it helped. I guess I just report for duty and keep my mouth shut and watch out nobody else picks me up along the road."

She fitted the lid carefully to the can of varnish and pressed it down before she spoke. "Do you know where you're going from Norfolk?"

"Not yet."

"Are you—worried about it?"

He glanced at her, ready to tell her to mind her own business; but something in her attitude stopped him. He realized that there was a complicated kind of relationship between them; it wasn't entirely friendly yet, but it gave her the right to ask.

"Not much," he said, not quite truthfully. "What good is worrying going to do?"

"Would you—be relieved if they gave you shore duty?"

He looked at her irritably. As a matter of fact, he knew that he would be extremely disappointed if he were given shore duty; he had gone through a lot to make a very small stride toward regaining confidence in himself, and he did not want to lose what he had gained, sitting behind a desk somewhere. But you couldn't say a thing like that; it would sound phony.

He said, "Did you ever know a naval officer—aside from a few eager beavers—who *didn't* want a nice soft berth ashore? What am I supposed to be—a hero just because I kicked over a can of gasoline?"

Bonita looked at him steadily for a moment; then she laughed. "All right, sailor," she said, rising, and he realized it was time to go. She wiped her hand clean and held it out to him, a little awkwardly. "Well," she said, "well, drop around sometime when you're on leave."

Taking her hand, he understood that it was not a casual invitation but one she had thought over carefully, deciding whether or not she would like to see him again.

He said, just as carefully, "Thanks. I might do that."

As he stepped up to the dock and bent over to put his shoes back on, the sloop's auxiliary motor started up abruptly behind him. The sound startled him, but he finished tying the laces—clumsily because of the sling—before he straightened up and looked around. Bonita was casting off the dock line forward, not looking at him. He realized that she had put him through a kind of test and was a little ashamed of herself. He grinned and threw off the line aft, dropping it into the cockpit, and walked away up the dock, feeling better than he had for a long time.

THE END

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IT LOUNGES
IT ROCKS
IT RECLINES

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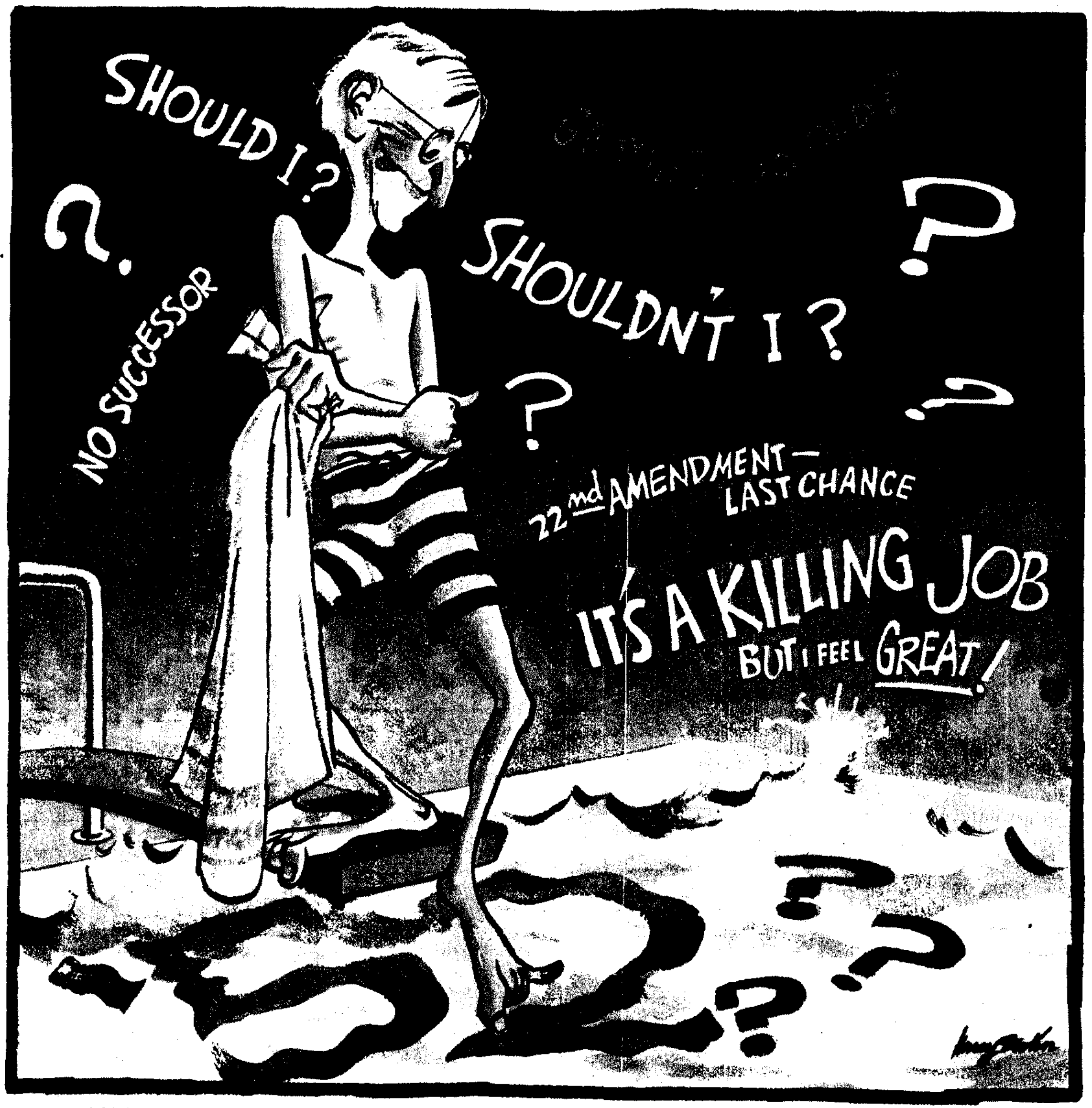

SHOULD I?
SHOULDN'T I?
NO SUCCESSOR
22nd AMENDMENT— LAST CHANCE
IT'S A KILLING JOB
BUT I FEEL GREAT!

HARRY DEVLIN

Please Don't Do It, Harry

ABOUT A YEAR FROM NOW the country will know who the starters are in the 1952 Presidential race. We think Mr. Truman will be one of them. We hope he will not be.

The chief reason for our thinking that the President will run again is the fact that he is not grooming a successor. In this he resembles his predecessor. President Roosevelt, over a period of 12 years, refused to designate a political heir and, in the end, gave a casual and negative nod to Mr. Truman, a running mate picked by party leaders for his casual and negative inoffensiveness and availability.

Mr. Truman's closest associates are certainly not Presidential timber. And we can imagine that, for this very reason, they are urging him to make another try for it. It is to their interest to do so. As things stand now, they never had it so good. And if the President doesn't run again, they will be faced with no alternative but the dreary prospect of having to go to work.

There are several reasons why we believe that Mr. Truman should retire in January of '53. The least important, probably, is his age, although he would be nearly 73 at the end of a second full term. There are plenty of men—men like Churchill, Hoover, Baruch, MacArthur—who have passed the Biblical deadline of earthly life without loss of wisdom or usefulness. But they are not in the Presidency. And the Presidency today is a killing job.

The comfortable days are gone when Calvin Coolidge could take a serene after-luncheon nap in his White House office. The weight of office certainly killed Franklin Roosevelt after 13 burdensome years. Mr. Truman, by seeking another term, would be courting the hazards of a 12-year stretch. His chipper self-confidence today seems to denote good health. He owes it to himself to preserve it.

The chipper self-confidence, however, is also a sign of what this magazine believes is Mr. Truman's temperamental unfitness for four more years in the White House. He has shown, with passing time, an increasing testiness and sense of infallibility which his natural gifts would hardly seem to warrant. In minor positions he has countenanced pettiness and buffoonery on the part of his personal staff, and kept men on in spite of plenty of signs of public revulsion. He has maintained a too-steadfast loyalty to men whose offenses were far more serious than the abuse of a favored position in the inner circle.

The President's sense of infallibility, it seems to us, has led him to tailor policies to fit politics on matters of major importance. We recall, in this connection, an article by Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, which Collier's published early last year, in which the distinguished economist explained why he had to resign as the first chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Dr. Nourse wrote that during his three years on the council, Mr. Truman never spent a single hour with his advisers, nor did he indicate that he had ever read their reports. It was also made plain to Dr. Nourse that he was expected to make his economic theories support Mr. Truman's party line. He was not to be a seeker after economic truth but an administration stooge.

This same sense of infallibility seems lately to have made Mr. Truman confuse disagreement with disloyalty. John Hersey, in his profile of Mr. Truman in the New Yorker magazine, quoted the President as saying the following, on the day of the first big Chinese push: "We can blame the liars for the fix we are in this very morning. It's at least partly the result of their vicious, lying campaign. What has appeared in our press, along with the defeat of our leaders in the Senate (in the 1950 elections), has made the world believe that the American people are not behind our foreign policy—and I don't think the Communists would ever have dared to do this thing in Korea if it hadn't been for that belief."

That strikes us as a remarkable triumph of partisanship over statesmanship. And elsewhere in the article, Mr. Hersey credited Mr. Truman with this observation: "I tell you, we've got to stop this name-calling. It weakens us here in this country. What we've got to do is persuade people to lay off personalities and talk about issues."

The speaker, it might be recalled, is the author of the much-publicized letter to a Washington music critic, and the awarder of honorary S.O.B. degrees to newspapermen. He is the man who has variously described those who question his judgment as "selfish interests" (mentioned 18 times in a short Labor Day address), "timid people," "penny pinchers," "old fogies," "sour critics," "privileged few" and "robber barons."

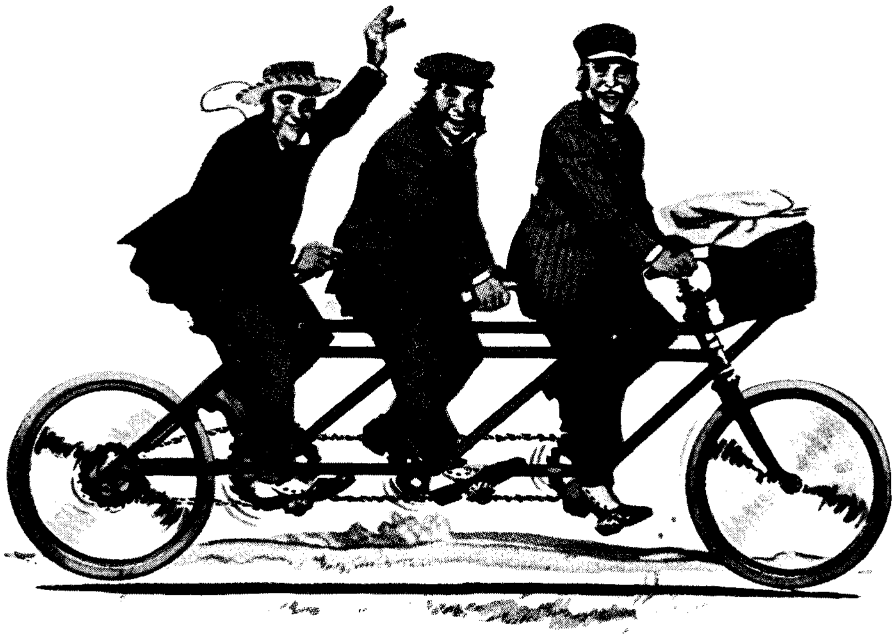
Such impatience with even honest differences of opinion does not increase public confidence in the quality and firmness of national leadership. And it does not tend to heal the division in public opinion which is based primarily on issues rather than on personalities.

Then there is the matter of the 22d Amendment. Mr. Truman is technically exempt from the limit of two Presidential terms which this amendment imposes. We do not think that he is morally exempt. For the people have given notice that they now consider that it was a mistake to let Mr. Roosevelt break the no-third-term tradition. He stayed on far beyond his peak of strength and efficiency. But as he grew weaker, the desire of those about him to perpetuate themselves in power grew stronger, and remains strong today. It is a natural desire but, after so long a time, an unhealthy one. We see its effects all about us, in gangster-ridden political machines, in Mr. Truman's pardon of such offenders as Boston's Mayor Curley, in the smelly scandal of Democratic politics in Missouri, in unpunished corruption, in the general laxity of political morals.

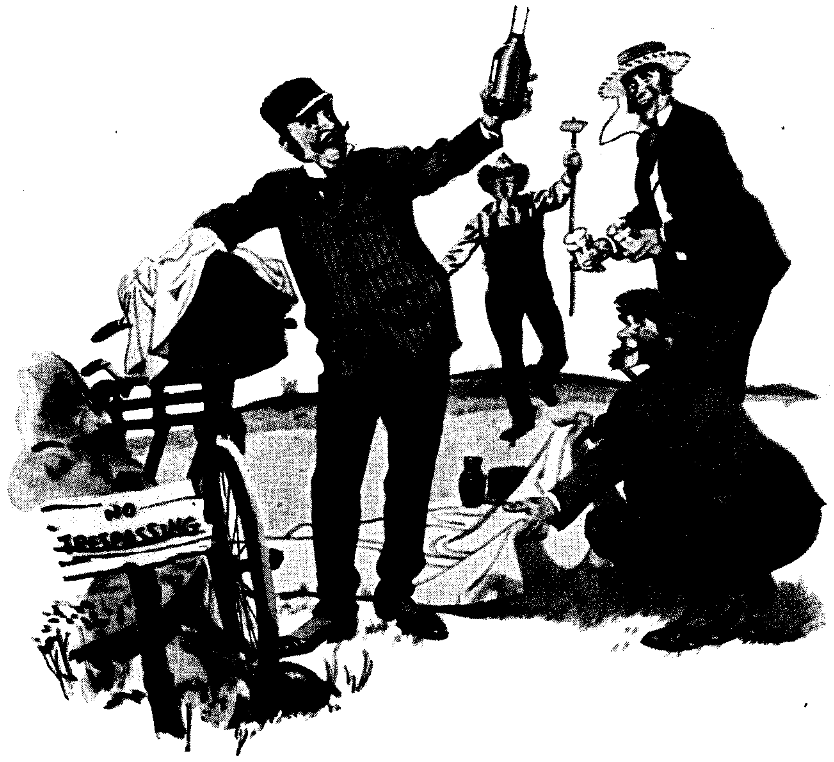
A year from next January Mr. Truman will have served less than three months short of two full terms. That is enough. Since the wishes of his countrymen regarding Presidential tenure have been so clearly expressed, we hope he will accede to them. The country, we believe, is badly in need of a change, and wants one. (In saying this, we are not coming out for a yet-unchosen, sight-unseen Republican candidate.)

Collier's has often differed with Mr. Truman, but we have never questioned his patriotism. We now believe that it is his patriotic duty to retire at the end of his present term.

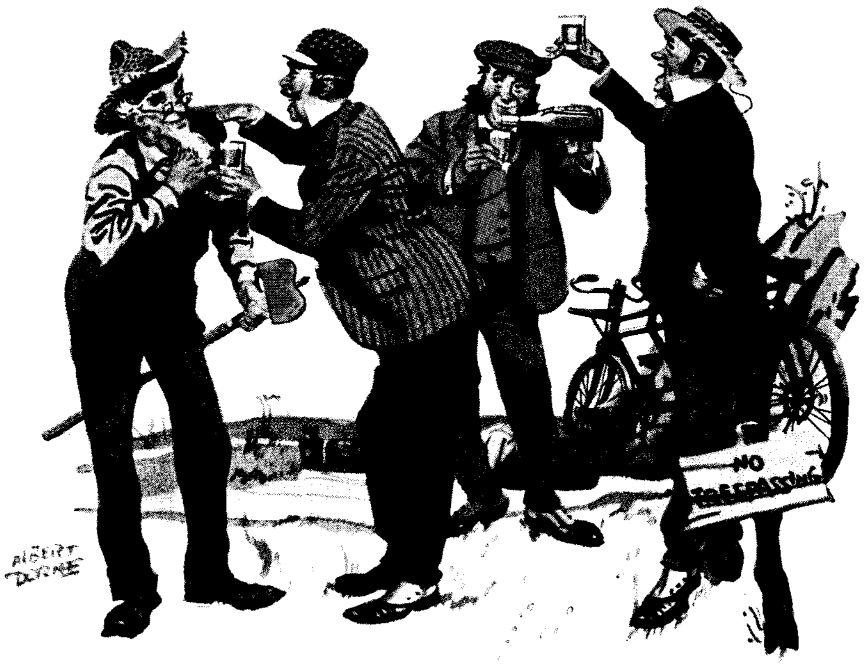
In grandpa's day when blades were gay–



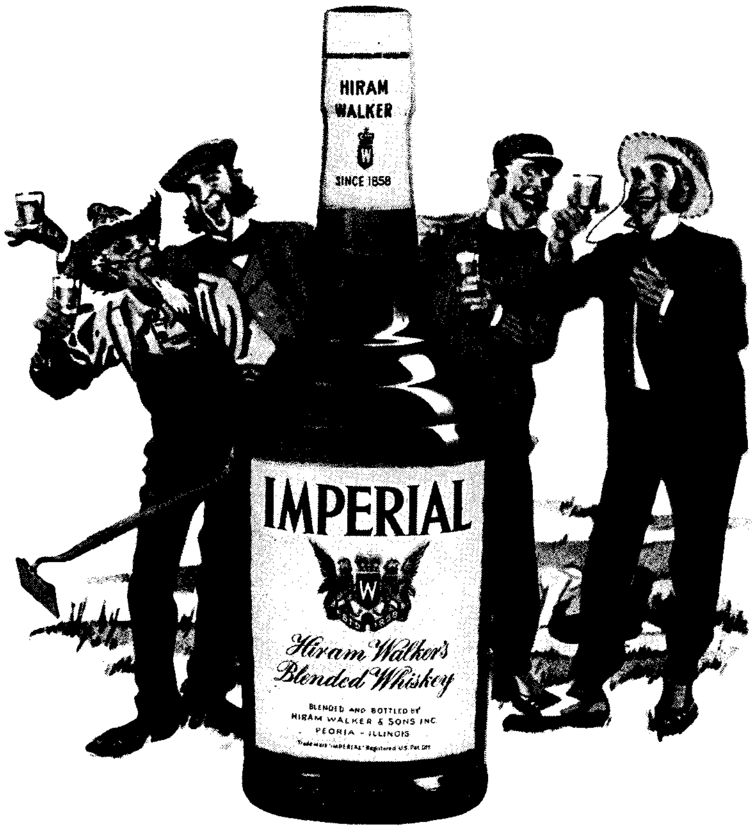
In grandpa's day when blades were gay
And roamed the roads at random,


NO TRESPASSING

A fine old-fashioned whiskey pleased
Each team-mate on the tandem.


ALBERT DORNE
NO TRESPASSING

To get the taste they loved, make haste.
Jot down this memorandum: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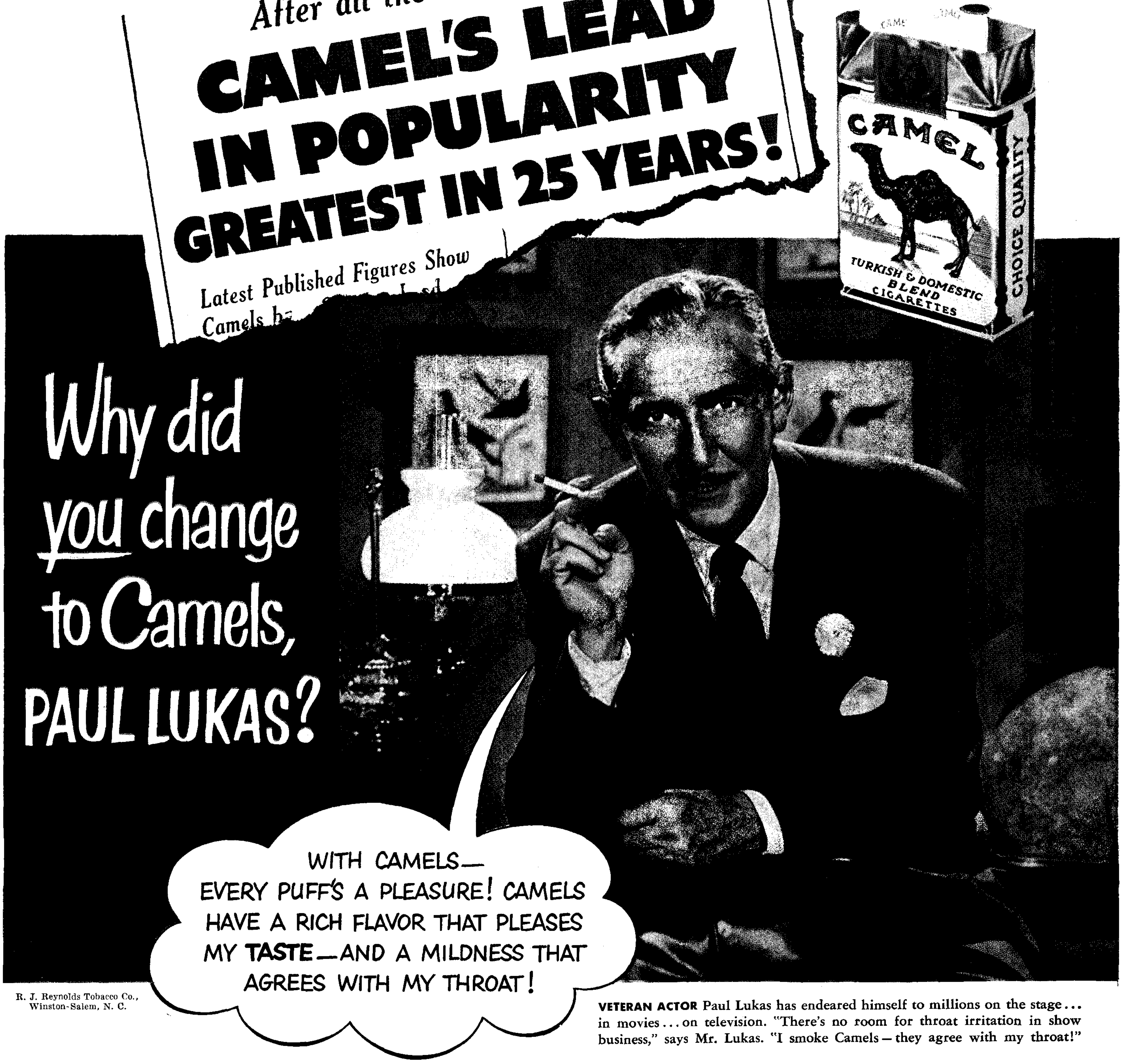
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